

JOHN SANFORD: PRINTER'S INK IN MY BLOOD

Interviewee: John Sanford

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Description

John Sanford, a native of Reno, was born in 1906. He received his education in the Reno public schools and at the University of Nevada. His first—and only—career began while he was still in his teens. He became a newspaperman, to follow the business his grandfather and father had pursued before him. The Reno Evening Gazette, northern Nevada's leading newspaper, consumed much of Sanford's time and attention for more than forty years. He worked as a reporter, city editor, editor, and editorial page editor with unsurpassed energy and attention from 1925 to 1968.

Researchers will find in this volume a history of Reno and western Nevada, its politics, social affairs, and economy, told with a journalist's flair. In reporting and writing of these events, Sanford obviously felt personally involved. He gives philosophical observations on what it meant to be a reporter and editor, what qualifications one needed, and how one's education should be pursued in the interest of a journalistic career. These firmly-held convictions undoubtedly influenced the newspaper stories and editorials John Sanford composed.

The memoir includes biographical information about his father, Graham Sanford, who also had a distinguished newspaper career; accounts of newspaper work as reporter, city editor, editor, and editorial page editor for the Reno Evening Gazette; character sketches and anecdotes of numerous Nevadans, in and out of newspaper work; sketches of family members; and a brief account of the 1916 presidential election.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

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In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

John Sanford is a native of Reno, born in 1906. He received his education in the Reno public schools and at the University of Nevada. John Sanford's first—and only—career began while he was still in his teens. He wanted to become a newspaperman, to follow the business his grandfather and father had pursued before him. The *Reno Evening Gazette*, northern Nevada's leading newspaper, consumed much of Sanford's time and attention for more than forty years. He worked as a reporter, city editor, editor, and editorial page editor with unsurpassed energy and attention from 1925 to 1968.

In John Sanford's account of his newspaper career, researchers will find a history of Reno and western Nevada, its politics, its social affairs, and its economy, told with a *Journalist's* flair. In reporting and writing of these events, Sanford obviously felt personally involved. Perhaps even more important, however, are Sanford's philosophical observations on what it meant to be a reporter and editor, what qualifications one needed, and how one's education should be pursued in the interest

of a *Journalistic* career. These firmly-held convictions undoubtedly influenced both form and content of the newspaper stories and editorials John Sanford composed. The history of Nevada Journalism has not been written; when it is written, this first-hand account of the work of an involved reporter and editor will prove valuable.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project, John Sanford accepted readily. He was an enthusiastic *Chronicler* of his life's work and observations through thirteen taping sessions, all held at his home in Reno between June 22, and July 26, 1971. Mr. Sanford's review of his oral history script resulted in only a few changes in either language or information, and the addition of the brief account of the 1916 presidential election. The memoir includes biographical information about his father, Graham Sanford, who also had a distinguished newspaper career; accounts of newspaper work as reporter, city editor, editor, and editorial page editor for the *Reno Evening Gazette*; character sketches and anecdotes

of numerous Nevada people, in and out of newspaper work; sketches of family members; and a brief conclusion.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada, Reno Library preserves the past and the present for future research by recording the reminiscences of persons who have figured prominently in the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Special Collections departments of the University Libraries at Reno and Las Vegas. Mr. Sanford has generously assigned his literary rights in the oral history to the University of Nevada, Reno, and has designated his script as open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada, Reno
1972

FAMILY BACKGROUND AND EARLY EDUCATION

The Sanfords who came into Indiana were originally from Virginia, by way of Kentucky, and this particular family was the family of William C. Sanford and thirteen children. Old Grandfather William C. Sanford, he was a farmer, and at one time, I believe, had done very well, but through financial misfortunes, he wound up on the losing side. I think that contributed somewhat to his change in political outlook in the Populist movement which came up in there in the 1890's, and that was attractive to the poor farmers all over the land. (It was true out here in Nevada, even.) And some of that seemed to've affected even my father there. Old Grandfather at one time had published a Populist newspaper in this little town of Washington, Indiana, a town of maybe eight or ten thousand people, farm community, down in southwestern Indiana, and it was through that experience, I believe, that three of his sons, Graham, George, and Leigh, picked up their affiliation for the newspaper business.

Now, we'll start there with Graham, the oldest of those brothers. He went to work for a paper there in Washington, Indiana, the

Washington Herald, when he was sixteen years old, and as the expression in the newspaper business went in those days, he went into the back door. He worked in the print shop, became a printer. When he was twenty years old, he bought that newspaper on just sheer nerve, and gave notes and paid 'em off. And later, his brother, George Sanford, followed him into the newspaper business. George, somewhere, had managed to go through high school (which my father never did), and for a time went to the University of Indiana at Bloomington, and then back to Georgetown, where he studied law, I imagine under somewhat a political influence. I don't know just whose. And he was admitted to practice in law in Indiana in 1906, but he never did. Instead, he joined in the *Washington Herald* there with my father, who owned the paper. George was the city editor. And along came brother number three, Leigh. While he was finishing up high school, he became a journeyman printer. He finished his apprenticeship there. So there you have the three of 'em in that one paper.

Now, in this day, when small communities are fortunate to have even weekly papers, and larger ones, they have just one daily paper, here in this little town of Washington, down there on the White River, a hundred and fifty miles away from Indianapolis, it had three prosperous daily newspapers—three. [laughing] All of 'em did pretty well, the *Washington Herald* and the *Democrat* and the *Gazette*.

In 1904, my father sold the *Herald*. I asked him one time why he wanted to leave Indiana, and he said, "Well, it was just that climate back there." It was a little bit more than he could take, the cold, damp winters and the terrific, hot, humid summers. Sometime before that, he'd been out West to visit his sister and brother in Colorado, and that was an experience to him. He decided the West was the place for him. And so after selling the *Herald* there, I guess for a rather comfortable sum of money, he journeyed a little bit into the East, into New York, Philadelphia, and up to Chicago and looked around a while, and then started West, not knowing exactly where. He just wanted to look. Eventually, so he thought, he might take a look at the great northwest, Portland. He bought a ticket for Portland, and, of course, he had to go to San Francisco to get there. And hanging around San Francisco and talking with newspaper people, as you're bound to do, someone told him that he ought to go back and take a look at Reno.

Well, what was Reno to him? He'd never heard of Reno, or Nevada, for that matter. But they told him that was probably the wildest country he'd ever see. For an ex-farm boy from Indiana, he ought to take a look at Reno, 'cause here were the great headquarters for the movement in Tonopah and Goldfield, and all the ruckus of building the Derby Dam down there, 'til "it's a man for breakfast," so up he came, to Reno, wandered around a little bit,

and couldn't stay away from newspapers, as it were.

He met the owners of the *Journal* at that time, the Bingham brothers, and Fred White. They offered him a job, which he took. He worked there for the *Journal* for just brief weeks, then went to work for the *Gazette*, which was then owned and published by Charles Norcross, and shortly thereafter was bought by Oscar Morgan, who'd come up there from California, an eager beaver type of fella that was goin' to set the world on fire. (And I rather imagine he did for a while, too!) He gave 'em a paper like they hadn't seen for quite a while. Morgan always claimed to be quite an independent sort of a cuss, but later he had to admit that in reality the paper was owned by George Nixon. And then, with the death of Nixon, the paper passed into the hands of his widow, Kate, who was quite a devout Christian Scientist. She was going to run the paper in the manner that the Mother Church dictated, and I guess she did, refused all liquor advertisements, and no patent medicine ads, full-page spreads of all Christian Science lectures. Now, in a town like Reno, well, you can imagine what appeal that must've had to its readers, and the fortunes of the paper just went down.

But Morgan also was quite a promoter in his own right. He went out, promoted about \$60,000 worth of bonds to build the *Gazette* Building. Maybe it was \$80,000; I've forgotten the exact—. Anyhow, he built for less, and whatever there was [left] made him a nice little profit in his pocket. So then he picked up and left, went down to California, left the paper there in the hands of Mrs. Nixon and whoever else she could hire to run the thing. The last editor I believe she had was a fellow by the name of Frank L. Perrin, who drifted in here one time and came in to talk to me.

He came out of California someplace, but he didn't last very long. So, as I said, the fortunes of the *Gazette* went down.

My father by that time had said that when he came to Nevada and settled down here, he was determined he was going to buy a paper somewhere in the state. He hoped it might be the *Gazette* or the *Journal*, and he did go out at one time to Ely and talked with Denver Dickerson for the purchase of the *Ely Expositor*. He found out that Dickerson just wanted too much money, so back he came to Reno.

In the meantime, my father had left the *Gazette*. He had made the mistake of loaning some money to the printer there by the name of George F. Smith, who could talk a real good deal. Smith wanted to buy an interest in a little job printing business known as Barndollar and Durley. Well, my father loaned him the money and then, first thing he knew, he had this print shop on his hands. Mr. Smith wasn't [laughing] any too good at payin' it back, and so there in the last of 1906, Graham incorporated and organized this little print shop as the Reno Printing Company, which he operated until 1915. And in that year, he sold it to William Lunsford.

The Lunsfords, William and his brother, Ed, had come to Reno about 1901 with the first linotype machines that came to the state of Nevada and were established in the *Gazette*. Lunsford maintained his interest in the printing business. Ed Lunsford struck up an acquaintance with a reporter on the *Gazette* by the name of Roy Pike, the son of old Judge [W. H. A.] Pike. The reporter and the printer, Pike and Lunsford, studied law at night in old Judge Pike's office, the old method of reading the law, and on one day there, so the paper related, the two of 'em went over to Carson City and passed the bar examination, admitted to law.

[Ed] Lunsford became a very successful and able lawyer, city attorney, district attorney, district judge, an outstanding lawyer for many, many years. Bill Lunsford continued to run the Reno Printing Company 'til his death in 1931.

In 1915, the purchase of the *Gazette* was carried on by Graham Sanford; George Sanford, his brother, who was then practicing law in Carson City; and George Sanford's law partner, Sam Platt. Well, Platt, at one time in his younger days, had worked on the old *Carson City News*, but his main interest in getting a piece of the *Gazette* had to do with his political ambitions. Already, the year before, Sam had to run for the United States Senate. That was the first of his five trips. So he was getting himself set there for 1916.

See, in 1914, he had some encouragement, as it were, because he lost that race by somethin' like forty votes. By 1916, he was ready to try it again. There he went again, down the road. He lost the nomination in '20; fin] '28, he gave it another whirl. In 1940 he did it again, and never made it. Poor ol' Sam, to his last day, he firmly believed that he had been beaten in 1940 by a dead man. He always thought—and you may have heard that story—that old Key Pittman had died before the election, and they kept [him] on ice. I remember hearing the story around the town myself. Knew it wasn't so. But ol' Sam just thought, by golly, he'd been done in. He believed that 'til he died, told me so.

This Presidential election year stirs up memories of 1916, when Charles Evans Hughes was the Republican candidate against incumbent Woodrow Wilson. My uncle, George Sanford, the Carson City attorney and one of the owners of the *Gazette*, was the Republican state chairman. George's law partner, Sam Platt, and another owner of the *Gazette*, was Republican candidate for the U.

S. Senate—and was to lose once more to Key Pittman.

I still can see that big black touring car going down Virginia Street, with Hughes and Uncle George tipping their high silk hats to the crowd. And Hughes, a tall and stately figure, beard parted in the middle, addressing the crowd from the court house steps. But it wasn't Republican weather in Nevada in 1916. Wilson carried the state, and down went Republican Sam Platt.

Election night of 1916 was a real cliff hanger. As most of the returns came in across the country, it appeared that Hughes had won. California was the last to report, then Wilson began to catch up. Soon it was apparent that the last little counties were going to make the decision. One of those last little ones was Alpine, just over the line from Douglas.

By this time the Associated Press was screaming for those last few votes. There were no telephone or telegraph lines into Markleeville. It was a stormy night, and the *Gazette* got hold of a man in Minden, who drove as far as he could toward Markleeville, then continued on by horse. Soon he met a man coming down the road on foot bearing those all-important returns. Back went the *Gazette* man to the nearest phone on the old Carson Valley telephone line, to call the Alpine vote to the *Gazette*, and from there over the AP Morse wires went the final figures which tipped the scales and gave Woodrow Wilson his second term. Sounds a little primitive in these days of lightning communications and election forecasting by computer.

When the new owners took over the *Gazette* there in 1915, my father at first acted as the business manager, and the editor was a gentleman by the name of David E. W. Williamson. He came originally from San Francisco. Ol' Dave was quite a character in

his own right, and an interesting background is that he was a child in arms when his father was a captain in the infantry at Fort Churchill, which gave Dave considerable of a Nevada background. Then he went into the newspaper business in San Francisco during, I guess, some of its hectic days. He came to Nevada as a correspondent to cover some of the excitement in Tonopah and Goldfield, and then, as many of them did, he would drift up here into Reno. Dave was a very brilliant and able man, considerable of a scholar, and he looked like an English lord. He just had the manners and the bearing and carried out the part wonderfully. A very kindly man, too. I can certainly remember him from way back because he was one of those that kinda carried me along in my first days in the newspaper business.

There was another reporter on the *Gazette* who followed off into the law, something as Roy Pike might have done. That was a chap by the name of Harry Standerwick. He went from Reno down to Sacramento, where he became city editor of the *Sacramento Union*. Then he got a job in the governor's office and studied law, and then came back to Reno finally, and practiced law. He was the half-brother of Dr. [A. J.] Hood. He used to like to come around and spin the tales of the old days and Dave Williamson and Roy Pike and such other characters as Louis Spellier (who was a political writer of some rather good ability, sports writer, and political writer, and used his political savvy to get himself appointed Internal Revenue Collector under the Harding administration, which he carried on there through the Hoover administration). Some of those other people that were— [I'm] tryin' to think who some of 'em might've been. There was a man by the name of Gottwaldt, William Gottwaldt. Along [in] World War I, German names weren't very popular, and

so he adopted his mother's maiden name of McClure, although he was still known as "Gott" among his friends. He was the uncle of a rather able and outstanding newspaperman of the West today, Murray Moler, who is the executive editor of the *Ogden Standard*, and for many years was one of the top men of the United Press. So we seem to run into the *Gazette* people scattered [laughing] all around.

In any description of the early-day *Gazette*, we'd just have to bring in Joe McDonald, of course, 'cause Joe was just kind of a fixture for years, or so it seemed. He and my father had become acquainted during Joe's university years, when Joe was working on the *Sagebrush* and the *Artemisia*, which were printed in my father's print shop, and that meant Joe was hangin' around all the time. Well, there in 1915, that was the year Joe graduated from college as a mechanical engineer. And he began his engineering career on the business end of a shovel in the Tonopah mines. While he had ambitions to be a great engineer, he also wanted to get married, so he told me. My father needed a bright young reporter, so he got ahold of Joe in Tonopah, and Joe was up on the next train. That was the end of an engineering career. Joe was married that fall to his little college sweetheart, Leola Lewis. They settled down there, and Joe worked on the *Gazette* (he was a reporter) until 1922. And for a while, there, in order to get a little better newspaper experience, and broader experience, he worked for a while as the advertising salesman.

Then in 1922, his close friend, Emmet Boyle, bought the *Journal* from the Kilborns. Joe went to work there as business manager. The Kilborns had bought the *Journal* from the Bingham and the Whites when George Kilborn came in here with that idea of if he owned a newspaper, he could elect himself

United States Senator. That just didn't happen to work out that way, and so he lost all interest in publishing the paper, and he left that in the hands of his wife, who, I guess, from all description, must've been a remarkable and tough and able woman.

If Kilborn couldn't be United States Senator, why, he was bound and determined nobody else was going to be, and so he took after Charles Henderson. In 1920, when Henderson ran for reelection, Kilborn went after Henderson there, and he revived a story going back into the Tonopah and Goldfield labor troubles. It seems that during that time Henderson was down in one of those camps, and I don't know whether he was around as more or less of an officer, or patrolman, or what, but someone was killed. Kilborn intimated that Henderson had done it. That, of course, was just dynamite in those days because the labor troubles of those days were still well remembered around the state.

Henderson bought full-page ads in the *Gazette*, and he accused Kilborn of character-assassination and slander and libel, and everything you could think of. Then Kilborn retaliated by suing Henderson for libel, and the *Gazette* for libel, and Henderson turned around and sued the *Journal* for libel. [laughing] Oh, the thing hung fire for years, but meantime, the damage had been done. Henderson lost the election to Oddie. That was when Oddie got in. And years later, the case was tried before a federal court, and Kilborn lost his suits against Henderson and the *Gazette*, and Henderson won his suit with one dollar and costs. That's all he wanted. He wanted vindication. You can see what sort of a feeling there must've been between the Kilborns and [laughing] the *Gazette* in those days, and between the two papers. With the advent of Emmet Boyle as the owner and publisher of the *Journal* in 1922, things had

changed immensely. My father had the very highest regard for Emmet Boyle, and when Emmet ran for reelection on his second term, the *Gazette* did not oppose him. It did not support the Democrat or the Republican. It just said they were both good people, and they intimated that Boyle was the better man.

Boyle had some good people running the *Journal*. Out in the front office, old Homer Mooney was the editor, a very able editor, too. A lawyer he was, and he could certainly write an editorial. Then came a fella from up in Washington state by the name of Frank Helmick. Frank came wandering in, as it were, looking for a job there, and it was about 1922—'21 or '2—when [the] Kilborns were still there. He became the telegraph editor. Then, when Homer Mooney decided he'd had enough newspapering for a while (he went back over to Carson City to practice law and associated there with George Sanford), Frank Helmick became the editor then.

They had some very good men in there as reporters. One of 'em, a fellow by the name of Ernest Greenwalt, known as "Smiles," a very able chap—oh, just a top reporter. Then, about the next year, here came a brand new journalism graduate, of all things, from the University of Nevada by the name of Chris Sheerin. And there was another University man by the name of Osborn Buck; he was the telegraph editor. Didn't take very many people to run a paper in those days. They weren't too big in those days; circulation wasn't what it is today. I don't think at that time the *Journal* had any more than maybe 5,000, and the *Gazette* didn't have any—oh, maybe 6,500k sneaking up towards 7,000. It didn't take many people to put out a paper, 'cept they all had to work like the devil six days a week, and sometimes seven.

Came 1926, and the end of Jimmy Scrugham as governor, and he bought the

Journal from Boyle's widow. The old bunch didn't quite cotton to Jimmy as a publisher there, either. And in the fall of '26, their editor, Frank Helmick, came over to work in the *Gazette* as a telegraph editor, and then over to Carson City to begin a long spell there of legislative reporting, just went on for forty years.

Late in 1926, our city editor walked out of the office there one morning and committed suicide over in the police station. And there we were, short a city editor. So my father inveigled Joe McDonald back off the *Journal* again [laughing] to come over and be city editor. And there was Joe on the *Gazette* until 1939. I became well acquainted with him at that time, sitting side by side desks all those years. So I knew Joe about as well as anybody. We just—we got along all right, too, even though he was a damn right Democrat. I couldn't quite stand that, [laughing] but—just had to put up with things like that.

In these years, from 1915, the *Gazette* [was] under the direction of mainly Graham Sanford. Sam Platt never took any active part in the direction of the paper; neither did George. It was a very able young man by the name of Harold Rosenbrock from Carson Valley, who worked as the business manager. Hal died in 1922. And there just had to be a business manager for the paper, and that was where Leigh Sanford began to come into the scene. He was then publishing his own little newspaper back in the small town of Fort Morgan, Colorado. So he sold the paper, came out here and bought Sam Platt's interest. Sam was willing to kinda get out at that time, probably needed money to finance another Senate campaign. At the same time, then, the three brothers bought the building, the *Gazette* Building, which was still in the hands of the bank. And that kinda consolidated their interest.

Graham Sanford then devoted his energies and his efforts to being the editor. And a mighty editor he was! He was probably the outstanding newspaperman of the state of Nevada during his time. Not very many were his equals, although there was a time when there were very fine newspapermen all over the state. But I believe he stood head and shoulders above 'em. There were men like Claude Smith in Fallon, Harold Hale in Elko, Bert Selkirk down in Gardnerville. They stood head and shoulders above all other Nevada editors, I believe. There were some others there that I didn't think so much of, and I don't think [laughing] anybody did. Journalism still had some of its rough edges on it out in those small towns. For instance, Mr. J. Holman Buck down in Mina, who edited his paper with a vitriolic pen and a .38 caliber Smith and Wesson revolver.

The *Gazette* was embarked on a course to be a[n] independent, conservative Republican newspaper, and a very decent one. We had no scandalous stories and no lurid headlines in those days. [We] made every effort there to avoid anything that would embarrass anyone—you might say a decent paper. That was a little unheard of in those days. Of course, today, why, [laughing] it's completely unheard of, when there's no limit on what you publish any more. But it was a carefully written paper, and Dave Williamson and Graham Sanford were absolute perfectionists in the use of the English language. That paper was to be well written, grammar-perfect. And Lord help the fellow who just didn't mind those rules! It was an education to just work there. It was something I tried to carry on for years while I was there, that I wanted good, clean writing above all things, and got it, or knew the reason why.

But to the Sanfords, newspaper business was a responsibility. A newspaper had a place in the community. It was to be a mirror of the

community. If the community itself didn't reflect the good image, well, it wasn't the fault of the newspaper, but on the other hand, that newspaper could not give a distorted image. And it's kinda hard to describe what [laughing] —what that meant. We tried to keep the feelings of the community in our mind all of the time. And what we wanted to do was be constructive. If we criticized it was to be constructively, not to tear down. If there was something we didn't approve of, we might say so, but we had to offer something in its place.

Well, it built up quite a newspaper, not exactly the popular style, but it was one that had a good, strong circulation all over. And from the time that—now, let's see— when I went to work there, I believe we had a circulation of around 6,000, 6,500, and when I left there, I had a circulation up to 25,000. [Laughing] I'm pretty damn proud of that.

I kinda think the first memory that I have, relating to newspapering, was listening to my mother and my father discuss the news of the day. That's something that just seemed to hang with me. They're just hazy memories, but every once in a while, something comes up that I recall hearing of, and their connection there with the printing business, and seeing my mother and father sit there at home at night reading proof, you know. And going down to that old print shop there on Second Street, seeing my father [laughing] set type there by hand (and my mother could, too) and feed that old cylinder press, and that old platen press, is what it was. So somewhere along the line, it seems that newspapering and printing were just sort of ingrained into me. And it's something I never seemed to get rid of. It followed me all through my life, I think. 'Cause somewhere along the line, I had my mind made up [that] I just wanted to be a part of that kind of business someday. I did.

And the schooling, of course, that was just like any other youngster of those days—the going, for instance, into what was then a brand new school building, the Orvis Ring School. Those Spanish style school buildings had just been built. They were all brand new around the town, just wonderful, beautiful things. It's just hard to imagine how they must've impressed the little children, [to] walk into a courtyard and see a playing fountain in each one of them, and beautiful, wide rooms, well-lighted. Of course, I don't know how they'd look today.

And the teachers—that's what makes the first impression on you and the last one. Who were those teachers? I can certainly remember them from the very beginning. Old Jennie Logan—I guess she had taught school for—it seemed a thousand years. She was that first grade teacher. The second grade teacher there was—let's see, her name was Schweiss. She later married Sam Doten. And old Edith Hurd. And they were what I would call the old hard-bitten teachers. You learned, or else. They did not spare the stick, as I can well remember, but what they taught you, you never forgot. [I went] from the Orvis Ring School over to the Mary S. Doten School. The same thing, the teachers there—and particularly, who could ever forget Echo Loder? And for years after, why, some of those old-time teachers used to come around to see me at the paper. They might have some idea they want to discuss. They'd call me up and tell me about it. Edith Hurd would. She was an old rough and tough Republican. She wanted me to carry on the good fight. I'd run into Miss Loder on the street, and she'd stop and talk there for a while. I still think they laid a good groundwork—at least for me—because I remember their emphasis, particularly, in such subjects as history, literature, and grammar. I never was very good at the

arithmetic or the mathematics, but in those other things, they really laid down the law. And that continued on into high school there.

Effie Mack was [laughing] another one. And I think ol' Effie, as much as anybody, was the one who just really turned me down the trail of history. She followed my career, more or less, years after. She'd call up once in a while, and did I know this? Did I want to know that? And wouldn't I come get one of these books? She was just determined I'd [laughing] learn something, and through her efforts, I did.

And the teachers in the high school, particularly English and literature, they made a real good impression there. And I don't think that I would've needed any remedial reading courses by the time I reached the University, [laughing] although they seem to need those things now. But certainly, English had just been pounded into me.

The Reno High School, by the time I got there, was not any more than three or four hundred students, probably about four hundred students by the time I left there, and a small faculty there, but most of 'em pretty able teachers. Some of 'em went a long ways there. The one I think of in particular came there in the early '20's, a young fellow who was a biology instructor. Carl Russell was his name. He later left there and he became for years the superintendent of the National Parks System, and was the superintendent of Yosemite for a good many years. Then he turned to writing, and he wrote a number of books on, particularly, the equipment of the early trappers and explorers of the West, firearms, and such as that.

He came into the office one day some years back, introduced himself, and I said, "Yes, you're the fella that threw me out of class."

And he said, "Yes, I remember that." [laughing]

And I guess he's still writing some of those books.

The high school in those days wasn't quite the permissive sort of a school as it is right now. Otis Vaughn was the principal, hard and fair, and he'd been brought in there for a purpose. It was in the fall of 1919 that they had a student strike, of all things. They were kinda gettin' ahead of themselves in those days. But in 1919, it was still along the tail end of the influenza epidemic, and some of the students wanted to have a school dance. The high school principal, a man by the name of [A. R.] Mack, told 'em, "Nothin' doin'." So they held a strike, stayed out of school for a couple of days. That was too much for Mack, and I believe he resigned. So they brought Otis Vaughn from down in Minden or Gardnerville. They got him in there, [and] they found they had a man who was good and tough. He ran that school, I think, in a remarkable shape. And then as superintendent of schools, he was a wonderful man, completely human all the way, very fair. I admired Otis to the very end there. When he retired, he went down to Oroville, as so many teachers do, to raise olives. It seemed to be a hangout for them. He'd come back to town every once in a while and come into the office, and sit down and talk a while, and deplore the sad state of education [laughing].

But some of his views were considered a little bit radical in those days. He thought there should be more emphasis on practical training and vocation training; he wanted sheet metal working and carpentry and printing, that sort of craft, taught in school. They didn't go over at all with the union people, and they made their influence felt on the school board, so such things never took place. They just had to get by with making bookends [laughing] all the time,

and birdhouses. But look today what they're talkin' about.

One thing that I can remember, tied into those high school days, was the freedom that many of those teachers gave you there to, you might say, just get off the beaten path and discuss things—maybe the news of the day, and so on. It might not have anything to do with the lessons in the book. That applied even in the English and literature and history departments. You could always get in an argument with Effie Mack, especially in a political year. I know a little fella there, he was in public speaking and history, Tony Zeni—oh, about so high. He came there fresh out of the University of Nevada. I was in a class of his, I believe civics, and then public speaking. And he used to just turn you loose! That was a very valuable thing, too, in those days. I didn't appreciate it at the time, but it was brought back to me rather forcefully not too long ago when I was talking with a former FBI man, where he said the most important things that young people should learn in high school today are typing and public speaking—in other words, be able to write so somebody can read it and be able to get up and express yourself clearly and intelligently.

I can remember the public speaking [laughing] experience I had there in English classes, history, and so on, that I think paid off very well, taught you to think on your feet, 'cause when you get into an argument with, say, a preacher or a lawyer or a schoolteacher, you better be able to think fast (that's what that fella specializes in), and be able to write so somebody can pick it up and read it. Handwriting is just a vanished art. But thank the Lord for typewriters [laughing].

Well, to get up to the University, there in 1924, you had a student body, I guess, of about 800 on a small, friendly campus. Lots of room to kinda stretch around; it wasn't all

crowded up as it is today. And, of course, there were student traditions. God, they were just plain hell on that thing in those days! They had those things worked up there to a fare-thee-well. I think they must've copied every tradition they ever heard of from every other school. It got to be a kind of a damn nuisance. Unless you got yourself thoroughly imbued with a rah-rah spirit, why, traditions were a pain in the neck. And I never was quite the rah-rah type. [laughing] I didn't last there long enough.

Some of the professors I first encountered up there, they're right fresh in my memory. Jenny Wier. To her, history was just on a par with religion, and she wanted you to feel the same way about it. Well, it was pretty hard to get away from a feeling like that, with ol' Jennie glowering at you [laughing] every time.

And there was Professor Peter "Bugs" Frandsen. I think he's remembered by a great many of the students of the '20's there. Let's see, he taught biology. More than that, I think he had more to do with turning those young fellows toward a life of medicine, more than anything else.

And over on the engineering side there, old Dean [Frederick H.] Sibley and Stan Palmer, and even a fellow who wasn't a professor, by the name of Jack Ryan. He was just kind of a handyman around there, but a real, natural-born mechanic. And so they just depended on him to show everybody how to run the machines and not cut their fingers off. [laughing]

Then, of course, the one I had the most experience with was Al Higginbotham. Al was brand new. He had just come to the University the year before as an English instructor. And somewhere along the line, he wanted to carry on the journalism instruction. Now, that had been started a couple of years before. Al actually was not the pioneer, although

he's given the credit for that. There was a woman came out here for the East. I believe she'd been educated in Columbia, and then a newspaperwoman, and she worked for the *Gazette* for a while. Her name was Laura Ambler, and she taught a class in journalism there at the University for a time. She later married another newspaperman and left here. And I believe she's back somewhere in this end of the woods again. Seems to me I've run into her. Her name is now Fredrickson. From that springboard, that was where Higginbotham took off, and journalism to him was just a fetish. He graduated the first class in journalism in 1924, and that included Chris Sheerin. I believe Harold Coffin was in that [class], and then a fellow by the name of Matheson, Walker Matheson, he came up the following year. He'd come here from Tokyo. He was known as "Skibby," and I hadn't heard of Skibby for years and years until sometime back in the middle '30's, along came a story from Shanghai, where the British and the Chinese had run Matheson out of Shanghai as a Japanese spy. I never knew whatever happened to him after that time.

And now you hear, too—might as well get off this sidetrack— [laughing] the great problem today of narcotics in the colleges. You hear that. Something like that came up back in there in the early '20's. There were all sorts of reports of university students becoming narcotic addicts. I heard the story, and my father used to tell me, "Now, if you hear anything like this, kind of let me know." Well, I never did hear of it. But there was a student up there by the name of [Truxton] "Trux" Howell. He was one of the GI students of World War I, and he was quite a character in his own right. He was a typical rah-rah type, and he'd dress like Joe College all the time, with a sombrero and the riding boots, and the high-neck sweaters, and so on. To

find out afterwards that he'd been sent here as a federal narcotic officer! He later worked with the Reno Police Department and with some of the federal officers. He used to come in here, and I've run into him later, there, in my newspaper work. And he went—from here, I don't know where. Later, he came into the office—oh, it was sometime there in about 1940, '41—and he was some kind of a big PR man with the Department of Agriculture. We talked around—well, he offered me a job [laughing] back in the department as a PR man for \$4,800 a year. Gee, that looked pretty big to me, especially salaries bein' what there were in those days. Why, I told him, "Well, sorry, Trux, I'd better just stay right here on this desk."

I don't think they ever did come up with any real narcotic findings up there on the campus. There certainly was plenty of that downtown in those days, what with Chinatown being what it was. As you walked down East First Street there, you'd get a peculiar smell every now and then of burning opium. (And if you've ever smelled that, you'll never forget it.) And the report then of cocaine addicts—that seemed to be the "hard" drug of those days, was cocaine. But whether anybody on the campus was an addict to cocaine sniffing or opium smoking, I don't think [laughing] I ever heard of it. I think that was just kind of a little bit of an alarming story that went out at the time. Any addiction up there, I think, generally was just "needled beer" and Dago red wine [laughing] they used to buy downtown.

I think I remarked before why I didn't stay at the University long enough to carry away any real, lasting impression. That one year was my limit. They decided I'd had enough, and I decided that I had to agree with 'em. I just got the "Dear John" letter that, "You—you're out." Well, it didn't disturb me too much because

I guess I just wasn't ready to go to work up there.

So my father says, "All right, you're not gonna loaf. I want you down at the office tomorrow morning." I went down there and I was hearin', "Start doin' this," and, "You start doin' that." Then pretty soon came that paternal lecture, "Now, if you're not gonna go back to school, what are you going to do?"

I said, "I want to be a newspaperman." He didn't quite take to that. "Want to get into business?"

"Nope. I want to be a newspaperman."

"All right. If you do it, you're goin' to learn it the hard way," as it were. "You've got to study every day of the rest of your life, and you've got to work the rest of your life."

Well, there was nothin' else to do.

RENO EVENING GAZETTE, 1925-1939

LEARNING THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS AS REPORTER AND PHOTOGRAPHER

Being a reporter, of course, that was my lifelong ambition. Once I achieved it, I just found out it wasn't exactly what I thought it was goin' to be. But anybody that gets to be a reporter, he's going to have a ringside seat, you might say, in everything that happens in his own little world from there on out. He's going to see things and hear things he just never dreamed of. And he also is going to have to learn a few lessons. I certainly've learned 'em there from a master who told me, "The first thing you're going to have to learn as a reporter is to keep your ears open and your mouth shut, that people are going to tell you things that you never should repeat, that they're going to take you into their confidence, and never, never must you break that confidence." (I don't think I ever did.) "And you're going to hear things you were not meant to hear. And in that case, you don't go around shootin' of f your mouth as to what you know, 'cause, in the first place, you've

got no damn business knowin' it. And you're going to be a completely irresponsible person if you tell those things, and people will no longer have any trust in you." A good reporter, he's going to keep that confidence, if it's ever given to him. And he's goin' to stand up there come hell or high water. If he gets into trouble over the courts or somebody that try to make him answer, he's going to say, "Nope." He's goin' to go to the jail house, if he has to.

«Course, now, I believe, you get a certain amount of protection from the law on that. But there was a time when you'd stand up there and tell the judge, and the judge was goin' to say, "You're goin' to jail for contempt of court." But now, under this so-called Marie Torre law* that they've managed to achieve, you can claim these things given in confidence, you're not goin' to break that confidence.

I'm not so sure that I quite approve of that because there are times there that maybe

**Garland v. Torre*, 259F.2d. 545 (1958).

you' re not serving anybody by keeping your mouth shut. Also, it gives protection to some of the types of newspaper people we have who will take a lot of wild rumor and irresponsible gossip, and so on, and print it. And then they'll take shelter behind that and say, "Well, I'm goin' to stand on my rights. I won't tell you who told me that." I don't quite like that, and we've had those kind of people around here, some of these tabloid-reporter type people who put in the wild, wild tales that made Reno the "sin spot of the world," as it were, with no basis in fact whatsoever.

But a good reporter, I found out, too, he's goin' to be on a job twenty-four hours a day. When something happened, no matter where he was, he was goin' to be up and at 'em. I know I did, one reason being that I established mighty good contacts with, you might say, such sources of news as the police department, the fire department, the sheriff's office, and people in the hospitals and in the mortuaries. And to do that, in order to reach the coverage of those news sources, it just all had to be done on a personal basis. Today, I think most of it's handled by telephone. One thing, there isn't time enough left for a person to go out and get all of those places on a beat every day. And something has been lost as a result of that. It was to get acquainted with those people. And they kept you in mind when something went on. I remember many a time bein' called at an ungodly hour in the middle of the night by one of the fellows working, say, in one of the mortuaries, to tell me of something rather sensational in a death that I'd better be lookin' into, or have the fire department call me up, say, "Better get out here pronto. There's a big one," or the police to call up with accidents, things like that. But you just had to go and see those people every day. And then, sooner or later, they began to tell you the things there that had nothing to

do, perhaps, with their own line of endeavor, and using little things, interesting little things that they'd encountered somewhere else.

Well, I made a regular round every morning out of the office, there, up to the two hospitals at that time. I could go in there and they'd tell me who was the patient with a sore toe, or whatever it was. Nowadays, they've—well, it's a—kinda cover up the privacy of people. But they were very good. Then up to the mortuary, and walk in the back door and talk to those people in there, and then to the firehouse, get there just in time to have some firehouse coffee, and into the police station, into the sheriff's office—and just gossip around. Of course, that took most of the morning.

Well, now, the paper is put out at such a fast rate, you just couldn't do that any more. See, we formerly went to press, in those days, about three-forty. Now, the paper goes to press at, I think, one-thirty. And you get a news cutoff, a deadline, at, say, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, somewhere in there. Well, it isn't that they're tryin' to cut down on the news reporting, it's just the physical problem. You've got 25,000 papers that you've got to get distributed that afternoon, and you hope that the last one's going to be out in the reader's hands at five o'clock.

Well, 25,000 papers is one heck of a volume, there, 'cause they get rolling off the press, they've got to be sorted out and bundled up for these delivery boys. You got to get 'em out and around and dropped off on those boys' front porches. We just couldn't have a couple of hundred kids coming down to that plant any more, [laughing] because then they're goin' to have to go for miles from there to reach their routes. As well as our papers that are delivered in this, you might say, valley area here by automobile, papers have got to catch a truck or a bus line going out, say, to

Fallon, down to Carson, down to Gardnerville or Minden or Yerington. So you can see now why we have to close that paper around the middle of the day. And some of the reporting is goin' to be pretty skimpy. As it is now, you've got to start in there about seven-thirty or eight o'clock in the morning, and just never quit.

Then you've got that problem that most people don't go to work until nine o'clock or nine-thirty, or such, and some of these offices don't get organized 'til ten o'clock. So if you wanted to write a report of something in public affairs—that's a little bit skimpy these days. There's the reason. It isn't like that happy old day of half past three in the afternoon, when you could spend half the afternoon covering a story and still have it in the paper that night. Just livin' too doggone fast, and I don't think I could keep up with it [laughing] any more.

But a good reporter, most of his work is going to depend upon the personal contacts that he's built up over the years. He just can't walk into some office, or some place, "Well, what's doin' today, boss?" All you'll get is just the highlights, or maybe something very evident right on the table there. Until you really established a rapport with those people, you're not going to really cover the news. You've got to get to the point where they're goin' to be thinking of you when something of interest comes along, even though you're not there. Then they're goin' to call you up later on and tell you about it. Or when you do go to see 'em, instead of just what's right there on the surface, they're goin' to tell you the inside story.

Then that reporter, he's not only got to be able to get the facts, but he's also got to be able to put 'em in readable condition, and fast. He's got to sit down there and make that typewriter just go like mad, and under all sorts of pressures. Or sometimes he's goin' to be way

out there, and he's got to telephone in and be able to dictate at least the skeleton of a good story that somebody else can tell out again. That isn't always easy, to try to remember the highlights and dictate 'em. I've done it, but I [laughing] didn't quite enjoy it.

Until such a thing as the teletypes came along and into general use, we depended entirely on the telephone. In fact, during the legislative sessions in Carson City then, we took it all by telephone. And if you think that wasn't a job about the middle of the day! Well, we'd just have to take turns at sitting down and writing that stuff out—the notes in longhand, and then typing 'em out. We even covered the results of big trials in Carson City that way, like for example, the Malley-Cole trial, and the court's hearings on the reorganization plan of the Wingfield banks that was all done there by telephone.

And finally, along came the teletype that you could rent. That was the greatest thing that ever came along. We put that thing in there, and I tell you, it was marvelous! People came in to watch the damn thing [laughing]. 'Course, we were familiar with teletypes on the wire service, but this was our own baby, and we ran that thing for years and years. We still set up special teletypes for the legislative sessions.

One thing we don't [do]. There's no more Morse. It just occurred to me the other day that I hadn't heard a Morse wire go for forty years. When the Max Baer-Uzudun fight was held on the Fourth of July forty years ago, some of the wire services in the outside papers, they set up those old-fashioned telegraph keys around the edge of the ring there, with an operator on each one and a sportswriter alongside of 'em dictating. Then chatter-chatter-chatter—away it went! Couldn't do that today, not fast enough, 'cause I know what speed the Morse operator would

run, but it wouldn't compare to eighty words a minute from a teletype, and some of 'em go faster than that. Some of these financial wires sound to me like they're goin' at about a hundred words a minute.

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[Of] the people who were on the *Gazette* at the time [I started out], I must say this: each one of 'em was kindly and helpful in every way that they could. Now, for the son of the old man to go into a business, he's under a handicap. He's got to do about twice as well as the other fella. He just can't take the chance, say, "Well, his old man runs the joint. He can get away with that." I learned that lesson fast.

And those people that were in there—well, there was Joe McDonald, Frank Helmick, ol' Dave Williamson. Each one of 'em just kind of took it upon himself to teach me what he knew in the newspaper business. And over there across the street on the *Journal* was Chris Sheerin, and Chris went out of his way to help me as a green kid, just getting into the newspaper business, when ordinarily, why, the fella from the other side, he's just giving the business. But not Chris. Chris was never that type. Not in those days, or to this day. He's fair, kindly, gentle. I've never heard him say anything vicious about any person. That's the way he ran the newspaper all his life, and why, in my mind, he's Nevada's outstanding newspaperman today, even retired as he is. He still holds that one spot in my estimation. Nobody else like Chris Sheerin. Those were the people that I was able to learn from.

And then the people I came in contact with as news sources, they were helpful in any way they could be. Even over in the police station, the rough and tough cops, they tried to be helpful. Around the courthouse, the people in the various offices, the judges, the

district attorneys, that's something that they have always done. In years past, some of the judges on the Supreme Court, ol' Judge [E. J. L.] Taber, for example, he used to say, "If you want to know something, want to ask a question, or want something, call me." We did. We called him frequently, "Now, what about this thing, Judge?" And Milt Badt did the same thing. Judge Coleman did the same thing. I don't think they're quite that type of people any more. But they wanted to be sure, for instance, that any discussion in the paper of a legal thing was understandable. They even helped you, to write out the notes for you, and send 'em over to you, and explain the thing. With people like that, how could you help really getting by in the newspaper business? And I don't think any school in journalism can quite match that.

How did I learn my craft? Starting out, a greenhorn, and working up into being a regular working reporter—. Well, you, I guess, kinda learn some of it by osmosis, being around with the other reporters, and editors, and so on, watching them at work and listening to 'em talk. You just knew what you had to find out, and then you had to figure out, "Now, how do I find this thing out?" Then, how do I write it? Well, you know how to write it, or if you don't, you better go learn how [laughing]. I'd had some pretty good teachers back there in my school days in the matter of English composition. Gee, that's something that sure did pay off in years after. And some little experience in writing news stories. When I was in high school, why, my father had me pickin' up stories of high school activities and writing 'em, and if I didn't write 'em the way he thought they ought to be written, why, he just [said], "You sit down and do this all over again, then. You do it this way." So I had a little bit of experience in writing, and I picked up a little bit more during the year

I worked on the *Sagebrush* at the University. They demanded pretty good writing on that paper in those days. They weren't quite as lurid as they are today, and they weren't out crusading for this cause or that. They were trying to be a newspaper, and they had some pretty good people workin' on it. Some of 'em went off to be pretty good newspapermen. Some of 'em didn't. Some of 'em wound up in strange quarters. Fred Anderson was one of 'em, I remember, workin' on the *Sagebrush* at that time. Look where he went! John Cahlan was on there, too.

But newspapering, I think, is something you just kinda learn by degrees. You're just—in there. It goes on all day around you, and then what you hear from the other people, and what you read that they have done, what the other fellow has done. You just have to read all of the time, every paper that comes along, and read the wire file coming in, and pretty soon, some of that begins to stick in your head: "This is the way it ought to be done." Then you begin to figure out sooner or later, "Well, [I'm] going to write a story. What is the main point? What is the essence, the core of this story?" That you put in the very beginning. And then, as the saying goes, "Tell 'em what you're gonna tell 'em, then tell 'em, then down at the bottom, tell 'em what you told 'em" [laughing]. It always starts from the most important [point] at the top and kinda go down like an inverted pyramid. And down at the tail end there, why, those are the little details that don't count too much 'cause all newspapering is a battle for space. When you come to put that story in the paper, and there's just this much left in the column [three inches], put what'll go in there and throw the rest out [laughing]. So you write a story so it could be chopped most anyplace. That doesn't apply, of course, all the time. That's just a general rule. In some types of writing,

like a feature story, why, they're a good deal like writing a short story, for example. You've got to follow those things out in kind of a plot form. Or editorial writing there, where you've got to make a point, then make it on. through and wind it all up at the bottom. Those are just things you [learn]. I say they just kinda work on you while you work and keep doing all of the time, for year after year. It begins to catch up with you. And it takes a good many years, I think, to be a good newspaperman.

Ol' Dave Williamson used to say, "After you've been here a year, you know all there is to know about the thing. At the end of ten years, you begin to say, 'I'm gettin' the idea of the thing.' End of twenty years, you say, 'I'll be damned if I know what I know'" [laughing]. Some people just take to it and some don't. Some are just natural-born (I guess there is such a thing as bein' natural-born) writers and snooper outers—the reporter types. Some're good reporters to go out and find the facts, and can't write worth a damn. I've had those kind of people. And some of 'em are just a whiz in either direction. Well, nobody ever sat you down and says, "Now, you write this book just exactly like this." You knew how to write it instinctively, didn't you? You know about what you were gonna say; you just sat down and then wrote it. Well, you do the same thing whether you're writing a news story, a feature story, or the editorial that's goin' to blow the top off city hall. Same thing. You have it first in your mind, and knew exactly how you're going to say it—hope you know how you're goin' to say it. I don't think there's any such a thing as a course in school that can tell you how you're going to do those things. There's no magic formula that you can take it with a spoon and get it, either.

I never have thought that journalism education is absolutely essential to a newspaper career. That's an old-fashioned view. When I

went to work, it certainly was the prevailing one, that you might be a college man, but you'd better be quiet about it. The journalism school—just don't mention that. Those people had all come in the hard way. They learned it from bein' copyboys, office boys, and printers' devils. And I have always thought that the best education a newspaperman could have is a broad, general, liberal education, and then learn the nuts and bolts end of the business, I think six months or a year of actually working at it. Now, some of the best people I think that ever worked for me never saw the inside of a journalism school, including a couple of girls. And while I was always dead against women in newspapering, I must admit that those two were just wonderful. One of 'em had been a Spanish major, and the other, I think she was a history major. Both of 'em became very able reporters and just generally good writers all the way around. They both got married and left me, [laughing] which maybe was my one reason for being opposed to women in newspapering— you couldn't count on 'em stayin' around very long, or if they did, it was because nobody else wanted 'em and you were stuck with 'em. [laughing]

One of the last publishers of the Reno papers here, Charlie Murray, he certainly never saw the inside of a journalism school, or a college, for that matter. He left high school; he went to work as a kind of a handyman and copyboy on a paper back there in Poughkeepsie, New York, went on through the various levels there of reporter, sports editor, general editor, and copy editor, city editor, managing editor, then came out here as publisher. He was about as able and accomplished a newspaperman as I've ever run into. And he just about shared my views [laughing]—on the proper way of being educated for the newspapering. I just don't think it's necessary to spend three or four

years learning the proper way to build up the lead of the story, or how to write an effective editorial, or lay out a proper ad. I think the best way is to learn by doing. I say, I don't get by very well in some circles with thoughts like that! [laughing]

But I did have my back at it [laughing] up there at the University, you might say, some years ago when Higginbotham had a breakdown in health, and I was asked to come up there to take one of his classes for a semester. Would I go up there and teach the law of the press?

Well, I certainly would. I figured we owed that much to the University, and I certainly owed it to my ol' friend Higginbotham 'cause he and I were just thick as thieves, in spite of all of our disparate views. So I told 'em I'd take the class, with the understanding that it would be the most unorthodox class that ever was to be held. I was just going to talk about the law, not from the book, but from my own experience, and what I thought, and what I'd seen happen.

I wanted to get one idea firmly out of their heads: any newspaperman that hangs around the courthouse for very long begins to get the idea he knows more law than a lawyer. That's about where he's mistaken. He doesn't, but he thinks he does. That's where he begins to get into trouble, too. He just can't read a book on the laws of libel and slander and then keep yourself out of trouble. You've got to have a real good understanding; and another thing, you have to have a real good lawyer on tap somewhere. If there's any question at all in your mind, you'd better go to that lawyer and get the answers from him. And the people that make a wrong guess every once in a while have been findin' themselves sittin' in court someday and hearin' the jury come back there with a judgment that's just about the amount of a brand new press for your paper.

During a part of my time on the papers, I only had one libel suit. I was only mixed up in one. You might say while I brought the thing on, it certainly wasn't through any fault of mine. It had to do with an arrest—more libel suits come out of arrests, or false arrests, than just about anything I can think of. It involved a woman and a man picked up as they applied for a marriage license on a "wanted" request from California. They were taken into the sheriff's office and held, and the *Journal* wrote the story first, that this couple was arrested for California authorities. I checked the story out the following day, and the sheriff told me the same thing, "Yes, they were arrested."

Well, next thing we know, here came \$50,000 libel suits. The woman said she was not arrested, and she was not wanted. The man was. So we prepared to fight the suit. Similar suits were filed against the *Journal*, \$50,000 for her injured honor.

We went on ahead, prepared to defend the suit. And we made this point: this woman said she was not arrested. Well, she was taken from the county clerk's office by the arm of the deputy sheriff, and she was held in that office there for some hours before she was released. Well, certainly, during that time, she was not free to leave, and she was under arrest. But she said no.

Then came an interesting point—we filed a demurrer there on the grounds that since the story had appeared first in the *Nevada State Journal*, and that there was ample time for these people to make this error known to us, which they did not do. The judge overruled that with the observation there that the story had been printed first in the *Journal*, which at that time was, in his opinion, not exactly a reputable newspaper. It was kind of an irresponsible sort of a sheet in those days, and that no particular damage had been done thereby. But when the same thing was done

in the *Reno Evening Gazette*, a newspaper of the highest repute, then, if there was libel, it was serious libel. Well, that was a lesson to me.

Well, the case never came to trial 'cause finally around came a lawyer one day, and it seemed like that \$50,000 worth of injured honor just sort of healed up a little bit, and for two hundred and fifty bucks, she was willin' to forget the whole matter. [laughing] It would've cost us that much for a day in court. So we just paid it and had the thing dismissed. But it shows of the hazards that you're against there in the field of libel, and so on.

So, when I took on that course at the University, I harped on experience like that and some narrow escapes that I had seen, and then into a new field that still is not clearly defined, and that is in the field of invasion of privacy, and what is privacy, and who's to define it, and how far do you go? Well, they're still fightin' that doggone thing, and I don't know that answer.

I certainly had a lot of fun in that one course there, arguin' with those students. And I told 'em, "You just get up here and argue with me on these things. We'll just thrash [it] out. Is this a libel case? You look in the papers for something. If you think it's libelous, let's try the case right here."

And then came the end of the year, and I thought, "Well, that's that."

They said, "You've got to give 'em an examination."

I said, "What the hell for? They've all worked hard at this thing, and I think they understand it."

"Nope. You have to give 'em a final."

I said, "All right, I'll give 'em one."

So I told 'em, "I want each of you to sit down at your typewriter and more or less outline what you think you got from this course in the last six months, what you think you understand."

Well, out of those dozen people, I had a dozen different views, all of pretty well balanced out. So I gave each one of 'em a good passing grade, took the papers all home and burned em.

IMPORTANT NEWS STORIES, 1925-1939

THE WINGFIELD MACHINE

Well, that Wingfield machine, certainly it dominated almost every phase of life around Reno and western and northern Nevada, economic, political, and even social. And it controlled every phase of politics there were, from the city hall up through the state legislature and into the governor's office, and even into our representatives and senators in Congress. They just all had to have that blessing. And nearly everybody knew it and respected it, and not very many people stood up against it. It was always our boast there that, by golly, the *Reno Evening Gazette* did. My father certainly was never any flunky in the Wingfield machine, although he was sometimes accused of it. And it had its influence even over the newspaper business around the state, through its loans that it had made, and that was one of the things that haunted the *Nevada State Journal* for years and years, when Scrugham bought the paper. He gave a \$60,000 note to the—well, the Wingfield banks, and more particularly, Thatcher and Woodburn. And when Fred McKechnie bought the paper from Scrugham, he thought that was just a plain legitimate note, one that could be handled and paid of f. He found out afterwards that wasn't so. That was a club, [over] the paper and its publisher. And that note figured in political discussions even after the banks closed, as to who was goin' to buy the paper, and was it even worth the price of the note? A good many people thought it wasn't.

Every little thing that went on around the town here, everybody said, "Well, now, how's that gonna get along with the boys up there in 'the cave'?" By that, they meant the upstairs of that old Reno National Bank building there. And in one political campaign, those who opposed the Wingfield machine used to bring up the war cry of, "4111 in Nevada politics." That was a telephone number. And 4111 gave you the Reno National Bank, George Wingfield, George Thatcher, and Bill Woodburn [laughing]. George Thatcher at that time— let's see, I believe he was Democratic national committeeman, Bill Woodburn was state chairman, and George Wingfield was national committeeman for the Republicans. So you can see what 4111 meant [laughing]. And every one of the state conventions that was held around here, Republican or Democrat, the influence of that machine was in there.

When the 1926 state election campaign came up, there was, of course, supposedly some opposition to Jim Scrugham in there. And it looked like Jimmy was a cinch, for the love of Mike. He was in there one year, and he had built up a tremendous political machine. He was the man that first organized the Highway Department and his own private storm troopers. So it was a question [of] who they could get to run against Jimmy. At one time a delegation of the important Republicans went to George Wingfield and asked him if he would run. He said, "No, thanks." So who did they finally settle on but Fred Balzar? (The state senator from Mineral County, one-time sheriff of Mineral, old-time railroader, an ol' kind of a political war-horse, and a pretty good sort of a cuss in his own way.) And everyone was surprised he got elected. A lot of money changed hands and was lost in that election in the betting on the thing. [laughing] Just didn't think Jimmy could lose. And Jimmy didn't think so, either.

But then, what was to come after that? Well, that was the Malley-Cole thing. When the new administration took over there in Carson City, there was something wrong, they found out—. They knew there was something wrong; they didn't know what. It began to be rumored around during the '27 session of the legislature. Our man over there said they suspected something was wrong, probably down at the prison 'cause that was kind of a likely place for things to go wrong, any of the prisons or the state institutions. But that session of the legislature was a little too busy plannin' some dirty work of its own, and it didn't come up until the final and last hours of the session, on its last night, when the clock was stopped at midnight. Then came the dirty deed.

There was a bill there before the legislature to add a new grounds for divorce. I think it was separation for five years. I think [that] was the grounds. But in that, somebody'd done a little bit of pencil work in there—in the statute—which reduced the time of residence from six months to three. That was done at about three a.m. in the morning. Fred Balzar knew it, and as our man over there told me afterwards, he said, "Here came the thing down there, and Fred took a look at it, 'Well, I'll be damned if I do, and damned if I don't,' took himself a drink of whiskey and signed it." [laughing]

That story broke the next day. That was, of course, of national importance. Reno was a hot number in those days! The idea of poppin' that divorce thing down from the old six months, which had made us infamous enough without coming out there with this direct bid. Then, after that was when the so-called "divorce mill" really began to grind, day after day, and people began swarming in here. The reporters that covered the courthouse and the correspondents for outside papers and

the wire services all kept copies of the social register on hand. And as fast as these cases'd be filed every morning, they'd go thumbing through there to see who it was.

Now, 1927 just seemed to be a year of big headlines, the three months' law, the Malley-Cole case (of course, that just overshadowed everything), and our last spectacular mining boom, Weepah. That was, what you might say, a kind of a synthetic boom. Those two young fellows, Horton and Traynor, they had found the traces of gold there in a badger hole down there in the Weepah district. They went into Tonopah and told the story, and there was an old fellow there around the old Tonopah Times, old John Martin, and he was the correspondent there for the Associated Press and for the Reno papers, and what not. Ol' John wanted to see one more mining boom in his time, and he built that thing up to practically a second Comstock. I guess everybody was ready for it; they just swarmed in there [from] all over the state, and all over the West. And the *New York Times* even got carried away and sent a man out here by airplane, of all things, in 1927, to go down and see Weepah.

Well, Weepah lasted fairly well through the rest of the year, and then down it went, although there was some mineral in it. I believe that property there was worked until somewhere around 1938 on a rather profitable basis. But you just couldn't have any more imitations of Rawhides, Tonopahs, [laughing] and Goldfield, even though poor ol' John Martin tried it.

Another thing that fell into Nevada's lap that year, to our great profit, and even to this day: that was the year the California legislature passed their three-day marriage wait law. When that thing was in, from there on, every week, in they came. Just look what they do today. Even though the three-day wait

has been long repealed, what holds 'em up down there now is the blood test. And also, during the years of the three-day wait, [it] just kind of popularized, a Nevada elopment. That still goes on, to the great profit of the "Marrying Sams" and the dozens or so of these marriage chapels that are scattered all over western Nevada.

THE MALLEY-COLE SCANDAL

The one big shocker, of course, the bombshell of all in 1927, was Malley and Cole. That came to light after the legislature was out, and the new bank *Examiner* began to take a look at things. That was True Vencill from Fallon. Gilbert Ross was the former bank *Examiner*, and somehow or other, I believe he was around Honolulu about the time they wanted him. But finally, they had to admit that the thing was there; they were all kinda hoping it'd just kinda disappear under the rug.

And so the thing was announced on the seventh of May in 1927. It was announced to the paper there in Carson City by George Wingfield plus the governor and all the others there. They announced in there on that Saturday, when the banks were closed, 'cause George Wingfield's bank was involved in that thing, that Carson Bank, and his man Clapp, Henry Clay Clapp, was the cashier of that bank. The shortage involved some fancy shuffling back and forth like a game of "Three-card Monte", between a couple of treasury warrants, the controller's warrants, and a cashier's check out of the bank. And they juggled all those back and forth, each one, to show the bank was solvent and that the treasury had all of its money. But when it came to addin' things up, why, the treasury was short \$516,322.16. And, of course, Malley, as state treasurer, and George Cole, the state controller, and Clapp, the cashier of the bank,

they were the villains. The money was just plain gone, that was all!

Clapp, I believe, pleaded guilty on the charge and went to prison. And he died in prison. Malley and Cole, they stood trial, and they were convicted. They served three and a half years, and then paroled. And whatever became of that money? They said they sunk it all in a dry hole on Signal Hill, I think it was. Well, that's probably the only dry hole that was ever drilled in that oil basin. But there never was a trace of the money ever found, and no serious effort was ever made to collect on the personal bonds of those two men. I think they did file a token suit, but it was never prosecuted. At that time, why, all of these state officials had these personal bonds. After that, why, the state straightened things up and set up a bonding fund of its own.

In order to repay that shortage in the treasury, a special session of the legislature was held, and a tax was levied. There was a settlement in there between George Wingfield and the state and the difference between those treasury warrants and the controller's warrants and the cashier's check. Everyone swore that that was the end of Jimmy Scrugham's crowd. For a long time, they'd had the guilty knowledge that this thing existed, and they just didn't know what in the devil to do or how to get away from it. Well, Jimmy Scrugham certainly went on years later—not too many years—away he went to become congressman. Malley, he left, and came back, and was given an important position in the old FERA, the boondoggle program, then later established himself as a real estate dealer with extensive land holdings up around Lake Tahoe. George Cole, before he got into office, he'd been a gambler, and that was just where he wound up again. The last I heard of him, he was a dealer up at Cal Neva. But he just dropped

out of sight. Gilbert Ross went on to be one of the big boys during the FERA and WPA days, and was kind of a confidential advisor to Vail Pittman when Vail was the governor. He was a pretty wise old head in his own way. But certainly that great scandal of '27 didn't seem to affect those people. It wore off pretty fast. I guess they were just expectin' things like that. Maybe that was the aftermath of those great Harding scandals. They figured that was a national sort of a thing.

Let's see, '27, too, was the year that we held a big highway exposition here. It took a year to get the thing going. It was supposed to've been held in 1926, but they didn't get organized, and they didn't get that State Building built down there until 1927. Then they got the thing going, and at least that contributed to the State Building, to Reno, and it put Idlewild Park in pretty good shape. Idlewild, up to that time, had been a city campground. In the days of campers, tourists coming around, every city had a little campground. So they had a pond up there for 'em to play around in. They went on ahead, and then they made a beautiful park out of it. The State of California built its own building that's still up there. And when that was over, they gave that to the veterans of Nevada, except they didn't want to take care of it. They gave it up, and now I guess the city still owns it.

But this idea of holding an exposition, the thing fell flat. They just couldn't carry it out for its full term, and I guess everything kinda went in the hole. They had visions of thousands of people just swarming in here all over the place, and they were going to have to take care of a tent city on that flat ground where the new Federal Building is, up here below Nixon hill. Well, that went, [laughing] too. About that time, everybody just kinda calmed down as though, "Well, let's get back to work again."

PROHIBITION DAYS AND GRAHAM AND MCKAY

Well, of course, along about those middle '20's, Reno was just the very sink of iniquity, as far as these sensation writers were concerned. We had the wide-open prostitution. We had gambling going on behind doors that weren't any too well locked. And we just didn't act like we'd ever heard of the Prohibition law. Gambling was yet to be legalized, although the first glimmerings of legalized gambling were heard in the legislature by that time. But the minute that'd be mentioned, why, you might say the more decent elements around Reno and Sparks began to move in there, and they pretty well quieted the thing down. Prohibition they just couldn't take seriously. There wasn't any shortage of places to get a drink. All you had to do was ask a policeman for it. [laughing] The Prohis [would] descend on 'em every once in a while. I guess they just had to make so many raids every now and then, for the sake of the record, or maybe to keep somebody in line, [it] might've been. I recall one time, it was gettin' around Christmastime, and I thought, "Well, I'd better get a little Christmas cheer on hand." So I went up there, asked one of the Prohis, "Well, now, where do you suppose I could just get some?"

"Well, of course, we don't know, but we heard so and so's got some pretty good stuff. And," he says, "if it isn't good stuff, you tell us, and we'll knock 'em over and teach 'em a lesson." [laughing]

Those were the slam-bang days of when a Prohi raid was somethin'. They went out armed with sledgehammers and axes, and they'd beat down those barred doors, and then they'd get inside and they'd look for the evidence. Well, maybe they dumped it down the sink, and if so, they'd mop up a little bit and take that in. That was the evidence. And

the poor. bartender, he was goin' to have to take the rap, so he'd get a turn in the county jail, with the understanding that the boss man paid the fine, paid his family a salary while he was in jail.

But some really big places never were touched. Oh, one. I think one of 'em was, once: the old Willows was finally raided, and that was by a troop of outside Prohis that came in. Probably the most famous of the in-town joints I don't believe was ever touched. That was the old Reno Social Club on Mill Street, about where the Center Street bridge goes across now, a big, fine old Colonial home there that belonged to the Golden family. It later was moved out on South Virginia Street. It was a gambling house, and it had a bar, and so on, and run by a gentleman by the name of Mr. James McKay, and the property owned, I believe, by another gentleman by the name of Mr. George Wingfield. And later, then came another man to just kinda move in on the picture and say, "I'm in," and his name was William Graham. He came up here out of San Francisco and was a kind of a hot-tempered bad boy [laughing]. I never quite liked his looks [laughing]. Jimmy McKay was kind of a pleasant chap, and Bill Graham kind of a grumpy-lookin' cuss, and just kind of growled at you when you spoke with him in the bar.

On a couple of occasions, I can remember when he pistol whipped a couple of people around here. And, of course, one morning, he was mixed up in shooting a man down in Douglas Alley. By midafternoon, the coroner and jury had ruled that he shot in self-defense [laughing]. I don't know about that one, cause I sat there in that court in that coroners inquest, and I began to wonder. I don't think anybody ever took that verdict very seriously, for that matter. Years later, I know Ernest Brown, when he became the district attorney, he questioned the thing, but by that time, why,

it was too late to do anything about it. He just kinda went into it out of curiosity.

I believe that McKay established himself with George Wingfield back in Tonopah days. McKay was originally a Virginia City man. He went down to Tonopah, and at one time, he worked as a mill man down at Miller's, and then worked, I believe, with Wingfield in his gambling house in Tonopah. Graham came into the picture later. So the story was told me, that Graham used to run the booze up here from San Francisco to deliver to that old Reno Social Club. He had a background there with a rather unpleasant group, so they said, with the Howard Street gang in San Francisco, and he wanted to kinda get away from that. (I guess the heat must've been on.) So he teamed in there with McKay, and within a short time there, they began to be the power of the underworld, in the bootleg joints, in the gambling houses that went on in the basements and in the attics and behind the closed doors, in the operation of the old "lines". Particularly, I guess, they owned that old stockade down there off East Second Street, down below the old Riverside Mill. And the operation, I think, was leased out to a Chinaman. It was a reference to that that excited Justice [Willis] Van Devanter during that [laughing] trial back there in New York.

McKay and Graham were not just strictly local operators. Their operations seemed to extend pretty well around the country, here and there. Now, there was no such a thing as a "syndicate," as they used to say, but it was sort of a series of alliances or tie-ups with this group or that, and kind of a flexible sort of a thing. They could kinda work with each other and pass the word around and give each other help when they needed it. And very likely, that was what was in operation when McKay and Graham were accused there of harboring some of these Public Enemies No.

1, such as—well, the most notorious of all being [George] “Baby Face” Nelson, and Ma Barker and her family, and Alvin Karpis, and possibly some others we didn’t know about. But that was done, maybe, as a favor to those other people back East someplace. “You take care of my boys, and we’ll take care of you some day.” And so the rule was, “Now, you’ve got to behave yourself while you’re here.”

I found out afterwards that I had met and talked with Baby Face Nelson. I didn’t know it [laughing] at the time, but the sort of downtown headquarters, or nerve center, you might say, was Frank Collins’s hock shop there on Virginia Street, just below the railroad tracks. Frank Collins ran this pawn shop there for years and years, and it was a kind of a headquarters and meeting place for people in authority, and was, I think, a place to pass the word. I used to drop by there in the morning now and then, and Frank’d be in there, and the police chief’d be there, and the sheriff might be there, and maybe the United States Attorney, and maybe the Prohibition administration of the period. McKay and/or Graham might be in there, and [Henry O.] Tex Hall (he was, of course, sort of a number three man there with McKay and Graham), and Phil Curti. They’d all kinda drop in there and gossip around, as it were, and I guess, get “the word.” I think Collins was kind of the nerve center, probably the payoff man. His bookkeeper used to be the police captain. [laughing] I used to drop in there and talk with those fellows there, and they kinda put up with me.

Afterwards, I said something to Frank Collins one time. I said, “Nelson around here? I never saw him.”

Said, “Oh, yes, you did. He was in here. he was that little fellow over there in the corner [points] that never said very much, but you talked with him once or twice.” [laughing]

Gee, I didn’t know that was Baby Face. He went on out of here just—got all shot to pieces back there in the Midwest, and pretty well connected up with the disappearance of Roy Frisch. That’s a pretty well accepted story, and one that the district attorney and the sheriff and the FBI pretty well accepted, that Nelson and his partner, by the name of John Paul Chase, had something to do there with the disappearance of Frisch. See, Frisch had testified before a grand jury in New York on these bunco operations carried on by McKay and Graham, and then consummated through the Riverside Bank, of which Frisch was the cashier. The federal government was going into this thing, and those bunco operations had been going on, apparently, from somewhere around about 1929 to 1932, involving a good many hundreds of thousands of dollars. And what got the government into [it] was the fact that they used the mails. It was a mail fraud case.

Frisch was due to go back to New York again for a second appearance, and that one evening there, he left his home and walked down to the theater, so they said, and was never seen again. That day, why, the word went around that, “Roy Frisch isn’t around.” And there was an extensive search made around all through here. People looked all over the place—no Frisch. Never heard anything more of him. And then when he just never showed up, it was pretty evident that something had happened in there.

Later it developed that Baby Face Nelson had been hanging around here with some of his pals at the same time. We began to kinda put something together there, that possibly he’d done away with Frisch as an accommodation and a payoff to his friends, McKay and Graham.

The FBI made an extensive investigation of that thing; they had to go on just several

surmises, that Frisch had been picked up and done away with, and then, where did the body go? Some talk of down a mine shaft somewhere, or down there in the bottom of Lake Tahoe. Those were the most often mentioned.

Then that harboring case went into trial [March-April, 1935] there, when Frank Cochran of Reno and Tex Hall were tried there for harboring Baby Face. They began to mention other names, a kind of a bad egg from down around Redwood City way. I think [Joseph R] "Fatso" Negri, and a fellow that ran some kind of a clinic down there in Vallejo, Doc—I can't remember Doc's name now. Tex Hall was associated with McKay and Graham in the operation of some of their joints, and Frank Cochran, he was an automobile mechanic, and apparently, they had tied up [with] Baby Face, bringing in his automobile to be serviced there in Cochran's garage. The blamed thing was just full of rifles, machine guns and pistols, and [laughing] everything else under the sun, and it was spotted by the FBI, or somebody passed the word.

So the FBI set up a trap in there. When this boy come back, they were goin' to nail him. Well, Cochran tipped off Nelson, so the trap was never sprung. So he was roped in on that harboring thing, and Hall and Cochran went off to the federal prison on that one.

But during the trial, why, there was the mention there again of the Frisch case, and this fellow, Negri, seemed to be tangled up in it somewhere. Later, his automobile was found down in California "torched out," as the expression goes, the inside all burned out. And then somebody began to surmise, "Well, that was the car that was used in gathering up Frisch." Then, "Where was Frisch?" Again, they didn't know.

Then finally, this fellow, John Paul Chase, he'd been captured when Nelson was killed

back there in that shootout in the Midwest. He later told a story and tried to make a proposition to the authority here, while he was serving time in Alcatraz, that he could tell 'em the story of the Frisch case, and more or less sketch the thing along that Baby Face had did the thing. He had no piece of it, of course, but he just knew of it, that they gathered up Frisch and supposedly gone way down south here, and put the body down a mine shaft, somewhere down there in the region of Yerington. Then he began to change his story a little bit, and he offered to lead the authorities over the trail of all of this thing in return for a parole out of Alcatraz.

Well, Ernest Brown, the district attorney, and Ray Root, the sheriff, and the FBI people went down, and they talked to Chase there in Alcatraz. They were convinced that he was telling something of a straight story, but not all of the story, and they just didn't quite believe him and trust him very much. So, from there on out, now, you've got to guess where Roy Frisch is. [laughing] Is he out there in that deepest point of Lake Tahoe in a concrete overcoat, or in a mine shaft somewhere? 'Cause the water off the Cal Neva' 5 1,640 feet deep.

But McKay and Graham, in spite of the loss of that witness there—. There was a second witness, and that was Joe Feutsch, who was the assistant cashier of the Riverside Bank, and he related to the grand jury something of the way these skin games and confidence games were operated through the bank. And apparently, that was effective enough, and then the story told by the various victims of these things, and those victims came from just about all parts of the country. I think I marked down there someplace where all they came from, or did I? [laughing] [Consults notes] Those swindles went on from 1929 to '32, from Vancouver, B. C. to New York City, Hot Springs, Arkansas,

Los Angeles, St. Petersburg, Florida, and all followed more or less the same pattern. The thing always—finally wound up and the money was paid in and handled through the Riverside Bank.

Well, there were two trials of McKay and Graham; both ended in jury disagreements. The third time was to be a blue ribbon trial with a blue ribbon jury to be chosen so that there wouldn't be any possibility of somebody getting at 'em, which was suspected in a couple of the first trials. To preside over the trial, the government selected the retired Justice of the Supreme Court, Van Devanter. And that was the one where they convicted them. That took Mr. McKay and Mr. Graham out of circulation for quite a few years.

When they'd done their time and came back here to Reno, why, they were pretty quiet after that. They still maintained, of course, their ownership there of the old Bank Club, and Cal Neva, but they weren't quite the flamboyant pair they had been years before. They were more intent, I think, on probably tryin' to make a little honest money for a [laughing] change to take care of 'em in their old age. Jimmy McKay later bought that building down there, the old Fordonia building, which is now the Club Cal Neva. It was then the Club Fortune. Jim bought that for an investment, as it were. And then they maintained their Bank Club there as separate from that Golden Hotel, as the Golden began to expand its operations, and so on, based on the old Bank. I don't know who ever wound up inheritin' what, 'cause they're both dead now.

They were quite a pair during their day—Graham kind of a tall, lean, and dour-lookin' fellow, Jimmy a little bit shorter with a round face like a full moon, a roly-poly type, and good-natured cuss. But to see 'em go together was quite something! [laughing] But Bill had the bad temper, all right, cause he'd had a

dispute with some fellow over the operation of a bootleg joint here, and he met him on the street there one morning, and he just gave him a fearful pistol whipping.

Then there was a kind of a brassy news photographer from New York—Los Angeles—that was hangin' around here, almost the blackmailin' type (I never had much use for him), but he got to hangin' around up at Cal Neva. They told him he'd just better stay away from here, get the hell out of here, we don't want you here. Well, he'd just like to see somebody throw him out.

Well, Mr. Graham met him. [laughing] I guess he just gave him a fearful whippin' and then just threw him out into the road, [laughing] which served the fellow right, as I knew him. He just didn't have any business there at all. I mean, I was a photographer, but I knew somethin' about where you belong, [and that] you don't try any of this transom shootin' stuff, and sneakin'-up sort of a business. When this fellow got it, I figured, "Well, he just had that comin', for sure." [laughing]

The gambling picture was beginning to change, even by the time that McKay and Graham got back here. They had operated with the old-time gambling houses, you might say, that went back to the early 1900's. In the meantime, why, the new gamblers came in. They weren't so much gamblers as they were merchandisers. Harolds Club and Harrah's, and so on, Harolds, in particular, ran a sort of a Woolworth's operation, five and dime, and depending on great volume, and not looking for the days of the big ol' high rollers that came along. I guess those days are all gone, but certainly, they had the one good example of Clara Bow, I guess [about] '32. There was one of these movie crowds up at Lake Tahoe making a movie around in there, and they all went over there one weekend to Cal Neva. I guess that you might say there was the cream

of the crop there. Will Rogers was part of the crowd, and Wallace Beery was one of 'em, and Clara Bow. And, of course, Clara was— that was during her heyday.

They got to playin' around there, and I guess winnin' a little and losin' a lot more, and Clara, she had been on the losin' end there. She gave 'em some checks for sixty thousand bucks and stopped payment, claimed she didn't know what she was doin', that [she] didn't know she'd been losin' all that much money. So she just wrote these checks, and then when she found out, she stopped payment.

Well, I saw the checks. Jim McKay showed 'em to me. We had photographs made of 'em, ran 'em in the paper. All they were was just nice souvenirs because, as she said, and as McKay and Graham said, these were [for] a gambling debt, and you just don't collect a gambling debt at law. You never could then, and you still can't. It goes back to the old, so-called "Queen Anne's law," that a gambling debt to be collected at law would be against public policy. And several times, that effort has been made, and the courts have held consistently that you just can't do it.

There was some effort made in this last legislature [1971], if you recall, to make it possible to legalize gambling debts and make 'em collectible, but they just didn't put that one over. About all you could catch 'em on, maybe, was a bum check.

And that Clara Bow, as I say, she was the queen of her day, and to spring that thing— oh, boy, [laughing] that made headlines all over the country! It didn't hurt McKay and Graham any, not at that time. They'd just bring in that much more business, to go up there at the Cal Neva and look around, "Gee, is this where Clara lost the money?" [laughing] and all that sort of thing.

There's just no more high rollers any more. When you go into these gambling

houses there, whether they're at Tahoe or down at Las Vegas, they're nickel and dime operations, depend on short odds and big volume—nickels and dimes. A few table games less here and there, they're just mainly for show. The big money's in slot machines and the keno game. The odds are in the keno game. They're so doggone long in favor of the house. But the slot machine, why, you can cut those things down to where the house is only gettin' five percent. That's a mechanical five percent. And if you're just sure of that five percent always rolling into your pocket, and you've got slot machines by the hundreds (and you know how many hundreds there are in some of these places), why, gee, it's just like ownin' Fort Knox.

I don't think McKay and Graham would even fit in in today's gambling picture. They just wouldn't quite go in for this carnival effect. Certainly, they couldn't quite understand the Las Vegas picture, where you've got Circus Circus, with a trapeze overhead, [laughing] Caesar's Palace, and They were just in it to make the money. The old Bank Club certainly was no glamour place, and they didn't have to have any dancing girls around to entertain you. You just went in there to lose your money, that was all, or buck the tiger.

WINGFIELD BANK HOLIDAY

About 1929 we began to get a little inkling that something was wrong in the banking system around here. It was on the Fourth of July of '29 when in the holiday paper there, we made the announcement that the Mapes' Washoe County Bank would not open the following day. It was in the hands of the bank *Examiner*. Of course, that was a bank that was greatly patronized by a lot of the farmers around here, being one of the oldest of the established banks in this part of the state.

And then, as its reorganization began to be discussed, and what to do with the thing, George Wingfield came into the picture there. He took over what was left of that, and then the Scheeline Banking and Trust Company, which apparently was in very healthy shape of its own, and the two were combined into the United Nevada Bank. The depositors in the Washoe County Bank, I think they received a credit of seventy-five cents on the dollar, and then twenty-five cents in that were called the shares of the Realization Company, which was to more or less see if they couldn't straighten things out and recover a little bit of money for their benefit.

Whether that was ever done, I just don't know. But the United Nevada Bank was established as a rather strong institution, and in the clearing up of the Wingfield banks, after their closing, it paid out ninety cents, which was a heck of a lot better than the twenty-eight cents that the Virginia City Bank people [laughing] had received.

It did indicate that something was just a little bit shaky in the whole picture, even though that was months ahead of the Depression to come along. When that Depression did come back East there on Black Tuesday of '29, well, we just didn't seem to know anything about a depression. It really didn't bother us out here. We just had our own sources of revenue, as it were, or bringing in the suckers, or fleecing 'em, [laughing] and so on, although we were beginning to find out that farm and land prices and livestock, and so on, were just kinda all goin' downhill. But that didn't seem to make much difference due to the glitter business around here.

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In 1931, there—forty years ago, that was our big carnival year. That was when the

legislature tackled that open gambling thing right out in the open. They said, "Here she comes, boys, watch us do it," and they did. They knew by that time they could say, "Well, the country's gone to hell in a hand basket, we might as well make all the money we can," and they passed the six weeks divorce law. That just turned the town loose, as it were. And by that time, Prohibition, even on a national scale, was beginning to fizzle out. Most of the joints around this town, they were just about wide open. You did, maybe, have to push the buzzer, but if they'd look out through the peephole and didn't see a star or a pistol on you, they'd let you in.

That six weeks' law brought in, oh, gosh, just a swarm of people, notably Jack Dempsey. Course, he was still the great popular hero even though he lost that championship. But he was still the great Jack Dempsey. McKay and Graham and Wingfield and those boys thought, "Well, now, we'd just better take advantage of this. Let's put on a prizefight."

The golden opportunity came to them with Max Baer down there in—. The Livermore butcher boy. He was one of the up-and-coming champion possibilities, bit heavyweight champ. But he killed a man in the ring, a fellow by the name of Frankie Campbell, that'd been sent into the ring when he should have been kept out, and he died afterward. And Baer, of all people, was a great, big, gentle sort of a cuss, good natured as all get out, friendly—gad, you couldn't help likin' the fella. But the California papers, principally the *Examiner*, which had always crusaded against the brutality of prizefighting, they just all but wanted to hang poor Max Baer.

So McKay and Graham and Wingfield and Dempsey, they put their heads together. "We'll get Baer up here. We'll bring him up to Lake Tahoe and let this thing kinda cool off a little bit. Then, let's see, what'll we do?

We'll match him up against—who's the next up-and-comin' boy? Well, that's Paulino Uzcudun, the 'bounding Basque.'"

Well, they got the fight all set up, and they promoted the thing, and, oh, man, what a session that was! They built a great big arena out in the center of the racetrack out there, great big thing—oh, I guess it'd hold 15,-20,000 people. And on the Fourth of July, here it was. And then, in they came! You never saw a crowd like that thing that hit Reno that time. They figured that the population of Reno at that time may have been 18,- 20,000, and it had doubled overnight.

On that Fourth of July of the fight, I went downtown that morning about six o'clock, [and] here they were, sleepin' on newspapers down there in Powning Park and in their automobiles and in doorways. The fight was to—I think it was to begin somewhere around nine in the morning. They had a preliminary this, that, and the other, and I went out there about nine o'clock with a camera over the shoulder and a reporter along with me. And hot—you can imagine what it'd be like in a board bowl, and fresh, brand-new lumber, and that pitch just boiling [laughing] up out of it, not a breath of air. Very fortunately, I was by one of the active fighter's corners where they put his bucket of ice water down, and I'd just sneak a little bit of ice out of it every now and then.

Then by—oh, it was late as—there in the afternoon, I guess probably one or two o'clock, somewhere around there, came the big event. In came Baer, and he was a big fellow, over six feet, and shoulders as broad as a door, and well built. Uzcudun looked like he'd been chopped out of a big oak stump, and built right close to the ground, hung on like an anvil. And away they went. It was a twenty-round fight to a decision. And that heat was just enough to kill everybody.

Actually, Baer was the better fighter, but what happened, he'd got mixed up with a little tomato, and she was sittin' over there on the north side of the ring. Her name, I believe, was Dorothy Dunbar. She was a dancer of sorts, and whether a divorcee or not, I don't know, but she was about twenty years older than Max, and he'd been smitten by this gal. So he'd just kind of box and waltz his way over down there and kinda smirk down at her, and about that time, the Basco let him have one! [laughing] And that thing went on there 'til he just lost the fight on points. He married the gal that night, too! I remember, she was thirty-nine years old, and he was nineteen!

Ol' Max came back later. He fought, let's see, King Levinsky here later. He won that one. He got all of that romantic nonsense out of his head. He came back here frequently after that, out of California, and put on exhibition matches. He used to come up here during the war and put on things up around the Reno air base and the Ordinance Depot at Herlong, and he was still a great big, good-natured clown. He'd come roaring into the news room and the windows'd kinda rattle [laughing] as he came in. He came in one day with the usual boom-boom, and he said, "Boys, meet my brother!" There was about the biggest man you ever did see, bigger than Max, even. Buddy. He was tryin' to make Buddy into a fighter, but Buddy just didn't have it.

And all that summer there, they had a racing season after the fights, and the whole town ran wide open. The gambling, God, that was the great thing there. All these places opened up overnight. Where they came up with all the roulette wheels and crap tables, and what not, nobody [laughing] ever knew, but they all had 'em, even the so-called respectable places. The old Waldorf, for example, was—they had a[s] decent a place as there was in town, and they never had had

any connection with gambling, bootlegging, and what not. And when gambling came in overnight, they had a roulette wheel, and they had a wheel of fortune, and they had a chucka-luck cage, and "Twenty-One" tables. Everybody seemed to have them and somebody that knew how to work 'em.

Well, the rest of that year and until winter came, why, that kind of a carnival went on. And winter, of course, we weren't bringin' people in there over the hill in those days, and everything kinda petered out. By spring of '32, this place began to close, and that'n began to pass out of the scene, and pretty soon there were only just two or three gambling houses left. Not very many customers. We were just leading up to the big event of '32. We didn't know it. But that was to be the crash of the Wingfield banks.

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It had been rumored around by some people that the Wingfield banks were not in good shape. Although nothing could ever fail. "Ol' George Wingfield, he can always pull us through." Well, the announcement came, of course, on a holiday, as they like to do those things, when the banks are all closed. It was on Admission Day. I was over in Carson City coverin' the big celebration, the parade. Got back to the office that afternoon to find the paper comin' out with headlines that, "Bank Holiday Proclaimed." It was none but Morley Griswold as acting governor. Fred Balzar had gone back to Washington to ask the RFC to make big loans to the Wingfield banking system to keep 'em from going under, and the RFC refused.

And so during this time, (we had] what they called a "bank holiday." They asked every bank in the state to cooperate and not open up until they could get Wingfield back on his

feet. Well, Dick Kirman told 'em to just go take a long jump 'cause he wasn't about to go into that sort of a thing. I guess the only other bank around this end of the woods was the bank out at Austin. It refused to close.

Then came that morning after. Everybody thought, "Well, now, there's goin' to be a run on Kirman's bank." Certainly there was quite a crowd of people gathered around down there at First and Virginia. And when ten o'clock came, you could see 'em all kinda mill around. And ten o'clock straight up, the front doors opened, and who opened 'em up? Kirman, himself. He unlocked the doors, "Come on in, folks." And there was every cage with money in bags, or stacks, all around the thing, and even ton] those counters down the center of the open space there, and somebody there. They got their money right now. They looked at it. Now, what're they goin' to do with it? Some'll put it back in, some of 'em'll run across the street to the post office, put it in postal savings. About as fast as some of that would accumulate, ol' George Smith, the postmaster, he'd gather it all up and take it across the street and in the back door there, [laughing] put it into Kirman's bank again! That run didn't last very long. That was the end of it.

But here we were with eleven or twelve banks closed in the whole state, and nobody had any money to speak of. I was one of the fortunate ones 'cause we paid in cash in those days, and I still had my pay envelope in my pocket. I had about as much money as anybody in Reno had. For a while, they traded back and forth and honored the checks, the stores would, on the closed banks, hopin' that someday they would open. But that was pretty well blasted off then, when the controller of the currency took over the national banks, the First National of Winnemucca and the Reno National, and then the state bank *Examiner* took over the state banks. Then there came

the great Wingfield plan of reorganization, and that put on quite a campaign. While I don't know what all the details were, it worked out so that Wingfield and all his boys still owned the banks, and cleaned up most of their liabilities. Well, that thing was challenged there by a good many people, and there was a long hearing held over in Carson City before Judge Guild. It resulted there in the reorganization plan being defeated, and the state banks went into receivership.

They made a fearful campaign on that reorganization thing, and the *Gazette* opposed it. And we paid rather dearly for our opposition because the Wingfield machine still had its power in there. They went around and, you might say, put an embargo on people: "Don't advertise with that damn paper any more." So it cost us a good deal of money that time. We lost a lot of advertising business 'cause Wingfield, he had the twist on the boys, "Now, you owe me this much money, [and] I'm goin' to have to foreclose on you." That was the old method he used. Or maybe you didn't owe him any, but, "Now, listen. Your good ol' father's got a mortgage on his house out there, and you'd hate to have me turn him out into the cold, wouldn't you?" [laughing] That was another one of their tricks. They used 'em all. Or he'd say, "We'll get so and so fired from his job down there in city hall, or over in the courthouse."

Well, we came out on top on the thing, but, as I say, it cost us something in the long run. But we didn't regret the thing. We knew we were right on it, though, and we certainly didn't want to see that Wingfield-Thatcher-Woodburn crowd, and all of that bunch, back into power again. They'd already pretty well ruined things, as far as we were concerned.

That would be the great issue two years later in the state election. Fred Balzar, he died. Griswold succeeded as acting governor, and he just wanted to be a governor so bad

it hurt him all over! That was about the time we wanted somebody halfway decent in the governor's office there, and there'd been talk for years before of trying to get Kirman to be governor. He was looked upon as the most respectable and decent person. He'd been one-time mayor of Reno, 'way back when. And so a group of Democrats that couldn't quite put up with the Thatcher-Woodburn wing of the Democratic party, they drafted Kirman, and he accepted the draft. There were several candidates in that primary; I've forgotten how many now. John Cooper was one of 'em, and Harley [A.] Harmon, I believe, was one of 'em. Cooper always claimed it was a double-cross, that he'd been more or less promised a clear shot at that thing in the primary. [laughing] Kirman came out on top.

That meant that over there in Carson City, too, it was a complete revolution there, and a shakeup there to kinda clean out the rest of the old crowd, and they did rather effectively.

Kirman was the one who brought Bob Allen into the scene. He was the state highway engineer. Allen was to be quite a center of controversy all the rest of his time over in Carson City—good engineer, but he was the most abrasive character I think I ever ran into [laughing]. He, unfortunately, just couldn't get along with people. Give him a pleasant smile, and he'd snarl at you. Tell him it was a nice day, and, "How the hell do you know it's a nice day?"

ELECTION OF 1932

Let's see, that was 1934, of course. I'm kinda gettin' ahead of myself there. In 1932, it was the failure of the Wingfield banks that wiped out some of their political power, when they lost the election to the Senate there. Oddie was their man. Of course, Oddie'd been closely associated with Wingfield since way back in early Tonopah days. Pat McCarran

had been—he'd been itchin' for the Senate for quite a while. He'd made a stab at it before, and he was defeated there, I think it was '26. He ran for the nomination, and Ray Baker beat him. And Ray was kinda one of the old-time Wingfield associates, too.

But along in '32 there—well, up until the last fatal day, it certainly looked as though Oddie would be reelected, and Sam Arentz would return to Congress. But when the people looked around, and the banks were closed, and here we are, we're goin' to hell in a hand basket [laughing]—they turned around and they took it out on those two candidates, as it were, Oddie and Arentz.

Sixteen hundred votes was all that Pat could win by. Roosevelt carried the state by sixteen hundred. Pat was never quite the strong man that some of 'em say he was. That was a pretty thin run there. And years later, when Vail Pittman ran against him for the nomination, I think he only beat Vail by somethin' about eleven, twelve hundred votes. So Pat wasn't really the strong man. He had a lot of friends, but he also had made himself one heck of a lot of enemies in the process. He was a deadly sort of a man [laughing] in a good many ways, ferocious as hell, unforgiving, completely unprincipled in some ways. He'd just cut his own mother's throat [laughing] if it was to his own political advantage, and he became one of the most powerful and feared men in Congress. Some of those people back there told me he very wisely picked out his own spot when he went back there. "What committee do you want to be on?" and most of 'em wanted the big name committees that make the headlines. And Pat didn't care so much about that. He knew where he wanted to be, on the Judiciary.

Well, that isn't very glamorous, especially compared to ol' Key Pittman about that time who was the lord and master of [the] Senate

Foreign Relations Committee, one of the biggest men in Washington thereby. But not Pat, he didn't want that. As his seniority and influence grew on that Judiciary Committee, he was able to control and exercise a veto over appointments from the Department of Justice, and the Judiciary, and the federal marshals, and federal attorneys, and, believe me, he used that on the other boys, "Now, you go with me or else I'll fix your boy."

So Pat wasn't exactly too well loved back there in Washington. He was able to go in and tell the President off, "You're not goin' to get your boy on the Supreme Court if you don't play ball with me on this." And the extent of his power is revealed a good deal in that book that his daughter ghostwrote, that *Once There Was a Nun*. She relates some of the things that Pat had done—that he was using the club. Some of that never quite came out into the open, but it certainly shows what ol' Pat could do. He played his politics there regardless of Democrat or Republican. He'd be more apt to give something to a Republican than he would a Democrat, figured the Democrat, "He's in my pocket. But I want this boy. I want a string on him." And he did that on jobs. He was more apt to give a good job to a Republican sometimes.

One thing I might say, that in years past, over the years, Nevada has always had strong men in the Senate. Pat was one of the last good examples of that, and Pittman, look what he was, [and] Newlands, Stewart. From the very beginning, we had able and strong men, and most of 'em pretty damn ruthless. Whether we've got 'em now, I don't know. [laughing]

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That kind of adventures did I have in covering the gambling operations? Well, I wouldn't say they were adventures. You have to stretch your imagination a little to make

adventures out of some of those kind of things. Nobody ever took a shot at me, for instance, or beat me up, and I never had any particular trouble getting into places. I think one thing, the people around here knew us, and they knew what we were doin'. We weren't a scandal-mongering paper, for that matter. If one of these things come up, we were going to treat it fairly, and they knew it, and they trusted us. You could ask Bill Graham and Jimmy McKay a question. They— well, if they gave you an answer, you could believe it. They might tell you to go to hell, but if they answered you, you used to take that as the truth, just like catchin' ol' Ed Roberts and say, "Now, look, Ed, how about this?" Well, he told you. All right, you could bank on it. Old Bill Justi, Sam Frank, they were the same way. As I say, I don't think you could work up any thrills or romance [laughing] over bein' a reporter in those days. Those were just run-of-the-mill operations.

1931 CITY ELECTION

I just don't think anyone has quite forgotten the city election in that year of 1931. It came just as we were building up to that great climax there, and publicity all over the world, and the wire services just breathing on us all the time for red hot stories. And here came the city election and that colorful ol' cuss, Ed Roberts, running for his third term. Running against him was Howard Doyle, automobile dealer and very fine, upright citizen of Reno. And, of course, Ed was just goin' on his record as the glamour boy of the wide open spaces.

The payoff for him came when the minister of the Methodist church here thought that, well, he ought to just kind of get into the public spirit swing of things, and he invited each of the candidates to speak in his

church on a Sunday there before the election. Well, Howard Doyle just didn't quite want to do that, but Roberts wasn't goin' to miss any bets. And that was where he made his famous speech that was quoted all over the country, of "a barrel of whiskey on every corner and a dipper hanging from it, and a sign, 'Help yourself.'"

Well, of all of the places to make such a statement as that, in the Methodist church, which was practically the same thing in those days as the Anti-Saloon League, and the strongest enforcer, as it were, of Prohibition. And here was Ed Roberts, who was for "wide open everything," and to make that statement from a pulpit of the Methodist church!

Of course, it was picked up and quoted all over the country. It cost that poor preacher his pulpit. They just didn't renew his appointment here. And he was a very fine gentleman, too. He was acting with the best of motives there when he thought that it would be a fine thing to invite these two candidates to get up and discuss the issues there before the congregation. But it just—it flared back on him, [laughing] and there he went. His name was A. J. Case. He left here, went down to California, and he used to come back occasionally. I had some dealings with him very much later when the Methodist church bought a piece of property up at Lake Tahoe, and Mr. Case was one of those who worked out the deal. I haven't heard anything from him since, but I'd certainly like to see him again. I'll bet he's never forgotten 1931, [laughing] either!

1932 - ELECTION YEAR

We were talking there of that big political year that followed, 1932, and all of the various things that happened in Nevada. There was one political land mine that year. That was

Owl Drug. And that thing exploded there on October the tenth, 1932, when the Owl Drug Company, which had numerous chain stores in Western states (none in Nevada, however, although it was a Nevada Corporation), filed a petition of bankruptcy in the federal court [at] Carson City. Immediately, the receiver that was appointed on that day by Judge [Frank H.] Norcross, on the recommendation of the referee of bankruptcy, Felice Cohn, was the Bank of Nevada Savings and Trust Company, one of the Wingfield banks, and represented by Thatcher and Woodburn.

Well, what made that so damaging later on, as it came out, was—that was just, God, within almost weeks, or days, of when the Bank of Nevada Savings and Trust Company was goin' to go busted with the rest of the Wingfield banks there on the first of November of 1932. There was a great deal of protest on that thing, I imagine, from some of the people involved in Owl Drug. The purpose of that seemed to be, and so it was claimed, that Owl Drug wasn't particularly a bankrupt firm, but it was using the bankruptcy route to divest itself of some rather high priced leases on property scattered all around—was tryin' to get out from under.

And then, as this thing went along—and before it got down to any serious investigation—there came a couple of interim appointments from Washington. One was appointing Judge Norcross to the Ninth Court of Appeals bench in San Francisco, and in his place on the Nevada District, William Woodburn. Well, that was what really touched off all the fireworks. The protest that went out of here from those who were opposed to the Thatcher-Woodburn-Wingfield machine and all of the rest of that, the howl was heard all the way to Washington and back again. So it was claimed at the time, and told to me from a pretty straight source, that one Mr.

Woodburn was able to get copies of all of the telegrams that were sent out of here in protest to that. They were all laid down on his desk, and I imagine that was about right, because there were some rather apparent leaks at that time in the Western Union office here. Several people found themselves transferred to other, less sensitive points as a result.

When the hearing was taken up before the Senate Judiciary Committee on the nomination of Norcross, most of the opposition was led by one William Neblett. He was an associate [and] friend of William Gibbs McAdoo, down out of Los Angeles. And he certainly was a master inquisitor, as you can tell if you read the transcript of those hearings on that. Owl Drug figured mainly in that hearing there. It was pretty well established that—at least the senator seemed to believe that—there was a great deal of fraud involved in that bankruptcy thing. And it flared back later on to another federal judge, Harold Louderback, in San Francisco. Louderback literally was impeached, but he was not convicted in the Senate vote on the impeachment hearings.

After the conclusion of those hearings, why, those two nominations were just gently dropped. See, they had been interim appointments. And, of course, they had to be confirmed by the Senate. There was a great deal of pressure that had been put upon Frank Norcross to immediately accept that interim appointment when it was made, and then step up there and leave this vacancy behind for Woodburn to step into. But that could've left Frank Norcross just plain out in the cold, as he knew, so he just didn't quite take that bait.

Then it also figured out quite prominently in those hearings on the appointment there that—to puttin' Woodburn upon the Nevada bench at a time when he was rather deeply involved in the affairs and the failure of the

Wingfield banks. The Senate didn't quite see that thing, so the whole thing just kinda washed out. Norcross just went back to his little bench there at Carson City, and Bill Woodburn went back and stayed on the fourth floor [laughing] of the First National Bank building.

I never did discuss that series of events with either of the principals. I know that Woodburn took some of that pretty seriously, as I had found out, goin' through some old papers, and especially some of the things that were said about him in the *Gazette*. He didn't quite like that, and he demanded some retractions on the thing, which were very firmly refused. As you might gather, Mr. Thatcher and Mr. Woodburn were not exactly on the best of terms with the *Reno Evening Gazette*, although there's one thing I must observe in here: very frequently, we talked with some of those people there, not on the subject of banking, for instance, or the Owl Drug, but there'd be some other question. And if you asked George Thatcher a question, if you did get an answer, you could believe it. He might tell you to go to hell, but if he answered, it was all right. You were on solid ground there.

THE ELECTION OF 1934

I think after politics of 1932, the thing to get into, then, is politics of 1934, which certainly was a razzledazzle. That was when Morley Griswold was anxious to succeed as governor, having taken office there when Fred Balzar died. Morley, of course, had the support of the Wingfield-Thatcher-Woodburn machines, and every effort was made to find a candidate to oppose him, either in the Republican or Democratic side. But there wasn't anybody in the Republican party that they could seem to depend on. That was where Dick Kirman

came into the picture. There had been frequent mentions in earlier years that Kirman should run for governor, and he was never quite inclined that way. But there in 1934, a group Of local Democrats, Reno people mainly, filed a draft And within a certain length of time, why, it was up to Kirman to accept or turn it down. He accepted it.

It was a rather spirited primary campaign, with about four or five other Democrats in there. I think one of the principal ones was John LA.] Cooper, and I think Charlie Richards was in there, and I think Harley [A.] Harmon. They were scattered all over the place.

Kirman won it, but Cooper took that defeat pretty hard. He said he'd been double-crossed, and he'd been more or less promised that if he would run in there, why, he'd have a good, open race. He was a man, incidentally, [who] was opposed to the old Thatcher-Woodburn machine, too. But, of course, Kirman was the boy they put up there as our champion, the "great white hope." And he was nominated.

Then came the general [election], and if ever there was a brass knuckles campaign, that was it. I think every Democratic paper in the state supported Griswold, and there was only about one dependable Republican paper in the whole state. That was the *Reno Evening Gazette*. All the others kinda wavered back and forth and claimed to be Republican now and then, but we were the old standby, and we went right down the line there, and that was the first time they really began to blow and spend a lot of money and put on the pressure in a state election around here. They ran great big, tremendous ads in the paper, and they even put 'em in our paper, [laughing] 'cause they had to reach the people.

Then the fun started. All of the horsepower that the Thatcher-Woodburn-Wingfield crowd could muster [was] behind Griswold

there. And in the statewide campaign, there was a good deal of money spent, the first time that radio was ever used to any great extent in politics in this state. KOH was the only radio station then in Reno, and I guess in Nevada at that time. It had all of these blasts coming in hour after hour, and nightly broadcasts that'd go on for an hour, maybe, or half an hour. You know, you can say an awful lot in a half an hour on a radio broadcast, especially when you've got such good speakers—Lester Summerfield, for example, Clyde Souter, Clarence Pugh (he was a local lawyer at that time). They were the more or less spokesmen there for the old machine.

They launched the campaign for Griswold there [with this] big radio attack, principally against the *Gazette* and one Graham Sanford. It just happened that they knew Graham Sanford was on vacation in Santa Cruz. Somebody called him up and said, "Now, look. You'd better hightail up here because there's gonna be this big blast on you.

So up he came, drove up to 'Frisco and took a plane up, came up here that night. Then he gave me the other half of the ticket and sent me down to bring the family back home. And that night, he was just all ready to reply. And he did.

Lester Summerfield was to be the orator on that occasion. There was Summerfield, and Clarence Pugh, and Clyde Souter was one of 'em. There was quite a number of those Republicans. They were all putting on this radio campaign.

Then, as the campaign went on, the Griswold forces even went so far as to go down and buy time on KNX in Los Angeles in order to reach the southern part of Nevada, and KSL in Salt Lake City to reach eastern and northern Nevada, and, of course, the one local station, KOH. God, how much money was spent, I [laughing] have no idea,

but it must've been quite a sum for those days.

One fellow that was kind of a spokesman there for the Kirman side was one William Barnard. Barnard was a real estate promoter that came here in—about the last of the '20's there, into the '30's. [He was] a very able man, too, I mean as promoters went. He was a humdinger. He was the one that took a whole bunch of *Sagebrush* and made Newlands Manor out of it, and had people standing in line to buy his houses and buy his lots. He took quite an active part in politics, and he was very much opposed to the reorganization of the Wingfield banks under the Wingfield reorganization scheme. And so then he took out after Griswold in the governor's campaign of '34.

That gave the other boys something. They began to campaign not against Kirman, but against what they called the Barnard-Graham Sanford-*Reno Evening Gazette* machine. Well, that didn't bother Graham Sanford very much. He had pretty well handled his own, and Bill Barnard was a rather effective speaker, too. They began to trade broadsides on the radio, and in newspaper ads, and double-page spreads, and, of course, Graham Sanford took care of himself in the editorial columns.

Well, Kirman was elected. That was about the end of Morley Griswold, as far as a political figure went. I don't think Morley was ever what you would call a particularly forceful fellow. He had been put onto the Republican ticket there in 1926. His running mate there was Fred Balzar. He was a personable young chap, war veteran, and from Elko County: those were his political assets. He did help the ticket to that extent there, but then he got ambition. He wanted to be a governor. But doggone, not very many lieutenant governors've been able to make that grade.

Some of 'em have. Well, Vail Pittman did, but certainly Morley didn't. Denver Dickerson didn't. I don't think Morley ever quite got over that [laughing] 1934 thing. I don't think he was ever too friendly with the *Gazette* and the Sanfords thereafter.

ELECTION OF 1938

Then by the time '38 came along, there was where Oddie had the hopes he could make the comeback. So he ran again against Pat McCarran, but that was just a kind of a hopeless thing. Pat, in the meantime, had built up his own very powerful machine, and Oddie was just kind of a forlorn and forgotten character by that time. There's somethin' rather pathetic about these old-time boys that try the comeback. Oddie had been a good senator, too. In fact, he did a great deal for this state that they weren't about to give him credit for. Certainly, where did all these fine highways come from, if it had not been for the Oddie-Colton Act there? And he had a very great deal to do with the passage of the Swing Johnson bill through Congress that authorized and enabled the construction of Boulder Dam.

But that didn't count for anything when the landslide came, there in 1932, any more than it helped Sam Arentz. Both of them had been very active in the Boulder Dam act. And Sam, almost single-handed, had delivered the Hawthorne Naval Ammunition Depot. But it didn't do him any good. Out he was wiped! [laughing] The electorate just doesn't seem to give a damn sometimes, and it's got a mighty short memory.

Also, in 1938 along came another, lightin' the fuse on another bomb. That was when Ted Carville's term as United States Attorney expired. It was not renewed, and a recess appointment was given to William S.

Boyle. Boyle had been the Democratic state chairman, and he was particularly close to Jim Farley, and it was on Farley's recommendation that Boyle was given this recess appointment. But the chopping off of Carville there, it had the effect of just propelling him right square into the governor's office. He immediately filed after that for governor, and he was elected, too. The Republican candidate that year—let's see, that was John Fulton. John just—wasn't a very forceful sort of a person. He was the head of the Mackay School of Mines, an old-time Nevadan, but that. just didn't carry much in those [days], and besides, it wasn't Republican weather. It wasn't to be Republican weather for quite a while, and John made a respectable run, but that was just about all. It was a dead mortal cinch that Carville was goin' to make the thing.

You might say the time bomb went off a little bit later then, the following year, when the appointment of Boyle came up for confirmation. He was opposed there by McCarran, of all people, on that old ground of "personally offensive." And when that is used, that's just practically a veto. When one senator brings that up against an appointment in his state, the rest of the Senate, by tradition, will follow it.

They went ahead and held the hearing there, and it was brought out in there, too, how the appointment of Carville had been a compromise in the first place, that Pittman had more or less promised Bill McKnight the job, and Bill expected to get it, too. McCarran was more or less opposed there to McKnight 'cause McKnight was tied in hand and glove there with the old Pittman-Thatcher-Woodburn-Wingfield, et al, and Pat certainly was under no obligation to them, and he wasn't about to go along with 'em. So as a compromise, why, up came Carville, on McCarran's suggestion. Pittman didn't

particularly endorse him, but he didn't oppose him 'cause Carville was, at that time, a very strong Nevada man, highly respected as a judge out there in Elko County, and, oh, he'd been considered as a possible United States Judge. In fact, that was his ambition, to be the United States Judge.

So he went on to be the governor, and he was a good governor, too. I think you could say that Ted Carville was one of the best governors Nevada has had in many, many years—able, honest, fearless, and didn't give a damn for anybody. I always admired the fella. He came in for a lot of criticism, which was rather unfair there. They swore that if they elected a Catholic that the governor was goin' to have a cross on the top of the capitol. [laughing] That went on for years. It just didn't happen to work out that way. Ted's religion didn't bother him one doggone bit. In fact, he was, personally, a gentleman and a good scout, good drinkin' man, too.

Where Carville had made his mistake as United States Attorney there, was that he had insisted on prosecution of one Mr. McKay and Mr. Graham on those mail frauds and bunco charges. That was emphasized quite strongly in those Senate hearings, too, and also figured into the hearing there where the harboring of Baby Face Nelson, and the apparent knowledge of Baby Face being here was being held by some of our local authorities, too. They knew he was here, but they just weren't about to touch that [laughing] little fella. Maybe it wouldn't've been healthy; I don't know. He wasn't, I don't think, very intent on gettin' into any kind of trouble. He wanted to just lay low. He was just too hot a number.

But the harboring of Baby Face brought about the prosecution there of Tex Hall, of course, and Frank Cochran. You know, that was a "nice" street there, Gordon Avenue. It had some nice people livin' on it, including

Tex hall, and Bill Graham up on the corner, and two or three other sort of gamblers scattered along here and there. But leastwise, they never had any gunfire goin' on [laughing] up and down the street.

THE CITY ELECTION OF 1935

The ward system there, as I say, went back to Reno's original incorporation—six wards, and more or less balanced out. Then, as the city grew southwest, southeast, northeast, northwest, two wards stayed just the same. That was the second ward and the third ward. They—see, the second ward was bounded there by Sierra Street, the railroad tracks, and the river, and then, of course, out to the west city limits. The third ward was Sierra Street, railroad tracks, and the river, then east. It just took in—well, Skid Row, principally—Lake Street, Douglas Alley, and then later the gambling houses, and everything else you could mention—the sportin' houses—everything was all in the third ward. And it had only somethin' like two or three hundred registered voters. The second ward didn't have very much more than that, but then here was the first ward, way out this way [pointing west], with a little over a thousand or maybe 1,500 voters, and the other wards more or less the same. So when came the city election time, why, you could be pretty doggone sure that the second ward and the third ward would have the same councilman.

But then, when an effort was made to abolish that ward voting system and go for councilmen at large, there was some opposition there from the people in the other wards who thought that that just might give that organized group in the ol' third ward too much power, for Bill Just'd just pick them up, throw 'em wherever he wanted. They just didn't want to have them holding any balance

of power, so the old ward system endured for a long while until just our present form of city government.

So we had our Bill Justi. [laughing] He pretty well stayed in there until he died. He was a pretty good councilman, by his own lights, and he took care of his own people, and such “nice” people as they were. [laughing] He particularly wanted to ride herd on the police department to see they weren’t goin’ to bother his people too doggone much. It wasn’t exactly good policy for a policeman to get a little too rough down there in that third ward, either. There were certain places, you might say, that were off limits to that. If there was any kind of a ruckus around, just stay clear. Just don’t get your nose into that, one of ’em bein’ that ol’ Mizpah Hotel down there.

I recall one policeman who was passing by there, and he heard a great clamor and a lot of shouting around and a couple of shots. He went barging in there, all [the] while everybody tried to [assure him], “Everything’s all right. Just don’t come in here. Don’t come in.”

Well, he went in to find somebody plugged full of holes. The owners of the hotel were very prompt in getting down to the police station and makin’ a fuss about that, and that particular officer found himself out of a job.

That was quite a hotel, the Mizpah. See, it tied in there with the old “line.” That was where all the girls and the pimps were supposed to live; they weren’t to get anywhere else. Everything belonged there, “Stay in there, and stay off the street, and don’t go bargin’ around. And you gals, you just work down the line and then come back here and behave yourself. No streetwalking, no ‘B’ girl performance around the bar, or anything.” It was all part of the rules, and they were pretty well enforced, too. So you can see why, maybe, the Mizpah Hotel was off limits to any kind

of police activity. I guess it’s kind of peaceful down there most of the [time] now, ’cause those days, I guess they’re just all over with.

See, at that time the police used to station a uniformed officer down there at the gates of the old Stockade. And his main [duty] was—well, to give ’em a little protection down in there, but mainly to keep the curious out of there, and above all things, anybody with a camera, or any women. They wouldn’t stand for that. He was a regular member of the force, but his salary was paid by the operator down there, the Chinaman. It kinda kept that that thing under pretty good control until the federal government stepped in on it during the war. That was what closed that down, this Western Sea Command, Western Sea Frontier, whatever it was they called it. They were able to come up here and tell us what to do, putting closing hours on the saloons, and this, that, and the other thing, and closed down the line, which was done rather reluctantly. Of course, a few of ’em began poppin’ up here and there, but they were closed down pretty fast, too. You didn’t argue with the military about that time.

See, civilian control was rather weakened by this western Defense Command, of which we were a part. The rest of the country could kinda go on its own way, but we were part of the “frontier,” as they called it. They’d just come up here and tell us what to do. And we said, “Yes, sir. Yes, sir.” [laughing]

I was telling about Bill Justi. His friends appointed him police commissioner. He was chairman of the police committee on the council, but he called himself the police commissioner. And he thought that pretty well gave him control over the police department, not that he needed a title to give him that, because he was still known as the boss of the police department. But some of his friends down around among the sporting fraternity, they bought him this very impressive badge

that said on it, "Police Commissioner." He sported that thing for a long while, but it was pretty well recognized that he was the boss of the police department.

And at one time there, at one council meeting (I think it was after an election; I can't be too sure), the question of the police department came up, and the mayor of the moment (probably Roberts, or it might've been Sam Frank) said, "All right, we'll come to the police department. Each councilman and the mayor shall name so many officers, each one. I name so-and-so and so-and-so."

Well, when they got all through, you never saw such [laughing] a bunch in your life. They [had] no qualification whatsoever, other than political. I can't say that the Reno Police Department was anything to be very proud of. They were mostly a bunch of hang-arounders and such characters as wanted to wear a star and carry a gun, and there weren't any good officers in there. You might say it might've been just by accident, or happenstance, that they worked out pretty well.

But then there were certain rules about law enforcement around here, as to what was to be done, and who was not to be touched. Jack Kirkley was the chief, and Jack was a pretty good chief. He had been a good chief for years before, and he was appointed chief of police when Harry E. Stewart was elected the mayor. Stewart wanted to get rid of the then chief, John Hillhouse, because he thought Hillhouse had got too well tied up with the so-called liberal elements around here. So, he appointed Jack Kirkley. Jack, I believe, was a detective sergeant then. Generally, it was just a question of time before they got to Jack. [laughing] That just seems to be, maybe, the story of police departments here, there, and everywhere, and how long it takes before they get to him. You know—the chiefs you've seen around here. Every once in a while we need a

new chief, and we have one. But where are the other ones? I don't think there's a very good life expectancy [laughing] on those fellows.

THE TRAIN LIMIT BILL OF 1935

Well, that train limit bill was something that had been coming up in legislatures, I guess, since way back about in the 1920's, brought in there, of course, by the railroad union lobbies, and always opposed by a very efficient hatchet man or lobbyist for Southern Pacific. Time after time, the thing was brought up and either died in committee or was just plain forgotten, and never saw the light of day. It was—let's see, [a] seventy-car limit, I think it was, on freights, and fifteen cars, I think it was, on passenger [trains]. And they went up there and told a horrible story of what all could happen with these big, long, passenger trains snap around there, and the passenger's neck go [laughing] like that [snapping his wrist], and then the long freight cars, and particularly the slack in between those cars.

They had some pretty good lobbyists over there, the railroad boys did. One very effective one was Archie Cross from down in sparks. He was a conductor, a little bit of a fella, and he'd go up there and just about get what he wanted. He finally got that bill passed. But it wasn't due to last very long. The railroads were going to see to that. Certainly, the railroads, since back in the days, I guess, of Black Wallace, had always had a very able man who was there looking out for the interests of Mr. Southern Pacific. I was just tryin' to think who was the railroad man of that time. There was one fellow there that looked like an Old Testament patriarch, with a great big, long white beard. He was very appropriately named Mr. Snow. But whether he was their lobbyist then, or tax agent, as they used to

call him, or whether Phil Gilson was in there by that time—.

But the train limit bill used to come up right regular, and at the same time the mining boys, the union boys, used to come in with collar-to-collar, or, as they used to describe it in other parts of the country, portal-to-portal pay. They never did quite win on that one. I guess portal-to-portal was finally pretty well established on a national level, mainly through the efforts of John Lewis's miners and their union. I haven't heard of collar-to-collar around this state for, gee, I don't know [laughing] how long.

BOULDER DAM AND ITS EFFECT ON SOUTHERN NEVADA

The '30's began to see something come up that we'd been waitin' for, and that was what was goin' to happen in southern Nevada. Up until that time, that had just been a kind of a Siberia, as it were, [a] forgotten land down there. Well, what the dickens was down there? Nobody cared very much. But along began to come the Boulder Dam, and people began to look down that way. Especially as more people moved in there, and some rather able people down around Clark County, Las Vegas began to make their weight felt in state affairs. Harley [A.] Harmon was a pretty good example of that, and, oh, quite a number of those people. Archie Grant and Pop Squires. Ol' "Pop" Squires, he made a lot of noise. He was kind of an old phony in a good many ways. [laughing] But Archie Grant, he—see, he came in there, I believe, during the Boulder Dam days as an automobile dealer—but certainly, he turned out to be a rather formidable political operator, too.

Harley Harmon ran for governor, then later he was appointed as, let's see, chairman of the Public Service Commission by Dick

Sirman. And then there was that lieutenant governor from down there under Kirman—Fred Alward. Well, Fred Alward and Kirman did not see eye to eye, and Kirman made it a point never to go out of the state, or if he did, he kept it mighty quiet, 'cause he didn't want Alward sittin' over there in the governor's office. I think maybe he had some memories that went back there to what happened once upon a time when a governor went playin' around in 'Frisco and somethin' happened.

(Course, that was one of the classic political upsets of Nevada's history, you know. That was when Tasker Oddie went down to some kind of a doin' s in 'Frisco, and during his absence, the attorney general died unexpectedly, Cleve Baker. The lieutenant governor was a Democrat, Gilbert Ross. And before Oddie could get back here and do anything about it, bang! Gilbert appointed George Thatcher the [laughing] attorney general. And it took a long, long time before we ever got a Republican attorney general again.)

But as people began to come up here from Las Vegas and into the legislature and into state offices, it became rather apparent that there was just somethin' we were goin' to have to contend with someday. Now we "know" it, [laughing] you might say.

Las Vegas, in the early '30's, wasn't too impressive. I think the first time I went down there, Boulder Dam, I think, was just halfway up. Las Vegas, itself, was just about the size of Winnemucca, and most of the people concerned with building the dam were down there at Boulder City and in those great big barracks that they had built there to house all those thousands upon thousands of dam workers. But who on earth knew that the doggone thing was goin' to get up to a couple of hundred thousand people and be the power that's forevermore? Now, we've got to live with

it. And I don't like it. [laughing] What do you do about it? There they are. And from here on out, you might say, those are the boys that're goin' to call the tune.

They certainly proved that in this last election. And they did show it in one election before, that Clark County was going to hold the whip. That was in the election for the Supreme Court some years ago when Ernest Brown of Reno ran for the Supreme Court and carried sixteen counties. And Frank McNamee of Las Vegas was a candidate. He carried Clark County, but he won. Well, that was the warning. We knew it then that we'd had it. And unfortunately, they all grew up to be Democrats down there. [laughing] And part of that, I think, would be attributed to that first wave of workers who came in there to work on Boulder Dam. They came out of Oklahoma and Arkansas and Texas and Arizona, and they [were] just about Democrats to a man. Now, that's all there is down there. If you can find a Republican, you better have him stuffed and mounted because he's a rare bird [laughing].

* * * * *

Scrugham promoted the southern Nevada state parks and recreation areas, and especially his Lost City, down there out of Virgin Valley, I think it was, on the Virgin River. And back, I guess, when Jimmy was state engineer, he'd become interested and involved in that thing, and the digging up of this so-called "Lost City" of the Indians. And then he wanted to make that into a kind of a state park, and he was a little bit critical about should they build Boulder Dam, because that was goin' to flood out his Lost City.

Then, that Valley of Fire park down in there, I believe that was another one of his pet ideas. And, of course, anything Jimmy

Scrugham ever suggested, we, up on the *Gazette*, said, "Nothin' dam." We didn't hold very much regard for Mr. Scrugham, and he didn't hold very much regard for us. And then later on, here we were, on both sides of the street, as it were, on Center Street here, Jimmy over here [pointing], and here was the *Gazette* over here.

When Jimmy left the governor's office, he bought the *Journal* with the idea that he wanted to use that to get himself elected eventually to the Senate. That was his ambition. He wanted to be senator. Took him a long time to make it, and, of course, he went up one step there into Congress. But that was his purpose in buying a paper, 'cause, see, Jimmy wasn't a newspaperman by any stretch of the imagination. He was a schoolteacher. See, he came to Nevada as the dean of College of Engineering up there at the University. And then Emmet Boyle made him state engineer. Then, hangin' around Carson City, that gave him political ambitions, and he was the one who first saw the potentiality of the highway department as a political machine. Of course, the highway department was something almost brand new by the time Jimmy became governor. It was then in the hands of, I believe, seven directors named from various places around the state, and they objected rather strongly to Scrugham's mustering of those troops to go out there and carry on his political campaigns. But when he showed how effective it was, that lesson was not lost upon the Republicans. So when the Balzar administration came in there, they proceeded to reorganize the command of that highway department to give them the whip. That command is still in effect there today, where the highway board consists of the governor, the attorney general, and the state controller. And that was put into effect there by the Balzar administration so that they

could use that highway department to their own benefit. Subsequent administrations, Republican and Democrat, have done the same doggone thing.

It sure was used there during the Carville administration, under [Robert A.] Bob Allen. By God, under [laughing] Allen there, that was something, 'cause he—he just said, “Jump,” and the whole department jumped all at once. He played a mighty mean game of politics, that fella did, too. The legislature even tried to get rid of him a few times, but he was a hard man to get rid of. And—let's see, they finally had to go through a state election to get rid of him, as I remember. [Vail] Pittman wanted to get rid of him. Pittman had no use for him. But the board was more or less—see, it was two to one there in favor of Allen, and the key man in there was the state controller. So they just had to get a new state controller, which they did. They elected that fellow, Jerry Donovan, a real—kind of a nice young man about town, and no particular talent or ability. And just as soon as he took office as state controller, why, he teamed up there with Pittman and they fired Bob Allen.

* * * * *

It was there in 1938 when they had the attempted invasion of the CIA onto a highway project up here by Verdi. The CEO was the brass-knuckles-militant outfit in those days, and especially those Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers. They had unionized a project on the California highway, up above Truckee, and apparently caused a series of strikes and what not there, and the contractor finally threw up the sponge. Well, then, these fellows decided they were goin' to move down and take over a project between here and Verdi, one that was run by the Isbell people.

Well, they were dealin' with a little tougher customer there with those Isbell brothers. And as this thing came along, the Isbells went to the district attorney, one Ernest Brown, and the sheriff, Ray Root. They just weren't about to put up with that. And so up they went, and they kinda skirmished around and found out these fellows were goin to try and move down in a body onto that project there. Brown called the governor over in Carson City for help, and Kirman wasn't goin' to have any kind of a piece of that sort of a party. That got Brown's back kinda up (he was a kind of a peppery character to begin with), and Ray Root was about the same stripe, and so they called a meeting, public meeting, down at the courthouse there. I think it was a Sunday night.

They all got in there together, and in came Root, and Brown with him, and they told everybody what was up. “We want your help, and if anybody doesn't want to help, he can get out of here.” And the rest of 'em, he says, “I call on each of you there as a member of the sheriff's posse.” Now, that was probably the first time that that power of levying on a posse had been used around this country for years upon years upon years. And they said, “Now, you go home, if you want to, and arm yourself, or come on back here, and then we'll report up here at Verdi.”

Well, of course, I was more or less mixed up in the thing, so I went home and I loaded up the camera, and whatnot, everything I could think of, and I went up there, and they had a regular military outpost, as it were.

Brown was a reserve officer in the Army, and so was Roy Isbell. [Miles N.] Jack Pike was in on the deal, and Jack was a reserve officer as well. He and Brown were very close friends. So they just had the thing laid out there with their scouts up here and a skirmish line there, and he even had his chow line down there in Verdi.

So all night long, they kept waitin', and every once in a while, they'd get word from one of their outposts up to the right of the state line that several cars had come down about so far and saw these people standin' around, and they whipped around and went back up to Truckee. Then they checked up with people at Truckee, "Yes, this group was around and talkin' pretty big. They were gonna come down and take over.

Well, that next morning, why, one bunch did come down, and they began to talk rather big (about) their constitutional rights, and this, that, and the other thing. And one peppery little fella there, he made the mistake of sayin' something to Ernest Brown. And you just didn't talk to Brown that way. Brown just flipped him right over and let him have it, just as I picked up the camera. [laughing] This fella later claimed that he was just a harmless citizen who'd been set upon by this mean district attorney. It stirred up some memories, and I went back into my picture file, and this same dude—he'd been mixed up in a kind of a fracas up there when the CIA took over the Boca Dam construction, and he'd been in a fight with somebody, and during that process, I had a picture of it. So I just made up a picture of that thing, about sixteen by twenty inches in size, and then a picture of the present fracas and gave those to Brown. That was the end of the damage suit. Never came to trial. And that group never did take over that project as they hoped to. They gave up after the opposition they had.

Oh., there was a lot of criticism of that thing there, too. Of course, the union boys, they were just little angels in those days. No, they never could do anything wrong, and the idea of puttin' up picket lines on the part of law and order, that was just unbelievable. Right up there at the state line, every car come down, a man steps out, points a shotgun, says,

"Halt!" Well, you bet they halted! And some of 'em—they never tried to crash that line. It was these more-or-less spokesmen that came down, including the flip number that made the mistake of sassin' Brown [laughing] there.

'Course, that didn't hurt Ernest Brown any, as far as his election chances were concerned, nor Ray Root, for that matter. Everybody around here more or less approved of that. We didn't want any more of these labor rows around here like we'd heard about over in California, and so on. They—they were a pretty rough crowd.

Ernest Brown—he went to work for a grocery store. I think he was one of the last of those fellows who studied law at night. He worked mighty hard there to get his education through the University and then become a lawyer. And as a district attorney, he was completely fearless. As I say, he was peppery, but completely honest. Right after he had been elected district attorney came Christmastime. He went home at night, and here was a great big, magnificent one of these combination radio-phonographs, and what not—cost a thousand-odd bucks, I guess. Apparently, that was from some of the boys down there around the gambling houses.

Well, in strange contrast to what they'd been dam' lately around [laughing] city hall, Brown got ahold of those people, and I guess he just blew, "Come get this thing out right now," and this, that, and the other. "Don't you think you can just touch me, and get it out now!" And I guess he blistered 'em, from what he told me. And he could do it. He had a marvelous vocabulary in that respect, that just—snap, crackle, and pop. [laughing] And profanity he was real good at.

He was a very able lawyer. He certainly made a good district attorney. Of course, he went off to the war when—. He was a reserve officer. When he left the district attorney's

office, well, that was—what a loss that was! There's never been anybody just exactly like him. I held him in highest regard.

He made quite a mark, too, in another rather famous case, the "Lady in Red." That goes back there—let's see, 1937. He and Ray Root were in on that one, with the able assistance, I think, of some federal narcotic men. A federal narcotic agent had been sent here from some other point, apparently because he was gettin' rather deeply involved somewhere. And the government service didn't want him to become so deeply involved in some conspicuous place, so they sent him here, to sort of a "Lower slobbovia," [laughing] as it were; let him hang himself, which he did.

He got tied up along with a local man by the name of A. V. McAvoy, a motion picture productionist, and a photographer, and they all tied up with one Mr. Woo Sing. He had supposedly a Chinese joint and restaurant down on Lake Street, and involved in the narcotics trade in those days, opium, principally. Then into the picture came a real goodlookin' little cutie by the name of Joyce McAllister. She apparently became involved somehow or another with Woo Sing and this narcotic man and this ol' McAvoy. And she wound up in the jailhouse. She said something or another in there that gave 'em the leads, I guess, on Woo Sing and this other bunch.

So the federal boys began to move in, and here came another little gal in—a little blonde girl. I don't recall her name. They popped her into the jail cell along with this Joyce McAllister, and it looked to me like she was a federal plant 'cause nothing ever happened with her. And this Joyce McAllister, in her bouncin' around, was always the gal that showed up in a red dress. So there was where it became the "lady in red."

Well, they weren't very careful in building that thing up there, and apparently, some

of the local police boys were involved in it, along with Mr. Woo Sing, which isn't unusual, to have a connection like that. And finally one night, the sheriff's boys and the district attorney, they moved down, and they just cleaned out that Lake Street place, plumped Mr. Woo Sing and a whole bunch of people in jail. [laughing] All sorts of uproars going on!

But I knew the thing was coming. Brown had told me ahead of time what was goin' to happen. He said some night he was goin' to call me up, and he did. He called me up on the night of May 20, 1937, to say, "Come on down here." And [when] I went down, you never saw such an uproar in your life! Half the police department was there, all standin' around. When I came on, why, the chief came up, and he said, "What's goin' on there?"

And I said, "How the hell would I know?"

He says, "You must know, or you wouldn't be down here." [laughing]

No, I didn't know.

Then the next day, that story began to lay itself out, how they used this lady in red and that other gal that they used along with her, a federal agent, I think she was, to wrap up the case and take this federal boy, Woo Sing, and this McAvoy, break up the nice little hop business, which they did.

Then I think Joyce McAllister, the lady in red, I believe she did do a little jail term in there. McAvoy did a jail term, and so did this federal man. Then out of the whole doggone thing there just came a beautiful romance. The sheriff, he became enamored of the lady in red, [laughing] and he divorced his wife of quite some years' standing, and he married Joyce McAllister, the "lady in red." [laughing] She was a cutie, as I say. That certainly was one of the great stories of the day. It involved half the police department, half of Chinatown, and made headlines all over the country, of course.

WIRE SERVICES AND THE RENO DATELINE

Anything in those days that said “Reno” was front page news from San Francisco to New York. We were just the great glamour spot and the sin spot of the whole world. At the time the Associated Press Bureau was established in Reno, the AP executive who came in here to set the thing up said that, among datelines, a Reno dateline was number three in the whole country—Washington, Hollywood, and Reno. A Reno dateline would just command attention anywhere. ‘Course, that isn’t so any more. It’s Las Vegas. But Reno was— well, by that time, we’d had all the advertising of all of our wide open sins, and bein’ the divorce capital of the world. And anything that happened in Reno made the headlines everywhere, still does, even to this day.

(I know I had a telephone call when the McCaskie girl was murdered. I had a telephone call one night from a paper in Scotland, wanted to know if I could just send ‘em all of the—every single clipping and everything else on the case, which [laughing] I told ‘em I certainly couldn’t do. They just wanted every last word on the thing. They telephoned all the way from someplace in Scotland ‘cause it was Reno.)

That was what led the wire services there to establish all these bureaus here. Very few other cities of this size ever had these full-time bureaus of Associated Press, and United Press, and even the ol’ International News Service, and full-time correspondents for the *Sacramento Bee* and the *New York Daily News*. Of course, the *Daily News*—all they wanted was divorces. And they had a tough ol’ gal by the name of Lola Bell. She’d come from New York originally. She was pretty good at smellin’ these things out. And, of course, in those days, back there in those ‘30’s there, the Riverside Hotel was where they all—most of ‘em gathered.

So what does this ol’ blister do? She’d come down every morning there and park her car right in front of the main doorway of the Riverside Hotel. She’d sit there with a little Leica camera, and everyone that came out that looked like they might be somebody, she’d snap a picture of ‘em. Then she’d take that roll of film, wrap it up, and send it on back to the *New York Daily News*, and they’d develop it and enlarge it to try to identify those. And by God, that’s the way she caught up with a lot of ‘em, too, you know. They’d come out, [and], “This gal looks like she’s got real class.” Bang! Lola had her! [laughing]

But that didn’t last too long ‘cause pretty soon, the dude ranches began to cut into that divorce business. The Riverside was no longer the great gathering place, and Lola wasn’t quite up to chasm’ ‘em around everybody’s dude ranch. In fact, dude ranches didn’t like anybody prowlin’ around them. I found that out about the time I had the dogs set on me.

When Anna Roosevelt came here for her divorce, she stayed out at the Dana ranch, out there at Sutcliffe. So the Al’ man, Carol Cross, and I, we started out there to see if we could get in. Well, we drove up there to a reasonably distant place and climbed out. The gate was all locked up, big chain on it was on. And we thought, well, we’d just kinda climb over the gate. We noticed some people sitting around out on the porch, and they weren’t payin’ too doggone much attention to us. I found out why. Next thing I knew, here came a great big pack of dogs [laughing] all boundin’ down that road, great big fellers, big mastiff types. And you never saw anybody go over a fence half as fast as Carol Cross and I did! We weren’t interested in tacklin’ that pack of dogs and catchin’ Anna Roosevelt. She could’ve stayed there for all of us. Took care of her when she did get a divorce.

She got a divorce over in Minden. Ol' Sam Platt was her lawyer—Sam bein' a rather decent sort of a cuss, as it were. We all went swarming over there to Minden, and Sam came up first. He said, "I'll tell you," he said. "She is not goin' to stop for anybody, but we're not goin' to pull a back door sneak. She'll come right up this sidewalk here and right up those stairs." And she did. She wasn't racing and tryin' to outrun the cameras, so we all got pretty good pictures of her.

There wasn't any more of this—we'd chase a few of 'em around now and then. I never did. I didn't believe in that sort of thing. These divorcees, they were a source of picture material. Especially at three dollars a head, why, I didn't mind takin' 'em, but they had to be willing. I never had seen the time that if I didn't go to the lawyer and say, "Now, look, I just want to get a picture of this gal— let's get it under decent circumstances." I don't ever remember bein' turned down. I wasn't about to lurk behind the bushes or climb the trees or shoot over a transom. And most of those people were very obliging; they might not have liked it, but they realized what it was. Some of 'em, I think, they like that glory, [laughing] pictures. Look at Cornelius Vanderbilt. Lord, how he loved to get up in front of somebody's camera! [laughing]

That divorce business, that pretty well ended there when along came World War II. And even then, it was beginning to kinda slow off a little bit there. Other states were beginning to compete for the business. And then, during the Depression, too, why, some of these gals were a little bit loathe to get rid of a meal ticket. Then Las Vegas began to move in on the picture. It'd take some kind of a whale of a big divorce now, to make headlines around here. I don't know—maybe Jackie Onassis would be [laughing] about the only thing that would shake 'em up any more. But I

know we're not going to have any more Doris Dukes, and no more Barbara Huttons, the poor little rich girl of the Woolworth millions. sometimes, I don't think they bother either to get married any more, or to get divorced. They just kinda drift in, and out they go again.

[Did we ever attempt to have the AP write their stories in a way to give Reno a better image?] Oh, heck no. You just don't do that with the Associated Press. I mean, they're an independent outfit. They prided themselves for years on accuracy and no sensationalism. [If I'd] tried to tell them how to do something, heck no, they would've told me off in rare style. But for a long time, the AP was just notoriously conservative. They just—they didn't believe anybody was dead 'til they felt the body. At the time when the Nevada divorce law was reduced to three months, our man in Carson City called the AP in San Francisco, tried to tell 'em what had happened. And they said, "We don't know you, and we never heard of the *Gazette*." This, that, and the other thing—some flip kid at night, you know. Well, then, the next morning when the thing was loose, they just blew all over the place. And when we were handling the story of Clara Bow's bum checks at Cal Neva, heck, they just backed off of that thing like it was smallpox until they, you might say, [were] absolutely sure that they could touch the thing without gettin' sued all over the place.

The AP never did go in for sensationalism on a big scale. They do now, of course, mainly to compete with the radio and television. But it took then a long time to establish a bureau here. I think it was 1931 or '2 that they sent a correspondent in here and set up a bureau. Before that time, why, the paper itself had acted as the correspondent for the AP. And under the terms of the contract with the AP, your membership contract, you were obliged to furnish them with the important stories

in your area, which we did. We always took care of the AP 'cause we knew we'd have to yell at them someday to protect us in some other corner.

Then they sent a man in here to set up a bureau. United Press already had established a bureau, and the International News Service (that was the Hearst) had done the same. And even at that time, why, they were interested mainly in somethin' that would just scorch off the headlines. But the AP was always a little bit slow on the uptake [laughing] in some ways. When I went to work there, why, the sole report of the AP came on a Morse wire. That operator came in at eight o'clock in the morning and sat down and shook himself off a little bit, spun some paper into his typewriter, and threw the key, and that thing began clicking in his ear there, and all day long, he'd take that down. Then at four o'clock, the wire went off for the day, and then the night side began to pick [it] up on the *Journal*. They were an Associated Press paper in those days, too. But our whole report on national news all moved on that Morse wire. Well, you can imagine, it wasn't very voluminous.

Then, about 1927, they finally decided we were important enough to get a full report, and they put in the first teletypes here, two wires of the teletype, A and B, as they called them. [The] A wire was the important wire, and the B wire the secondary matter. Those old first teletypes, they didn't run at any more than about thirty, forty words a minute, and they'd just drive you crazy when you tried to send on 'em. You know how fast you try to type, and here, this thing, you couldn't slow yourself down, hardly, to send on the thing. Wow, I guess they run sixty, seventy, eighty words a minute, and some of these new high speed things, they're up into the hundreds. 'Course, they're fed now by tape. Somehow or another, I can still hear that ol' click, click,

clicking [laughing]—you might say, the most distinctive sound.

I guess there's one of the old AP operators finally left around town. That's the lawyer, A. P. Johnson. He came to Reno, I believe, to get a divorce and worked as an AP operator on the *Gazette*, and had been considered one of the fastest operators in the AP system up to that time. But you could hear that thing go [laughing] when they get on that key, you know. It just sounded almost like ripping a piece of canvas, sometimes.

Now you've got the high speed pictures, tape printers. That doggone thing's goin' to set the type for you now, as it comes in. You've got the printed copy and then the tape, and you just take that tape out, put it in your linotype machine—presto, you've got type.

And you've got your picture machines, Wirephoto. That seemed like magic when it was first put in, but now every small paper can afford it. I think it cost—when Wirephoto first was put in by the AP, I believe it cost some of the papers somethin' like a hundred thousand dollars a year, and only the very biggest ones could afford that kind of thing as a promotion stunt. Now, you go in and haggle with 'em, "Well, how much a week?" It's like dealin' with an Armenian rug peddler. You can just kinda whittle 'em down, say, "Well, if you don't want to sell me AP, I'll go over and I'll talk to UPI and see what they'll do." Play one against the other.

But now, it's just as important to get the picture as it is the story. I suppose part of that is due to the popularity of picture magazines, and then television, above all things. Every reporter ought to go out now, I think, with a camera. Some of 'em do. And they've improved cameras to such an extent that you just don't have to be an expert any more, just reasonably careful, and you can come up with a picture. And you're not goin' to be weighted down, twelve or

fifteen pounds, a camera is; you're goin' to have somethin' you can hide in your pocket.

MORE ON CITY POLITICS

1935, I guess it was, when John Cooper was elected [mayor], defeating Sam Frank. Of course, Sam was part of that old-time Roberts group there. The council was mainly dominated by, of course, old Ed Roberts himself, and Sam Frank, the councilman from the first ward, then Bill Justi, the councilman from the famous third ward, or the infamous third ward, however you want to put that. In the second ward there, the councilman from there was a person who, you might say, added respect to the city government, which was so sorely needed, and that was Mike Knox, C. H. Knox. He was the one, who, in spite of a lot of extravagances of the Roberts machine, managed to keep the city in pretty good financial shape. He was on the council there for—I guess until he died. He was the head of the old Washoe County Title Guaranty Company, very fine, estimable gentleman.

The other members of the council, you might say, they were, in some ways, sort of nonentities. The power was mainly wielded there by Roberts, Frank, and Justi. And Justi would be police commissioner, [laughing] so he talked about. Every day, oh, it'd be about—say, about one-thirty, two o'clock in the afternoon, we used to hear a call on the police radio, "Car so-and-so, go to the corner of Hill and Court Street. See the man."

Well, car so-and-so went up, picked up Bill Justi and took him on his afternoon's ride and more or less inspection tour around the city, and then let him off at the city hall. But every day, you could hear that same call come over the radio. We knew, "Well, Bill Justi's goin' to be downtown pretty soon."

Of course, Justi held on there a long while because he had that solid vote just right smack in his pocket, and nobody could touch him. There weren't very many registered voters in that ward, three hundred-odd, who had a permanent residence there in that old third ward, and he held on there through several administrations, until Harry Stewart returned as mayor. Then Justi died, so that job was wide open, and rumor had it that Gilbert Ross was goin' to get it. Gilbert was living there in the Golden Hotel, so that qualified him as a resident of that ward.

Well, Pat McCarran heard that thing, and he just blew. He wanted no piece of that, and Pat wasn't averse to puttin' his fingers right down into city ward politics, as it were. He told Stewart that he just wouldn't stand for the appointment of Gilbert Ross as councilman. That was just the wrong thing to say to Harry Stewart. Harry was a pretty tough old Scotchman in his own right. He'd been a first-class mayor way back when, and he just told the honorable senator to just take care of things national and international and leave him alone, and he'd run the city of Reno.

So he appointed "Pop" Southworth. Pop was then living down in the downtown ward, and Pop was a good councilman. He kept things in good shape down there, and he had the right "ins" with those kind of people. Pop wasn't a Bill Justi by any means, but he was familiar with all of the people in the gambling element, and the saloons, and all the rest, but it was by nature of his business down there. Pop got along with 'em, too. He was another good hand with the figures and in the budget there; he helped keep the city on a good, even keel.

He didn't run again—he decided he had enough. 'Course, ol' Father Time was catchin' up with Pop. Pop's well over eighty now, and he's not in the very best of health. I haven't

seen him for some weeks now, but I run into him every now and then. I'll find out what goes on. He knows.

John Cooper's term as mayor—that just lasted four years, [1935-1939]. He was beaten there by a most unexpected candidate, August Frohlich, who had been the justice of the peace and dabbled around in politics even to the extent of wantin' to run for United States Senate one time, a harmless sort of a cuss. [laughing] He beat Cooper there, much to Cooper's surprise. I think one thing that had to do with Cooper's defeat was personal affairs. He got his love life all mixed up. [laughing] He divorced his wife of long standing and married Ethel Zimmer, the music teacher. That shook up everybody, [laughing] including a lot of John's old-time friends who had supported him there in his run for mayor, even supported in the time he ran for governor. They just kinda dumped him after that. And that was the end of John as a political figure.

During that four years there [1939-1943], he [Frohlich] managed to kinda get the city shaken out a little bit, and, you might say, a little element of decency returned to the city hall after all those long years of Roberts, Justi, Frank, and Kirkley, and so on.

Let's see, then, after Frohlich—tryin' to think who got in there next. [Harry E. Stewart, 1943-1947,]

The first Stewart term, back there—let's see, that'd be 1919 to 1923—and yes, Si Ross was a member of that council. That was when the first extensive paving program was begun in the city, and it stirred up a lot of opposition. People thought, "Well, dirt streets are good enough if they just dump a bunch of gravel on 'em once in a while, and if the city sprinkling cart'd come around in the summer afternoon." And the fact the paving wasn't done by the city, rather, it was done when the

city contracted for it but the cost was assessed against the property owners, and how they howled all over town—one end to the other! It was so much a square foot based on their frontage. It wouldn't be too high by today's standards, but you should've heard 'em squall! Then the city insisted they had to put in curbs and gutters and sidewalks where they didn't exist before. Well, there again, you could hear 'em bellow all over the place.

You may notice in some parts of town where the parking strip between the sidewalk and the street is exceptionally wide. Well, that was done there to narrow the street and cut down the paving cost to keep these people quiet. remember they had an example of that up there on West Sixth Street, up there by where my folks lived. My father, he wanted that street paved. He was tired of bouncin' in and out of the ruts and the mud in the wintertime, but some of the people up there, "Oh, we just can't do that," and, "We can't afford it," and all this, and that, and great hardship, and this brutal city administration. So, the brutal city administration narrowed the street, and some of those narrow streets have sure been a nuisance to this day. But you can remember. Gordon Avenue's an example—thirty-two feet there, from curb to curb, just barely room, you might say, to get by. (Well, of course, that had nothing to do with the paving. That was—in the laying out of that tract, why, every single inch of land that a man can save by narrowing down the streets gives him that many more lots. So ol' Gurney Gordon and some of the others, they weren't just about to give away any good valuable land down there. So that's why you lived on Gordon Avenue instead of Esmeralda Avenue. It was laid out originally on the plat as Esmeralda, but Gurney Gordon lived down the lower end there, and he had several lots in there he wanted to promote the sale of, and

he wanted his name on the street. By golly, he got it, tool [laughing])

[Harry E.] Stewart, of course, came in [as mayor] on the second trip there, during the second World War. Let's see. Yeah, [Francis R. "Tank"] Smith came after. That was kind of a resurgence of some of those young people again. By golly, they put that one over. I remember one time there, some of 'em called me up, they were havin' a party somewhere that night, and they told me, they said, "We're goin' to take over the city hall. So-and-so's goin' to run for council, and somebody else for the council; I think Tank Smith's goin' to be mayor, and somebody else city attorney."

And I says, "Oh, yes, uh-huh. Go on, leave me alone."

By golly, they did it, tool They were in there [and] wound up with a pretty good administration, too, although Tank Smith certainly got shot full of holes, if you remember—criticism all over the place on account of his owning that cement company. He was accused of peddlin' cement to the city, and all that sort of thing. Well, he did sell it to the city, but at that time, he had the only one of those ready mix plants in town. He'd speculated with everything he owned to go into that kind of business, and when he did, all the old-time cement contractors, they laughed at him. "Well, now, who's goin' to buy mixed-up cement out of your big bucket?" and so on. "You can't make cement like we do, bring up our mixer there and dump it out in a wheelbarrow and pour it." Well, he did, and he profited thereby. So there—then they decided. It was just jealousy on their part. Tank took a world of criticism he didn't deserve because he'd been a very energetic young businessman and built that business up.

He ran for his second term and was elected, and again, he gave the city good,

sound administration. I don't remember any great big scandals that blew up during his time. And then, unfortunately, as we know, he kinda went to pot in later years.

[Scandals] came along about the time the butcher boy got in, Len Harris. Ol' Len went in there, and as you know, a great big, noisy sort of a cuss. Outspoken. And for about the first two years, Len made about every mistake I think any mayor could possibly make. Then the second two years there, he kinda, you might say, learned his lessons, and simmered down, and did a real good job of running the city there. We had opposed Len when he first ran for the office. On his second trip, why, we supported him. But I don't know—it was often said that whenever I supported somebody, I gave 'em the kiss of death. [laughing]

So that brought in the Bud Baker administration, and that thing gave us enough scandals day in and day out to keep the paper plumb full. It even went to the extent of a rather serious effort for a recall, but like most recalls, they talk big, but they just never get going. People don't get really mad enough to get out and do anything about it.

Then they started that recall movement, they set up a headquarters down there in the old Gray Reid building, and the Baker outfit protested that to the owners of the building (that was the Stack estate). They threw 'em out, although they had agreed to pay \$2,500 for the use of that building during this recall campaign. My brother and I had a vacant store on our hands, so we just invited the recall boys in. We gave 'em the use of the former Scott Motors sales room there on South Virginia Street, and we didn't ask 'em for any \$2,500, either. We were tryin' to support the recall, and we just did it for the good of the cause (which just kinda fell on its face, and the recall people never did so much as ever say, "Thank you," to us [laughing] for the use of that place).

So then we just had to wait and sweat out the end of the Baker administration. Then we brought in what is part of the present group now—under the new reorganization of the city—the city manager. Well, we had had the city manager system before. It began back with the Tank Smith administration, when Emory Branch was the first city manager. And then Harris, he proceeded to fire Branch, and he brought in his own manager. Then along came the Baker bunch. They fired the city manager, the chief of police, and the fire chief all in one day, one great big swipe. Bang, all out! Now, I think they've finally got that system workin' pretty well. But that came in there with the—that election there when—well, there's some of the survivors still there, namely, Hugo Quilici. He was more or less head of the thing there, and became the mayor, so you could kinda refer to that as the Quilici administration, although by that time, we did not elect a mayor any longer.

And the six wards that had existed were enlarged to provide a seventh, councilman-at-large, and then to vote on all councilmen at large, too, which more or less brought the end of the old-time third ward and the second ward. Then they didn't rather balance out the number of voters into the various wards. It looks now that they've got a problem ward. Instead of the third ward, it's the fourth ward (that's that northeast ward up there). That's goin' to be a kind of a headache, I think, for city councils for years to come. It's goin' to be our problem child of the—. It's goin' to have that race element to contend with, and I don't know how on earth you're ever goin' to get that thing straightened out. They want everything under the sun, and because they've got a great big slug of voters up there, they'll get it, too. Look at the—what is it, four hundred and some thousand dollars worth of parks and playgrounds they're goin' to set up in there.

Well, we could kinda spread that out, I think, a little better among some of the other parks around here.

There's one thing that I think the Roberts administration did deserve some credit for: they made an effort to establish a parks system for Reno. Wingfield Park—that would go back into the Stewart days. See, George Wingfield gave that island to the city. It had belonged to a group that at one time, oh, about sixty-odd years ago, they had a pleasure park down there, one of these things with—you know, all of the shoot the chutes, and fun house, and all that sort of thing in there, and called it Belle Isle. It was connected there to both banks there with foot bridges. And the thing wound up on the bankrupt side and into the hands of George Wingfield's bank. George didn't know what the hell to do with an island, of all things, [laughing] so he gave it to the city. The city already owned that area in there where the tennis courts are. It was then called Riverside Park. Then the island, connected up there with the bridges, became Wingfield Park, and now, when you say Wingfield Park, you take in the whole area there.

Whitaker Park came in, [and] Idlewild Park. Idlewild was developed out of a lot of dusty acres that had been the city campgrounds. It was prettied up there for the benefit of that 1927 Transcontinental Highway Exposition, when they paved the streets and cleaned up the puddles, and did a lot of planting around there, and moved what was supposed to be Mark Twain's cabin up from Aurora, and set it down there by the bank of the river, and it just disappeared, a sliver at a time. There's nothing left there now except a spot.

They tried to put in the makings of a zoo. You hear the talk now, "We ought to have a zoo." Well, we didn't have much of a beginning there. I think we had a bear, kind of

a moth-eaten bear, and an eagle, some assorted monkeys, and some buffalo, and some elk. Then it kinda gradually all faded out of the scene. I don't know whatever happened to all the elk; I guess they just died off. And then they rounded up the buffalo, and, I think, made 'em into hamburger one time. [laughing]

On the basis of that park being there, why, when came the boondoggle days of the New Deal, there in the 1930's, then they had something to go on. And as critical as I ever was over the boondoggles and WPA and the boys that leaned on the shovels, and raked the leaves, I must admit that we got some good out of that in the parks. Look at this one right down here [Virginia Lake], and the Reno Golf Course. (See, that was our original air mail field, the golf course now.) And Wingfield Park was cleaned up, and the river was kinda shored up here and there, riprapped, and Whitaker Park made into a really good place (that was [laughing] a regular jungle to begin with). That's about two blocks square each way. That's a great big piece of ground there, and, of course, [was] the site of the old Whitaker seminary. The big old seminary building—big three-story thing—was torn down about 1919, I think it was. The dormitory building was left standing, and it was turned over to a family, that if they could use the thing, and improve it, and clean the thing up, and so on, they were to get possession of it. Well, they just didn't have that much get-up-and-go to 'em, so the city took the thing over and built it into a park. Really—no one person or family could handle a thing like that anyhow, unless they could develop it—you know—as a piece of real estate. But it was an ideal site for a park.

* * * * *

That old Sutcliffe resort [Pyramid Lake] was taken over at one time there by a fellow

by the name of James A. Marshall III. He promoted the thing there as a great fishing center, and they just came in from all over the country to fish there every season. Well, Herbert Hoover was one, and another one was Ray Lyman Wilbur. See, he was Secretary of the Interior, and was later, I think, president of Stanford University. The Hollywood people came up—Clark Gable and Wallace Beery. And they'd go out there, and that was, you might say, the last harvest of those great big trout. Marshall used to make quite an event out of his derby for the smallest trout caught during the season. [laughing] Maybe a thing about eight or ten inches long, and that won the prize, alongside of those great big things that weighed fifteen, twenty-odd pounds, that was about the last run of those big trout. See, that was when we were heading into that drought period of the '30's, and there wasn't enough water to run into Pyramid from the Truckee River for the trout to come upstream to spawn.

Later, the government did make some effort to dredge out that channel, but it was so badly silted up. They found out in that dredging operation, too, [that] one of the things that mixed in with all of that silt carried down the stream was still a huge volume of sawdust that had come down from the days when those sawmills up the river, mainly around Truckee and down the canyon, used to just dump all their sawdust into the Truckee River. And that piled up, too, in the Truckee River right here through Reno, as they found out there during those boondoggle days of cleaning up the river channel. It was kind of a black, high-smellin' stuff. You could still tell what it was.

But the days of Pyramid fishin'—doggone, they went. And I can remember, down at our old *Gazette* office there, every once in a while there'd be an Injun come down, and he'd have

an old beat up Ford pickup made out of a Model T roadster with a box on the back. And he'd come in the office, "Want buy fish?" We'd go out there in the alley, and he'd pull out a great big trout there, "Four bits apiece." But now, [laughing] no more fish.

Marshall did make Pyramid a popular place, and well known. And then, another one had a hand, and that was when Leslie Kitselman took it over. Leslie came out here to Reno in the early 1900's (her name was then Leslie Curtis) as the correspondent of a New York newspaper. She was out to do us up in those days as the big and coming divorce center. That was when Reno made its first big splash. She was around here for quite a while. I guess she did her share of publicizing us, and then off she went, and she married a fellow by the name of Kitselman, of Muncie, Indiana. He went on to be a rather big oil developer down in Mexico and Central America.

Then, along here about the last of the '30's, first of the '40's, Leslie came back here (her husband had died). First, her son came out here, one of her sons (something of a squirrel), and he had taken over that Pyramid layout there, the old Sutcliffe's, and (was] tryin' to promote the thing halfway as a dude ranch, and, I guess, not too successfully.

Then, ol' Leslie had to come out and kinda take ahold of things to preserve the family investments, as it were. Her daughter and her husband tried running it for a while. The husband was killed in an airplane accident. I can't recall his name now. I remember the girl, Marjorie Kitselman, but I can't think of what the husband's name was.

Well, then, ol' Leslie, she had to take hold of the thing again, and she did a real good job there. She enlarged the place there and advertised it all over. She had good contacts everywhere, back East. Then finally, I guess it just got too much for her, and off she went to

Mexico. She married a young Mexican artist down there at Taxco. guess old Leslie must be dead by this time, cause she'd be a pretty ol' gal by now.

But Pyramid, through the efforts of those people, did attract nationwide attention. Maybe that's a good thing that they still look at it that way, with all the row the Indians are makin' to say, "Give us our water back." And somehow or another, I feel I'm on the side of those Injuns, 'cause in my time, I've seen that lake drop about sixty vertical feet. If you're familiar with Sutcliffe, and right above there, there's that great big pile of rock, and it must be, what, nearly half a mile, three quarters of a mile, half a mile from the water now. And the water was almost around it, that's back, oh, say about 1915, '16.

The old railroad that ran up the west side there was built right out to the water's edge. Now, that's way up the sidehill. (only it isn't there any more; they just got through tearin' up that road.) But I certainly would hate to see the lake all dry up.

The Indians say that they were robbed. Well, maybe they were. Come to think of it, I don't suppose they ever did ask the Indians, "Can we have some water?" any more than Mr. Newlands, with all of his interest in conservation, never did bother to ask the Tahoe people what their water rights might be.

Well, I saw that rather worked out there by a couple of engineers one time. That'd be somethin' for 'em to fight over, I guess, someday—who's goin' to have what of Lake Tahoe—about the time somebody wants to revise the old von Schmidt plan. San Francisco's goin' to decide it's goin' to need some more water someday. (Ol' von Schmidt, you remember, had it all figured out, how he was goin' to punch a hole or two through the mountains and run that lake right down

there.) Maybe before they do, we'd better get in on what the Army engineers told us to do when they made a water survey here in those early '30's. They recommended that we bore a hole through the mountain there on the west side of Washoe Lake, and to tap the lake somethin' like six feet below its natural level, and then bring that water through and let it fall down on that east slope there. And what a fall you'd have to spin a turbine! And then use Washoe Lake there as a kind of a reservoir site to take care of all of the rest of us around here.

'Course, at the mention of that thing, California just blew all over the place, 'cause that was about the time we'd already had the trouble with those California people over the pumping in those dry years. They fought that thing there to the very bitter end until they finally gave in and let us pump water out, you might say, almost measured a teacupful at a time.

One generous helping we did get was from Anita Baldwin. See, Anita owned Fallen Leaf Lake, and it held several thousand acre feet of water. Anita announced she was going to open the gates, and that water was to go to the people down here on the Truckee River. Well, the engineers, and so on, around the lake, "Well, now, let's see. You left that much in, and the lake'll only go so far, and there'll be so much evaporation loss." Well, after all, this is just only a drop in the bucket.

And ol' Anita, I guess, was just about as tough as her old man, old "Lucky" Baldwin. She said, "No, sir." She was goin' to let that much water in the lake, and she was goin' to see to it that exactly that much water was pumped out over the reef there and down the river, or she'd know the reason why if she had to go down there with a shotgun. And they did pump out just that much water, several thousand acre feet.

Old Anita—I remember she and my father got to be pretty good friends after that. She sent my father a bottle of port wine that had been laid down by ol' Lucky Baldwin in his Santa Anita fields down there in 1876. Opened [it] up there, and poured out just—almost black and syrupy. And what a fine taste it had! Or maybe that was just imagination that said it had to have that good taste, anything that old.

But old Anita, she figured she had the ties to Nevada, and she maintained those for a long time. Her son, you know, he had the properties out there in the Lovelock Valley, Baldwin M. Baldwin. Then she also very generously gave some of that Tahoe land there for the public park on the west side of the lake. There's two big chunks in there around Emerald Bay, the Baldwin piece and the Pope piece, which is about the last of the virgin forest around the lake basin. And it was right through there that these freeway people wanted to put that west side freeway through. That was one time we all stood up on our hind legs and howled. You know, they didn't accuse too many of us of hem' bird watchers on [laughing] that thing.

The Sierra Club, of course, was right into that thing, and a good many Tahoe people, and the San Francisco *Chronicle* and the *Examiner* both joined into the fight, and the *Sacramento Bee*. The *Sacramento Bee* for years has carried on a real good fight to, you might say, keep Tahoe a decent sort of a place. The McClatchys, they had some holdings up there at the lake, and they were just really devoted to that lake. Old Val McClatchy and Carlos [C. K.], and even tough ol' Eleanor, to this day, she's on the side of the Tahoe people. She doesn't want any more Strips up there, Coney Islands, or what not.

When you got Eleanor on the warpath, you better look out! [laughing] She's quite a capable ol' gal. She still runs those

McClatchy newspapers and radio stations just like that [whipping gesture]. And don't you go smokin' around her news room, and don't you—well, be a little bit careful of your language. Even though they've got a brand new fireproof building, "No smoking." 'Course, their old building, I understand there was a good reason for that thing. It looked to me like what was left of an old livery stable. So when old Eleanor said, "Don't smoke," well, we knew why. But they said she's still got that rule. They've got a little restaurant in there, and they can smoke there and enjoy the Musak, which she's got [laughing] piped in all over the place. How well that works out in a newspaper, I'll be doggoned if I know. I think that'd get a little bit distressing at times, to have that thing kinda poundin' away at you continually. But, of course, ownin' the radio business and the Musak herself, why, she has no choice [laughing] but to use it.

FLYING WITH A FLAIR

Now, I sure got off the beaten path there, didn't I? Well, I'd like to talk about the excitement over early-day aviation here, Lindbergh and his promotions, and Roscoe Turner, and some of the others. Yeah—Roscoe Turner with his fancy mustache. He had the first airline in Nevada. I've forgotten what kind of planes they were. I believe they were Lockheed type, little single-engine monoplanes. He was flying between here and Las Vegas, and here and Los Angeles. And he certainly dressed the part. He had these flaring butterbean riding pants, and the high polished boots, and a sky blue tunic kinda cut flared out, cavalry style at the sides, and mustache waxed out to little fine points, something like those early-day, World War I fliers went for.

I think his biggest experience with that airline was where he finally rounded up six planes one time and took the Nevada football team down to a game there in Los Angeles. They got quite a bit of promotion out of that, bein' a flyin' football team in those days. How they got 'em all in those little, tiny places—they didn't have very much room in 'em. How they put these great big burly football [laughing] players in there, I don't know. I remember one fellow, Carol Cross, was the student body president that year, and he went along with 'em. God, he said it was just like a flyin' Noah's Ark with those people, those great big ape types.

That was about the best they ever did, to do any promotion of aviation around here, other than the air mail. Of course, Lindbergh came here on one of his glamour tours around the country, landed out there in that dusty old field (now the golf course).

When the old air mail came in, it used to be quite a thing. Late in the afternoon, you know, oh, this time of year, say, in the summer, "Let's go out and watch the air mail come in," see that big ol' lumbering DH-4 come hittin' the field. And up they'd come, the pilot'd climb out, all bundled up there with a helmet, goggles, and what not, and a great big pistol belted around his middle. (And in the wintertime, a pair of snowshoes strapped on the side of the fuselage. Figured if they came down in the mountains, which once or twice one of those things did, why, it was goin' to be up to the pilot to get out and put on the snowshoes, throw that sack of mail over his shoulder, and bring it down to civilization.)

They were a dashing bunch. And Reno was kinda the headquarters for quite a number of those pilots. Monte Mouton was one, dare Vance, Harry Huking, Jack Sharpnack—those're just names that come to mind.

Monte Mouton, he was a cousin in some degree, I believe, or an uncle, of Tom Wilson's

wife, ma Wilson. He lived down there on South Virginia Street. When he'd come in on his flight, he'd kinda draw a bead on his own chimney, and down he came there, thunderin' almost like—seemed like he was goin' to hit the street. His wife knew then that Monte's home, so she'd go out and get in the car and drive out to the field. By that time, why, he'd got landed and delivered the mail and signed in [laughing]—everything's all right.

There was one occasion when the mail was late, held up by a storm somewhere, and it was dark. The word was passed around the town, "Everybody drive out to the field." They had 'em driven out on that field and lined up there with their headlights on so [when] this fellow came in, he could see where he was—down between those lights [sliding gesture]. Who that pilot was, gee, I don't know, but I can remember the event, all right.

But that was the day of glamour, you know. These pilots, they were always swaggerin' around the town, and they cut quite a swath among the divorcee colony, so they tell me. [laughing] Not half as romantic now to go out and just watch one of those things come down. It's just like watchin' a truck pull into a terminal. But not those—you often wondered what held those things together [laughing].

Of course, Nevada got in early when the commercial air mail and passenger businesses got going. That was the beginnings of the old United Air Lines, which is made up, you know, of seven air companies. And one of the first of those companies was that Varney Air Lines that flew out from up in Washington state and down to Elko, of all places. And then the Boeing was part of it. And Boeing took over around here after the government went out of the air mail business. They were flying—I don't know what type of planes you'd call 'em—they were a biplane with a baggage compartment up ahead and a pilot sitting up

in the open, on top of this. And then there was a little tiny cabin in between the two wings, room for just about one person to sit there. If you were durable enough and could afford it, why, you could get across country in that damn thing. Whatever town they happen to hit late that night, that's where you stayed, and then you went out to the field the next morning and went [laughing] to the next overnight stop.

There always was a strong interest in aviation here. They had quite a group of people learn to fly. One fellow I went to school with, Robert Overman, became first the manager of the city air field out here on what's the golf course now; and then later, he went off with the United Air Lines, and he became one of their chief pilots, for years upon years. And ever since that time, there's been a great number of Reno men have gone in to become pilots in the big airlines.

There was a fellow from Sparks. Donald Kinkel, a pilot for Pan American, he was in here one day. He's flyin' these polar flights. Myrtle's got a cousin, James Peckham, who was the chief pilot for Braniff Air Lines. He got tired of flyin' a desk, as it were, so he went back to flying again. For a while, he was flying between this country and South America, and then kind of a dogleg route first into Lima, Peru, I think it was, and then bouncin' around over in between the Andes, from there over to Buenos Aires, and then back to Rio [de Janeiro], and then kinda zigzaggin' around. I think he was one of the pioneer pilots on that flight. And, of course, look at Wayne Poulson. He's one of the real old-timers. He's a Pan American fellow, I believe.

There's quite a number of 'em that went from here during the war, too. I think we supplied a very great many pilots in both combat and bombers. We've got one that you ought to check up on someday, maybe. That's

Dale Smith. He just lives a few blocks up here now, all six foot eight of him. He can tell you something about flyin' the bombers, and so on. He was considered one of the real brains of the Air Force, and he had a great deal to do with the setup of the Air Force Academy. He was a major general, and he was due to get a third star, and he resigned his commission to campaign for Goldwater. He felt very strongly for Barry Goldwater, and he resigned and retired. For a while, he was, I believe, down in Florida someplace, and then he moved back here again. I see him occasionally on the street— can't miss him.

That's a family, too, I think, that deserves your consideration, the Smith family, Dale and Thor. They're people that've gone places in a big way around here. Thor was one of the biggest men in the Hearst organization at one time, until the Hearst brothers began kinda fightin' around among each other. That was about the time for Thor to get out beyond the range of the shot and shell. He later became an assistant to the publishers of the paper in Santa Barbara. And he's now a vice president of Mills College, sort of a chief PR man. He served as a colonel in the Air Force during the war over in England as a member of Eisenhower's staff. And his wife's a pretty good newspaper gal in her own right, Mary Benton Smith. Mary was the Associated Press correspondent here in Reno during the war. She preceded Ed Olsen.

THE GAZETTE'S CAMPAIGNS TO PROTECT LAKE TAHOE

Gettin' back to ol' Graham Sanford again. He was very much interested in, you might say, the development of our resources. Part of that had to do, of course, with building adequate roads to serve the various communities, 'cause until you had 'em all linked up, here, you just

had one little place all by itself and nobody else could reach it. And reclamation and water conservation—he was long and strong on those. He took quite a part in an attempt, oh, back there about—must've been about 1920, to develop Spanish Springs Valley as a reservoir site. There was quite a number of Reno people that were involved in that. I think ol' Walter [J.] Harris, the banker, was, and I think ol' Pat Flanigan was, too. 'Course, he'd been mixed up in a Lemmon Valley scheme, as well.

That Spanish Springs thing, they had hopes there they could get the government to go on a reclamation scheme. It was offered in Congress several times and then turned down. They never did get that thing off the ground. There was considerable opposition from the local ranchers here who swore that a reservoir in Spanish Springs Valley would be of practically no benefit to water users here in the Truckee Meadows, and that all it would do would be just give an unexpected, undeserved present to the dirty so-and-so's that were stealin' all of our water anyhow, down at Fallon.

The paper did work strongly for upstream storage on the Truckee River. I think we were some of the first that made a lot of noise—for the love of Mike—we could see the ruination of Lake Tahoe comin' up, the over commercialization of it. That's goin' back forty or fifty years. You could just—a little bit at a time—and it was just like an infection that began to spread. We did our best to try to suggest that here was a case where you had to have some kind of control from both sides, the state of Nevada, and the state of California, and within the federal government as well. Since the federal government insisted on foolin' around with the water up there, why, maybe they'd better give us a hand, too.

And now, look at the extent that the federal government is in there now. As Joe

McDonald pointed out to me one time (I believe it was on this Lake Tahoe business of his), every federal executive department, with the exception of the State Department, had some measure of control or influence on some damn one little piece of Lake Tahoe there. And now, with more federal bureaus than ever, Lord knows how many must have a piece in there now.

We realized, too, that you had to safeguard the purity of the water of that lake, and said years ago that there was gain' to have to be some measure of sewage control up there, which, of course, there never was until just these last few years. Everybody just dug his own cesspool and septic tank, and—well, we did, too.

We tried, also, to see that a realistic tax valuation was placed on those Tahoe lands. Some of those valuations were just a scandal to the jaybirds—pennies on hundreds of dollars. And it's only been just these last few years that three Nevada counties have been able to realize a decent tax revenue from those Tahoe lands. Now, of course, it's just like a Florida land boom up there, with prices that're just impossible to believe any more.

We did want to see, and often suggested editorially, that the state and the county should be putting in public parks up there for people to use. Fifty or sixty years ago, why, you started off with the family on a Sunday picnic, and you went up to the lake and drove along any place. Nobody bothered you; you could go down there and pick your own little spot on the beach. Well, now, you just don't do that any more unless you can climb a couple of high fences. We knew that someday that would be all fenced off and that there should be some public parks up in there.

I remember having, myself, quite an argument with the county commissioners one time as they talked on that. That was at

the time the Hobart estate had those extensive holdings, especially around Incline and down the west side. The commissioners remarked they'd like to have a park there, but Hobart just wanted an impossible price for the damn thing. And I offered the suggestion, "All, right, you just tell Mr. Hobart if that's his price, he's written his own tax bill. We'll just tax him on that price."

"Oh, gee." [laughing] "We can't do that to Mr. Hobart."

I said, "Why in hell can't you? If you do it, believe me, he's goin' to come right around and bring that price down a little bit, and you'll get yourself a park."

They just didn't want to do that. Mr. Hobart was a man you just didn't do that to. That same attitude seemed to prevail all along with George Whittell. While certainly nobody ever accused us on the paper of being a bunch of socialists, we did believe that it was against public principle there for one person to own and control as much land around that lake as George Whittell did. He owned eighteen miles of lakefront at one time, and he just wouldn't sell it for any kind of a price, or if he did, he just jacked the thing up to where you couldn't touch it. And every piece of land that was available on that lake on the Nevada side, he would buy up.

At one time there, he had proposed, of all things, to build an immense stone or concrete cross on the top of Cave Rock. See, he owned that land around Cave Rock. And this Father John Ryan, a priest who had been around Reno and Carson City had apparently got Mr. Whittell all interested in the idea of putting this cross up that'd be visible all around the lake, and a grotto in behind there, under that rock. Well, that idea never went over. It wasn't a very popular one, I can tell you! The idea of a great big cross on top of Cave Rock, this just didn't belong there.

We had enough trouble, as it was, to keep Cave Rock out of private hands or bein' exploited when they abandoned the old highway around it. I don't know whether you ever were up there to take a look, but the old highway, that little ol' narrow dirt road around the lake, went right around the outside of Cave Rock. There was a bridge built around there, bolted into the rock side there, narrowed on one way. Then it was about around 1930, '31, somewhere in there, that that first tunnel was drilled through Cave Rock. A local group around here wanted to get ahold of that rock from the state, as part of the old abandoned highway right-of-way, and somewhere right out there on the edge of the thing, build a saloon and a gambling house.

We managed to stop that. That really had my father on the warpath, and Graham Sanford on the warpath was something to see! Because he'd just bought himself a place up there at the lake not more than a half a mile from that Cave Rock, and damned if he's goin' along with any kind of a thing like a gambling house or a honky-tonk up there in his back yard or front yard.

The state was all set there to give that to this local group. I kinda think ol' Morley Griswold had a finger in that pie. But as I look at Lake Tahoe today, I begin to wonder, well, now, what if some of our early suggestions had been followed? Planning was something they hadn't even heard of in those days, but we knew something was goin' to have to be done (we didn't know just what), and that the local government should've had enough power on their own to go up there and keep things clean. But they just didn't do it, and what developed was, I think, one of the worst—. The first place was up there in that Kings Beach area, on the north end of the lake, and over toward Carnelian Bay, and then, of course, the Cal Neva thing. That came later,

though. Then down around the south end, around Bijou and Al Tahoe and in there, that thing just kinda spread out like a bunch of mushrooms. Now, look at Stateline.

So some years ago, why, brother Bill and I, we sold our place at the lake. It just wasn't our lake any more. No regrets. [laughing] Too many people, and [it] just wasn't even the same atmosphere. Some people like it, but I don't know what the heck the fate of that lake's goin' to be now.

Certainly we put up a good fight for a long while there on the *Gazette*. I know I carried the thing on editorially for a—. [When] I started writing editorials, Lake Tahoe was one of my favorite subjects. On a dull day, I could always fall back on Tahoe. I got to be classed along with the bird watchers, and so on, and the nature lovers for insisting on that.

I did not make myself very popular by going to a couple of meetings up there when they were talking of zoning and some control in Douglas County. I was holding out for good, strong zoning laws. And those people that were beginning to make the money down there around Stateline, they just didn't get along with me worth a damn. A Douglas County commissioner pointed out, well, they couldn't do all these things 'cause the county didn't have the money. And I just made the mistake of remarking, "All you have to do is just get a realistic tax assessment on this land back there, and you'll just have money runnin' out of your ears."

Well, one ol' gal jumped over a chair [laughing] and came after me. If you think I didn't go runnin' around that room ahead of her! She was quite a famous ol' fighter, and she just didn't like that idea. The chair went down with a crash, and here she came. [laughing]

We'll just never see that lake the way we knew it once. Last year when Gertrude and Betty were home, we went up to the lake a

couple of times, and all they did was shake their heads, and away [laughing] we went. Housing—some of it's regular tract-type housing, flat tops. And then these doggone roadside joints, they're just scattered all over. There's goin' to be more of 'em as more of those people that own the land on the Nevada side, down there in Douglas County, they get old. They die off, and their estate—they're goin to sell those things. As it is now, most of that land is pretty closely held by some of these old families around here. Carson people own quite a bit there around that old Lincoln Park area. They sort of established that thing back there in the early '20's. And then farther down the lake, several of those Carson people had sizable holdings, the Meders, and Bob Allen. They pretty well held onto it, but every now and then, off goes another piece, and then here comes another promotion.

Our piece of land up there we sold to real estate promoters, but I must say, they did a good job of it. I think they put a minimum limit of a \$40,000 house on the place, and they spent over \$100,000 in development work. They wouldn't let anybody put a trailer or build a shed for a garage and say, "We'll live in this until we build the house."

"No, sir. You build the house first." They wouldn't stand for tin roofs, of all things, said those just didn't belong up there in the mountains. At least, that's what I call rather thoughtful development in there. They weren't tryin' to sell lots twenty-five feet wide, and go up there and pitch a tent, which they certainly did around some other parts of the lake, notably up around Carnelian Bay and up north in there. Now, it's just, if there is such a thing, what you might call "mountain slums."

AN INTERVIEW WITH ROSWELL K. COLCORD

I think it was Roswell K. Colcord's ninety-ninth birthday, and the governor had

arranged a meeting there through the good offices of Denver Dickerson, who was then publishing the *Carson Chronicle*. We went out there to Colcord's home, or where he lived with his daughter, and there they got the old gentleman out there in the yard. I must've made, oh, a dozen pictures of him—you know, what you might call character studies. He was a magnificent-lookin' ol' fellow, too. Then I talked with him there for a while and gradually got enough to go along with the pictures, the story. Then the following year, of course, he was one hundred. By that time, he was pretty well bedridden, and so I didn't go up to see him on his hundredth birthday, but I worked over that old interview there, you might say, kinda enlarging on the character of the man.

He had been, I guess, a mighty governor in his time. And one thing that he had done, he abolished the bar that they used to have in the state capitol for the benefit of the thirsty legislators. He figured if they needed a drink, they could go down the street and find a saloon someplace, but there wasn't about to be a bar there in the capitol.

He was a mining superintendent, I believe. There'd been a number of those that'd been governor, and they were always men of a certain type. They had to be tough customers, able men, and able to deal with men. And to him, why, a legislature wasn't any worse than a bunch of hard rock miners. He could take care of 'em all right. Any lip from them, he'd just offer to take 'em out behind the capitol and [laughing] work 'em over. But he was one of those men, old-timers, what I described as a "courtly old gentleman." Re certainly was on that last interview I had there with him, just polite and kindly in his thoughts. He didn't have a bitter word or any criticism of anyone. He was, as I say, a gentleman through and through. Anything I wanted to do with him

there, fool around, make the pictures of him, why, certainly, anything I wanted. Just name it, and he'd do it.

That was a little bit of a pleasure, to work with somebody like that, and I made up quite a set of the pictures. He gave a whole set of 'em there to his daughter, Stella Stafford, and I did get the nicest letter from ol' Stella you ever did read, which was something unusual to me, 'cause all the times that we'd given pictures away to people, I don't remember ever getting any letters of thanks like that. She was highly pleased with the interview and said so. Usually, they say somethin' was wrong with it. [We're] more used to criticism like that than we are to praise. You might say, the daily mail, we used to look forward to openin, up the letter that started, "Dear Sir: You dog." [laughing]

And ol' Colcord—that was just like going back, you might say, to another era, 'cause he was really one of the last of the Victorians. A different type of governor was to come onto the scene after Colcord. John Sparks, as he came in there, he was a cattleman, of course. And Denver Dickerson was a politician plus newspaperman. And Tasker Oddie was a rare breed all of his own, an Eastern lawyer turned into a mining promoter and politician. Emmet Boyle was a mining engineer, and I believe, from what I've heard, that Emmet was very likely one of the finest governors Nevada ever did have. I know my father certainly thought so. I didn't, of course, know him well enough for that.

Several years ago, here came a little bit of a birdlike woman into the office. She said, "You don't know me. You don't remember. I'm Vida Boyle." A little bit of a thing [laughing] there. She was just lively as all get out. And she was living down there in, I think, the old Colonial, where so many of these old people live now. She walked up from there

to the paper to come in to compliment us on some story we had written about old Emmet Boyle. She was just—oh, such a delightful ol' character. Now, I gather she's still up there in that old folks' corner of St. Mary's Hospital. Some of the doctors tell me about her every now and then. But gee, ol' Vida's gettin' pretty old by this time.

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I wasn't what you'd call a feature writer, particularly; I was mainly a reporter, and we all did our share of features when they came along. I wasn't a specialist, you might say. That is a specialization, and that's come up lately, now, where they have to be stars, and each one, he specializes in this, that, or the other thing, and we just all did all of the work that was. In a pinch, why, you'd be surprised at what a good society story I could write. I might have to take a telephone call when somebody wanted to give a society item. "All right, we'll take it," [laughing] and write it, and cover the Farm Bureau, and go out and see what the YMCA was doing. Then if a great big story came along, a big spot story, all right, we just went out and gave that the sane kind of attention. But they just don't want to do that any more.

One time during the war, when help was gettin' pretty scarce, we just took anything that'd come along. I hired one chap, and (when) he came in, our society editor had quit. For a week, I'd been society editor, as well as city editor, and everything else [that] came along, 'til I could find another society editor. And this chap came in, I says, "All right. Your first job, you're goin' to be society editor."

He hit the ceiling. He said, "I'm a trained newspaperman. I'm a graduate of such-and-such. I'll be Goddamned if I'm goin' to be a society editor."

I says, "You are if you're goin' to work for me. And you just do it."

Well, he did it, reluctantly, and he later quit. He never did quite forgive me for that. But Lord, if I could do it, he could do it. And we all, you might say, doubled in brass there. We could all write pretty good sports stories and political stories and police stories and obituaries. And on small stuff, you just have to do all that. The papers, of course, are now getting larger, and you've got more reporters and more writers. They weren't very big in those days.

When I went to work, let's see, there were about three reporters, I think, and one of 'em acted as the city editor, and the other one acted as sports editor. The city editor, he covered the courthouse—no, he covered the city hall and the police station. One fellow, he covered the courthouse. Of course, that's kind of a full-time job there. And the sports editor, why, he took a hand in a little bit of everything. Me, I was just kind of a fifth wheel about that time, just kinda learning what I was about to do. I was proofreader and errand boy, copyboy, and rewrite man, and answer the telephone and generally keep out of people's way. [laughing]

Now, I don't know how many people they must have on that *Gazette* staff, twelve or fifteen, I guess, or maybe more than that. Every time I go in there, I seem to see an awful lot of faces I never saw before. They've got more titles now than they ever had before. You've got managing editors, news editors, and city editors, and assistant managing editors. We just got by with one title.

City editor—in our time there, well, you would now call him the managing editor. He was responsible for the entire local coverage. The telegraph editor, of course, his baby was the front page and the wire news. The city editor, it was up to him to take care of

everything that happened in the city and in the state, and we endeavored at that time to be a statewide paper. We were rather successful at that. We maintained correspondence with just about every little town out here over the state. We ran a great deal of statewide news, although some of it was just like personals. But nonetheless, that was what those people wanted, and our circulation covered the state pretty widely. Unfortunately, that circulation began to fall off on us in later years, through no fault of ours, but as transportation fell off. We used to be sending our papers out (good gosh, how many trains used to go out of Reno?) on the trains. Even the ol' V and T was takin' our papers down to Carson and Minden. And the Fallon motor car was getting our paper down to Fallon in time for supertime delivery.

Well, now, you just have one heck of a time getting [deliveries] anywhere. People want a paper now—they want today's paper today. We had an example of that in Hawthorne several years ago. We had about two hundred and fifty *Gazettes* going down there every afternoon on the *Bonanza* Air Lines. Then *Bonanza* cut out the Hawthorne stop. Within two weeks, I think our Hawthorne circulation had dropped to twenty-one. People wanted that paper that says "today's paper." They weren't gem' to wait until morning to get it. We were able to get a good overnight delivery of the *Journal* into Hawthorne, and the *Journal* has a very respectable circulation on both daily and Sunday in Hawthorne, probably better than the Las Vegas papers, who were making an effort to get into that territory. But that was a little bit too far north for them. Hawthorne is still, you might say, tributary to Reno, not to Las Vegas, although Vegas would like to think otherwise.

We used to boast, too, on our *Gazette* many years ago, that we had probably the

biggest foreign circulation of any small paper anywhere in the country. We were sending quite a number of papers to places like the Philippines, and Manchuria, South America, and Central America, South Africa. They were going to graduates of the old Mackay School of Mines. You know how we just scattered mining engineers all over this world. A good many of those mines in South Africa were developed by the Mackay School of Mines engineers, South American mines, and Central American mines, and Philippines, and some of 'em over there in Asia, too. They got over there, and by golly, they wanted the old hometown paper, and we were sendin' *Gazettes*, as I say, all over the world. I don't know where they're goin' any more. I doubt if we have half a dozen goin' like that.

One of the Fultons had something to do with the mining development there in South Africa. Ol' [A. M.] "Long Tom" Smith went down, I believe, to Honduras. Bill Kearney, later a lawyer, at one time he'd been an engineer (he was state engineer before he ever became a lawyer), and he'd been in mining ventures down in Central America in those mines down there in Peru and Ecuador and Chile. Gosh, they had a regular Nevada Alumni Association down around there. We used to like to think, by gosh, we'd just like to see this fella in that town way up, 12,000 feet in the Andes, sittin' down, readin' our paper, [laughing] sayin', "Well, let's see what the home folks are doin'." And I suppose, now, the same fellow there, he probably throws a switch and puts on his shortwave radio, and that's his coverage of the news—or maybe even television. Unfortunately, we can't quite compete with that, [laughing] not at that range. Got enough trouble with 'em right at home.

Something that I want to comment on a little bit is what effect the radio and televisions

ye had on the newspapers. They've had a considerable effect. We feel it. We know it. One thing is the contest for the almighty dollar. That advertising dollar, it's getting split up more ways all the time you look around, between radio and television and billboards and just every form of the advertising media you can think of. And we want to save a little bit of it for newspaper space.

Particularly, the radio and television, they're the direct competitors for our dollar, and they claim to be our competitors in the field of news. Well, now, that is only true up to a point. There's just some parts of the news where they are unbeatable—on spot things. Now, we don't have what you used to call a "spot extra " any more. [When] something happened, we popped an extra out onto the street. No point to that any more because the radio and television, chances are, have already been in there, and they can do it right now, and it's just goin' to take us hours to do it.

Every year when they used to have the prizefights, the championship prizefights, we always put out a fight extra that night. We'd take the round-by-round report as it came over the AP wire and set that thing in type, and drop that type in the form right quick. And by the time the fight was over, why, within about, oh, maybe five, ten minutes, we'd have that thing on the press and out on the street. And we'd have a crowd waiting for us on the streets, 'cause we were our own broadcasters in those days. We used to put a platform up on Virginia Street in front of the old Grand Theater, and later in front of the old Waldorf there. Couple of big, high trestles and a plank on it, and somebody from the office'd sit there with a pair of headphones on, and a megaphone. And on the other end of that telephone there was a fellow on the AP wire. He'd repeat the stuff as it came onto the wire, "Round one," and so on, and, "Someone

slugged so-and-so.” And he’d pick up the megaphone and repeat that to the crowd.

Well, we would have Virginia Street just about filled, in front of our place, and then, we figured we could get an extra out there fast enough [that] they’d all buy ’em, and they would. Today, they’re goin’ to stay inside and watch that fight on television.

We did that on election returns, too. We used to flash the returns across Virginia Street onto a big screen on the front of the old Wonder building. We had a big old-fashioned magic lantern there with a blazing carbon arc in it, and we sat there all night typing out those slides. Well, radio and television took care of that, at least. It was a damn nuisance, I’ll tell you, to have to go out that afternoon and hang that canvas screen down the front of that building (we always did it ourselves), then move that lantern and all of its transformers into the Clay Peters building, and then pack in about a half a dozen typewriters up the stairs. Then the power company had to put in a special power source for that great big projector there.

And once we got started, we’d have a crowd. Right down there, they’d stand there and watch, and we could hear ’em talk there through that open window. Well, they’d make a little bet as, “Well, my boy’s ahead now,” and the other fellow, “Yeah, but he won’t be on the next count. I’ll lay you a buck he won’t.” [laughing] And we’d hear that go on there. It was a kind of a social event for people to come down and watch those returns and “gas” around. And we were up there sweatin’ —if you think it wasn’t hot alongside of a blazing arc! And then when we gave ’em the last returns, we had to pick everything else up and take it all back to the office [laughing] right in the middle of the night.

Now, we just wait for the television to run its score sheet up, and we listen for the radio

to say, “Well, at last count, so-and-so’s in.” Today, the fast extras are all gone.

The last extras I put out, they were big ones. Big story, that one, the day Sierra Street blew up in February, 1957. We had no choice on that thing. We just had to keep telling the continuous story as that thing went on. And it wasn’t about to stop in five minutes. I believe we put out somethin’ like four editions that day, then turned it over to the *Journal*. I think they got one out ahead of time, before their regular paper came out that night. But that was one time we went back to the old style, “Extra! Extra! Read all about it!”

But the day that Lake Street went flooey, in 1948— that was my last performance as the city editor. We put out an extra that afternoon. And it was on a Sunday. Everybody was either at home, or a lot of people out riding, and up at the lake, and, of course, the radio was pickin’ that story up and telling some of the most lurid tales you ever did hear, especially when Bob Stoddard let his enthusiasm run away with him.

So we got the extra out on the thing, and then we rounded up all the little kids we could find. We’d send ’em out into this neighborhood, “Now, you just run up and down that street and beller until the windows rattle.” And one real smart, enterprising young chap, he got in his car and he went out to the Carson highway where the Mt. Rose road comes down. And he got himself right at that stop sign there with this big bundle, and people comin’ down that grade had probably heard that story on their car radios. He just sold papers out there like hotcakes, kept callin’ in, “Bring out more papers,” all the time. But I don’t think they can do very much of that any more.

But the radio has its place, and so does the television. We just have to admit that. They can be right there on the spot. They can

either use the word picture or the actual image itself, but they never can give you any depth. They can just show you briefly this, that, and the other thing, but then they can't go in and tell you what's behind the thing. You can't get any analysis out of radio or television, even though these commentators try to do it. They're tryin' to cover too many bases at once, and all they're doin' is just givin' you a little fast opinion there. Nobody wants to sit down and listen to somebody carry on for, say, half an hour or an hour, discussing a serious subject, but they will sit down and read that in a newspaper. And that's where we're always goin' to have the edge over the so-called electronic media. We can give 'em things there that the radio and television won't touch. That was very apparent in the New York newspaper strikes here some years ago. While the radio and television made great efforts to supply the news, what they couldn't supply was that list of obituaries every night, who got married, and all of those little things, and the classified ads, and the birth announcements. That's what people look in the paper for yet, to this day. And they come to a sports story, they want to read those box scores. Gosh, some of these people, that's gospel to them. They can read that box score and see the game. I can't. I'm not a sports man, but I know these sports people can do it. By analyzing that box score, they can just envision that whole game. I might do it with election returns, figure out who gathered up his votes and where and why. I can do that, but not on sports. That was just left out of my makeup somewhere along the line. I wrote sports stories in my day, but you just have to have a passion for sports. I just don't have it.

We were speaking there of the wire services, and the way they were established here in Reno. They formerly depended upon the papers themselves to fill in on any

important stories around here, and as Reno and Nevada became headline spots all over the country, why, the United Press, first, and then the Associated Press established bureaus in Reno, probably the smallest city anywhere along the line that had a full-time bureau. I was more familiar, of course, with the Associated Press bureau, since we were an Associated Press paper. The *Journal* had switched over then to United Press with a new publisher. The Reno bureau was established by a man by the name of Herb[ert] Yocom. He came up here from the San Francisco bureau, but he was a graduate of the Columbia School of Journalism. He was a top man. He stayed here for a little more than a year, and then the AP transferred him to San Francisco for a time, then back to Washington, and he worked in the Washington bureau for a long time. Then he departed the A?, as so many of 'em do, to [become] press agent for a private industry. He was one of the head PR men for the Petroleum Institute until his death quite some years ago.

Yocom was succeeded by Carol Cross, who had established and operated the International News Service bureau here. That's with the Hearst service. Carol was just a top-notch newspaperman. He was one of the best, I'll say, with a few failings, but he was one of the best I'd seen in a long while. He stayed here until the beginning of the war, and he was transferred, I believe, up into Boise. And he was there for some time, then back to San Francisco, and later he went into the PR field. He later became Walter Baring's private secretary back there in Washington. Carol is now the number one reporter for the paper in Vallejo, California, and highly regarded by those people there. I know them pretty well, and they tell me of Carol's work.

Then a couple more correspondents came in to take over the Reno spot. Of course,

during the war, you never knew who was going to be on hand tomorrow. And finally, the Reno spot was taken over by Mary Benton Smith, the wife of Thor Smith, who had been a top man in the Hearst organization. He'd gone off to the wars, and was in England about that time. Mary and her three children came back here to Reno, and Mary went to work. She did a topnotch job at handling a very difficult situation.

Thor, when he was in England there, he sort of got his head start in the military ranks by being assigned as a guide for Eleanor Roosevelt on one of her wartime tours. Apparently, he caught the fancy of Mrs. Roosevelt because it seemed like his promotions came pretty fast after that. I think he went from captain to major to light colonel to bird colonel, just like that. But even so, Thor was a very high class man, able in all respects, and I don't doubt but what a good deal of his promotion was based on merit. He was one of the staff officers there of Eisenhower's in London, and later was very close to Eisenhower when he was President.

At the end of the war, why, Mary went off home again, and Thor came back. Then came Ed Olsen, of all people, down out of the north there. I must say, when I first saw him, I wondered, "What have we here?" I found out in about one week that there was one of the most resourceful and capable newsmen I've ever seen, not afraid of anything. He tackled anything in spite of his rather crippled-up condition. He never asked for a favor, and received none. You know, you just don't find 'em like that very often. As I say, I think he's one of the best newsmen I ever saw. If I had a newspaper, I'd like to have that man as my righthand man. He'd just be tops!

We wanted him on the *Gazette* when he took that University job. He left the state service. And it's fortunate, I think, for the

University that he decided to go up there because they needed a man of his ability and talent to, you might say, be the glamour boy, the public relations man.

Big industry discovered that a long time ago; they have their top people as the PR men. I think we've seen that in the case of the First National Bank down here. There was Jordan Crouch, one of their senior vice presidents, and he actually is their PR man-in-chief. Paul Garwood has managed to do a pretty good job all by himself for the benefit of Bell Tel. Barney Lowe is more or less the front man for Sierra Pacific, even though they do have a public relations man. Barney is still the front man. And the University, after all of the rows it had been through up there in some years past, and all of the feuding and shooting, and so on, they needed somebody to handle public relations on their behalf, and to set up an adequate news service there to spread the news and the information of the school all over the state. They had a man who was experienced in that field—and Olsen, I think, has done a marvelous job ever since. It's a hard one, too. I wouldn't want it because I know he just sits up there, and it's just like running a news service himself. And he's got to find these things out and then put 'em in readable shape and know who's goin' to take 'em. And he's got to have the contacts to get those things into print, or into some other form of the media, such as radio or television. I wouldn't want the job! I'm not a good flack.

A rather interesting anecdote about one of the first stories that Ed Olsen ever covered—oh, it was just within weeks after he came to Reno (he arrived here in November), and the Air Force lost a bomber up here by Hobart Mills. Snowstorm. And Olsen took out after the story, leaving the office there and just wearing his street clothes. He drove up—and you know what the roads are between here and Hobart

Mills—went as far as he could in his car, and then climbed out of his car and floundered through the snow, as handicapped as he was, reached the scene, got back to Reno, had his story on the wire way ahead of anybody else, and a wonder he didn't die of pneumonia. But that was a good example of what sort of a man we had on our hands at that time.

Ed made a policy, too; he'd decided he was goin' to be a photographer. He learned it the hard way. He bought his own cameras and learned how to use them there, and any kind of a story that came along with a picture possibility, there went Ed. I guess he's still a pretty good hand with a camera, although I haven't seen him use one lately. He did all of that on his own, just to improve his job.

Of course, he covered Carson City and legislative sessions and capitol events until he was more or less of an authority on the state government, as any good state reporter would be. And then he made a more thorough study of the gambling picture in Nevada. That was important, of course, to the Associated Press because so many stories that the AP wanted were dealing with gambling. And Olsen, instead of just taking it off of the top, had made a very thorough study of gambling, and all that was behind it, and all that it implied. That was what qualified him, then, to take over that job he did there under the Sawyer administration.

But before that came along, why, the AP wanted Olsen in some other place. He was too good a man, they thought, to keep in a little one-horse bureau. They took him down to San Francisco. He worked there for a while, then he worked in the capitol bureau there in Sacramento. And as I gather, why, he brought all of his Nevada manners there, and he was not one bit in awe of the great Governor Warren, Earl Warren. In fact, as I rather gathered, he asked some embarrassing

questions. Correspondents just didn't do that; they waited until his holiness was ready to say something. But not Ed—he just barged in and popped the questions.

The AP wanted to send him back in to the Washington bureau. Olsen just didn't want that. He'd gone down to California reluctantly, and he wanted to come back here to Reno and to Nevada. That was when he took the job there with the Sawyer administration as the public relations man in the gambling administration. Then later, of course, he became the head of the Gaming Commission. And he certainly—in that place—he was known all over the state as a man unimpeachable, complete honesty. They all had to deal with him on the level. During the time he was in there, no one ever raised any question at all about anything he did, ever, which I think is about the highest tribute you could pay to a man.

Well, of course, he was in competition, as Associated Press man, with the United Press. And they [UP] had put in some of the weirdest characters I've ever seen in my life at one time or another. The first bureau was opened by a man by the name of Earl Leaf, better known as "Loose Leaf." And he ran a column in the *Journal* by that title, "The Loose Leaf of the *Journal*." He was a squirrel of the first water, and later quit the United Press, and was last heard of in China.

Then they sent in another man by the name of Wendell Burch, who was the direct opposite of Leaf, of all people. He went on to be one of United Press's top men back in Washington.

Then another man came in here by the name of George Crissy, a very able and capable man. But while he was here, it was about the time of the big discussion over the Wingfield reorganization of his banks. And Crissy more or less joined up in the Wingfield parade around the state to promote that

thing there, which didn't help his standing with some of the people around here, setting himself up as a kind of a flack there for the Wingfield crowd.

He was followed by another man by the name of Wickizer, [James F.] Jimmy Wickizer, sort of an irresponsible sort of a cuss. They seemed to specialize in those kind of people for a long time, and then, finally, you might say they simmered down. And one of the good, stable men that helped to make United Press a little bit more respectable around here was Art Suverkrup. He was an old-time newspaperman from way back, and a good one. He ran the bureau there in good shape, only to be succeeded by a man by the name of Mr. [Robert] Bennyhoff.

I don't know whether I'd better go into the Bennyhoff angle [laughing] or not. I never had very much use for the man, and haven't to this day. Don't think very much of him, and not so sure I'd want to leave him in the same room with a grand piano. But he's now down in Los Angeles, I think, with the United Press bureau as a sort of a salesman.

See, United Press is really a sales and a business organization. They sell news and features. Associated Press is a mutual organization. You are a member of that. You have to apply to be a member of them, and you just don't pay so much a month or a week for your service. You pay an assessment to support the thing. It's a mutual organization. You are a member of the AP, and you are a client of United Press. The United Press has got some pretty good men in it now. This fellow, [Robert B.] "Cy" Ryan over in Carson, he's been there long enough, he's got a real good inside knowledge of the state government. And Russ Nielsen, who takes care of the bureau down there in the *Journal* office, is a good newsman. You might say, all of a sudden, the place got respectable! [laughing]

I can't even think of who the Associated Press man is right now. They change 'em around every once in a while. And all I saw when I went in there was a beard, a tremendous beard. They can do that, now. I ran one AP man out of here for a beard once. But that was before beards became, you could say, highly popular. This fellow decided he'd grow one, and I told him he'd either have to shave or get out of the office. I couldn't stand that. So he said he wouldn't do it. I told him, well, all right, I'd throw him out of the office. So he sat down and he wrote a letter to his boss down in San Francisco. He resigned. He stood on his constitutional right to have a beard. It was his private property, and Sanford to the contrary. Oh, he did say in the letter there that Sanford had some rights about what he wanted in his news room. And so the fellow quit. Well, he was next heard of back there around Columbia University, then down in southern California, I believe somewhere down around Monterey now. The last I heard, he was clean shaven. [laughing]

I found out afterwards, too, that the question of beards had been appealed to the benefit of the Guild of the National Labor Relations Board, which ruled that, by golly, a man could have a beard, and that was all there was to it, that you couldn't use that as a ground to fire him. If you wanted to get rid of him, you'd better find another reason. And so I don't know how I'd make out today, from the look of [laughing] some of 'em.

What did we teach these wire servicemen? Well, they came in here strangers, and we were, of course, very familiar with the thing, and we knew more or less what the AP and even United Press wanted. And we worked with 'em because they worked for us, too. They did. we expected them to give a hand when we needed it. If something was going on and we couldn't handle it, we'd ask Ed Olsen, "Hey, could you

go out and take care of this thing?” And while we weren’t a member or a client of United Press, we always had pretty good relations with them, and I could call on those fellows to give me a hand once in a while.

Their head man was—well, one of the heads, the big chief and president of the United Press—was Frank Bartholomew, who was originally a California newspaperman, but he was a Nevada resident by virtue of his summer home up here by Cave Rock. We got very well acquainted with ol’ Frank. I could always yell at him if I wanted somethin’ real special, and I knew he’d do it because he hoped someday that we’d (take) the *Gazette* onto the United Press side. Well, that wasn’t about to happen, and he knew doggone well it wouldn’t, but he was goin’ to work that end, anyhow.

“Black Hart,” as they called him, he was quite a character. He owned a newspaper of his own, one or two, in California, and also owned one of the biggest wineries in California, that famous ol’ Buena Vista. I don’t know whether he still owns that or not. I wouldn’t doubt it. But I haven’t seen Black Hart, now, for quite a while.

We always had to work very closely with those wire service people because their resources were limited, as far as manpower was concerned, and contracts, and we’d be up against the same thing there, and we just all had to work together. And even though there was a certain amount of friction there between the AP and UP, and to some lesser extent, between the *Gazette* and *Journal*, we finally had to iron the thing out, and we established a bureau to handle legislature coverage, and made the AP and the UP and the *Gazette* and the *Journal* all part of it, all workin’ together.

The AP wasn’t too fond of that thing. The United Press worked in it pretty good. But we

just kinda had to leave AP out of it. They just weren’t about to cross the line and crawl into bed with United Press, as it were [laughing]. They’re still kinda fussy to this day.

Even though they said you can’t do it, you still can’t avoid a certain amount of cooperation on those kind of things. Like during the legislature, when you’ve got two houses goin’ off in different directions, three or four committee meetings all popping loose at the same time, and you begin to wonder what’s goin’ on down there in the governor’s office, and what might be goin’ on down the hall, you just have to split your forces, and everybody has to work together, rules or no rules, then meet afterward to have lunch together, or a drink afterwards and discuss the whole damn thing. [laughing] Like a bunch of lawyers, you know, carvin’ each other t’ pieces in the courtroom, then go out and have a drink together.

But the AP and the UP finally had to establish second bureaus in Las Vegas. That was long after the Reno bureaus were established. They have been depending—the AP, in particular, has been depending on the correspondents on the paper in Las Vegas to tip ’em off as to what was going on. That was a thoroughly unsatisfactory sort of a thing, so I rowed around for a long time there with the AP, that we wanted coverage out of Las Vegas. We were entitled to it. After all, there was one of the biggest news spots of the whole country. We wanted a bureau down there. So they established one.

And, of course, Las Vegas always knew what its advertising was worth. At one time, the INS (that was the old International News Service, the Hearst), it had a bureau there, the expenses of which were paid by the Union Pacific Railroad. Of course, Union Pacific did all they could to boost Las Vegas. That was part of Union Pacific’s policy, to boost three or

four of its pet spots, Sun Valley being a prime example of that.

But when the Hearst papers were kinda going through some rough times there, they finally abandoned the old INS— or, rather, they combined it with the United Press, brought them together in what they now call United Press International. I don't think there's very much Hearst influence left anywhere along the line in that. I think UP, the old United Press, pretty well decides that, 'cause, see, United Press is owned by the Scripps-Howard people. And they have always had a tender spot in their hearts for Nevada, what with young Ted Scripps. He went to school up here. He was one at the journalism students. And he was the grandson of the old original E. W. Scripps, one of the founders of Scripps-Howard. And he is now, I believe, one of the three trustees of the whole Scripps-Howard newspaper and feature service, all, of the regular empire that it is, a good deal more important than the old Hearst organization ever was. Hearst went down this way (gesturing downward), Scripps-Howard went up that way (gesturing upward).

And Ted Scripps, he still claims he's a resident of Nevada. His mother owns a home at Lake Tahoe, just below Glenbrook. Some years ago, you remember, he bought the old Winters ranch out here with the idea of kinda turning it into a summer home, and the big old Winters home itself into sort of a guest house.

The last time that I saw Scripps, back at an editorial meeting, he said he just doesn't have the time to come back here to Nevada any more as much as he'd like to. For that reason, he sold the Winters place. But he said, "I still live in Nevada." He married a Nevada girl, too, a gal from Wells. I don't remember what her name was, but I knew her. So, he's got two anchors in the state.

THE INTERN PROGRAM IN JOURNALISM

Journalism at the University began on a very small scale. First, it was just one class. It was taught by Laura Ambler, who was a newspaperwoman from the East, and who had been working for the *Gazette*. She was up there and taught one class. That was something of an experiment. And then she got married and went back East again.

Then about that time, here came Higginbotham. Let's see, Higginbotham came to Nevada there in the fall of 1923 as an instructor in English. And he had some newspaper experience behind him back in Ohio, mainly around the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and I think one or two other odd spots here and there. And he thought he'd just like to carry on journalism up there. So he started off with a class. I think just one class was all he had in there for the first year. And look at the people that were in it. Let's see, there was—Harold Coffin was one—I'm very sure he was. Walker Matheson was there, Chris Sheerin was in it, [Alexander G.] Alex Cotter, and—who the heck else? I should remember some of 'em, but—.

Then in 1924, why, that was—the first graduating class went out. They didn't graduate 'em as a class, they just—. I don't know what the—I guess a plain AB. Chris Sheerin went to work for the *Journal*, Alex Cotter went to work for the *Gazette*, Walter Matheson went back to Tokyo, Harold Coffin went to Honolulu, and then back to San Francisco. He was with the *Call-Bulletin* for a long time.

Right after Higginbotham came here, why, he made it a point to come down and get very friendly with my father at the *Gazette*. And they were neighbors up there, too, in the north end of town, living just a few blocks apart. They became very close friends. And there

was never anything very backward about Higginbotham, and he used to frequently come around and tell my father how he thought the newspaper ought to be run. He had that habit, you know. And so my father'd just kinda listen to him, "Oh, yeah, sure, sure, Al, but—."

But he got ahold of Al on this, he thought an important part of this journalism education would be on-the-job training. And that was the beginning of this intern program, to send some of these students down there in their last year to work on the paper and do anything they were told to do, no special assignment, and they were not to be paid for it, either. We offered at first to pay for 'em, but it seemed like that ran into some kind of a University regulation, that they couldn't very well get credit for something they'd been paid for. And I don't know but what that may have been one of the first of the so-called "intern" programs. Higgie always called it "the intern" to begin with, and that was the first time I'd ever heard the term used, although it is used rather widely now in the journalism education.

And so a whole bunch of 'em sure came in over the years. Starting in there about—let's see, around about 1925 or '6—one of the first of 'em I remember there was Norman Bell. He went on with the Associated Press, many, many years as a war correspondent all through the Pacific, and then back with the Associated Press and in charge of their San Diego bureau until his retirement. He now lives down in Boulder City, where he writes children's books, of all things. [laughing]

And—let's see, who else? One of 'em's that brassy gal you all know, named Marion Welliver. She was one. And another gal up there, Margaret Ede, she went off, I believe, later into some jobs in California. But just year after year, here they came, and some of 'em stayed with us after. Well, Joe Joe Jackson's

a good example of that. Joe came in there in the journalism program, and then later we hired him as summer vacation help and as a part-time helper there during [the] school year. And when he got out of school, we had a full-time job waitin' for him. Kinda look around at our staff, a good many of 'em there, and the same on the *Journal*, all served on their interns program, and a number of 'em that've gone off on to other newspapers. Some worked for us for a while 'cause we always tried to pick out the good ones that we could capture and keep on our own staff. But then they'd get away from us once in a while.

A couple that I had sure went places. Mr. Ed Montgomery was a good example of that. He's now the star geewhiz for the *San Francisco Examiner*, and won a Pulitzer prize. He worked in with me there as a part-time sports editor, and part-time reporter, and just general handyman. Frank McCulloch, who's now the—let's see, I believe he's one of the New York editors for Time-Life. He was just plain reporter and political writer for us. And—well, he served a little term on the side, too, as editor of that little labor paper that used to be around here. Then [he] went down to California, and I caught him comin' out of the Marine Corps at the end of the war. He was an imaginative and resourceful sort of a cuss, and he won that Pall Mall "Big Story" award, which was quite a little prize in its day, over doin' some Sam Spade stuff in helpin' to settle a murder case. So he went off there with Time-Life, and he's had quite a career with them. At different times, he was in charge of bureaus in this country, and then he was in charge of their Far Eastern bureau, covering principally the war there in Vietnam. Then at one time, the *Los Angeles Times* hired him as the day managing editor, which would be quite a spot on that Times paper. But he began to run into some inter office throat cuttin' on

that thing. He could see that one a-comin', so he went back again with Tithe-Life. And there he is, back there in, I believe, the New York bureau now.

But that intern program—it helped to develop a lot of good newspapermen, I think. And it's been widely adopted now, in a different manner, perhaps, from the way we handled it. Some of it now is where they wait 'til the end of the semester and then they catch these people and put 'em to work all summer on some papers. In fact, one fellow just went from here to Denver, I think. But we've taken them during the school year. We just couldn't quite work 'em all summer long, although we always tried to take our interns at the end of the school year and give 'em a summertime job, figured they'd earned it by that time, and we always needed vacation help. And then when the five day week came down upon us, we liked to get those people and hire 'em as a relief man for days off.

That five-day week just nearly ruined us. Puttin' out a six-day paper on a five-day week schedule, it meant you really had to scramble around to get enough help on hand. But five-day weeks are—well, now, it's goin' to be four, I suppose. I don't know. [laughing] I always wanted a five-day week, but never had one. It used to be a seven day week with us. And the way we figured it there, we all worked six days, and then, on Sunday morning, nearly all of us'd go down to the office for maybe an hour or so just to clean up whatever work might be layin' around. Everybody'd be there, from the head man on down. My father, he was always there on Sunday morning, and ol' Joe McDonald'd come wandering in there after church. Ol' Dave Williamson, he'd come in. Joe Jackson'd be in to see what happened in the sports world. And we'd all get a few hours of work in on a Sunday. Thought nothing of it. We just didn't know how abused we were.

And now, of course, with unionization, the work week, the long weekends—gee whiz, I don't know what it'll be next! Our one-week vacation that we used to be entitled to, well, that went from one week to ten days, and then to two weeks. Now it's pretty well up to three weeks. But all you have to do is just look at the trend in labor negotiations, and you can just see these long, long vacations comin' up. And some talk now—maybe it might be a good thing—and that is of a sabbatical year for a person that's a long-timer in the newspaper business. Say he's up there in the editorial ranks, and special writers, and researchers, maybe the sabbatical year'd be a good thing for him. I kinda think it would. They certainly do it in the educational field.

The head of the journalism department down there at UCLA, Walter Wilcox, he worked for me as a reporter after the war. Then he went off, kinda caved-in there, as a result of war injuries, and he went off to the Veterans Hospital there, and they put him through all of these kind of tests, and they told him, "Now, look, these tests show you shouldn't be a newspaperman. You ought to be a teacher." Well, he didn't know about that, so off he went, back to the University of Iowa, which has a top journalism school. He got his MA degree there, then went down to Tulane and came out of there with a Ph.D. Now, he's the most perfect egghead I ever saw in my life. He can work out newspaper things in all sorts of graphs and charts, and they don't mean anything to me. He's tried to explain them to me, but he just loses me on the first corner. But he's the head of the journalism department at UCLA. He was up here a couple of years ago on a sabbatical, and he was doing some research on newspaper law, and he wanted to go into some Nevada phases on that thing, and I worked with him for a day or two on that.

We've always tried to help that [University of Nevada] journalism department in any way that we could. When I first went to work, why, they had a very low regard for journalism education. Of course, that's gettin' back there about the vintage of 1925. College people were—well, they weren't too plentiful in the newspaper business. Anybody that had a journalism education, he'd best keep pretty quiet about that: And our first experience with one wasn't too happy. We finally got rid of him.

But I can tell you this, as I look back at those papers in the 1925, and so on, and look at the writing in them, done by not only the—the other people and myself, and today, why, [it's] a heck of a lot different, better paper, all the way through, better written, and you can tell it's done by people with a little bit of education and a little bit of know-how. Newspaper style was kind of a—oh, a slam-bang style, and particularly in the field of sports. Some of that sports writing sounded like the “dese and dose” boys down here in the back alley. And I suppose they were more or less copying the Damon Runyon style, but I never quite cared for that. I always thought that sports could be written intelligently and intelligibly.

One of the best sports writers on the national scene was a fellow by the name of Red Smith, who wrote for the New York *Herald-Tribune*. His stories and columns were almost masterpieces of English construction. And certainly, we want better educated people in the newspaper business today because they just have to understand what they're dealing with, politically, economically, and socially. You just have to know what you're writing about. You just can't say, “Well, I know how to construct a sentence, and the lead of it goes this way, and the story winds up this way,” unless you know something of what you're

writing. why, journalism education has got to be just as broad as all outdoors now, and not limited to just the mechanics.

I'd say the best education a person could have would be probably something like the pre-law course. It's all right to emphasize writing and composition, but also, I think a person should have a good understanding of English literature, and of all things, history and political science. Because how are you goin' to go over here before a legislature and describe intelligently what they're doing unless you know what a legislature does? And that even applies down to city council levels, and county commissioners. You'd better have a pretty good idea, (a) working knowledge of criminal law someday, or what're you goin' to do around the police station. You might pick up some of it on the way, but those are things that you've got to learn now. Journalism and newspaper work, it's highly specialized today.

A couple of the best reporters I ever saw was a couple of girls. One had been an English major, English and literature, and another, a Spanish major. But they had a good, broad education and they knew how to study and how to learn. Another gal that worked for me for a while, she did studying in the insurance business, this business of all of the probabilities, and so on—you know what I mean—the factors there. She majored in that, and then, I think her last year, she turned to journalism. But, of course, she had that keen analytical kind of a mind. She could bore into any kind of a story and make some sense out of it. And a mathematics major was one of my good reporters, too. I could pick up the city budget, or the county commissioner's budget, or the school board's, toss it at him, and he could understand it and interpret the thing so that anybody else could understand it. So you can see now why we insist on education. I'm not so sure anybody's newspaper would've

hired me, the green kid I was, back there in 1925. I wouldn't touch it. The first thing I used to ask of somebody when they came in and applied for a job, "What's your education?"

Never mind what you said, "Well, I've had so much practice, or I can set type."

"Well, never mind. What do you know?" That's the way it's going to be from here on out, too, and increasingly so.

And journalism education is certainly covering more and more of a field now, and some of the colleges, they don't call it journalism any more. It's the field of communications. And I've noticed that down at Stanford and California, too. They branch out into all sorts of fields there—radio, television, public relations, advertising, public opinion survey work, and—oh, gosh, it's so doggone broad, I don't know they could ever sit down and write a news story out of all that. [laughing]

One of our men in the Speidel Newspapers system some years ago was a member of a committee that accredited the various journalism schools on behalf of the California publishers. And he was of the opinion there that these ones like Stanford and California were just getting out in too many fields and scattering all of their shots. Their opinion at that time [was] that the best journalism schools were the small university. One of 'em there was that little college up there, Arcata, I think, up there right out of Eureka. Another was San Jose, which, at that time, was a small school. That was San Jose State Teachers [College] then, hadn't quite sprawled all over the whole Santa Clara Valley, as it were. And Fresno State was highly regarded, and Brigham Young University, over in Utah. And I think the University of Idaho seems to stack in there pretty well.

But Brigham Young is still considered a real good one among the western schools.

The old, highly touted schools, they just don't seem to rate too high among newspaper people any more, like Columbia University. That, of course, was the first of 'em, and Missouri. They just began to rest on their laurels. And most of the paper people seem to want to get somebody out of one of these more progressive but smaller schools.

* * * * *

We're gettin' into photography here now. Newspaper photography was a little bit slow in coming about here, the reason being that we had no engraving plants here in Reno, and any pictures we made, we had to have 'em made in the engravers down in Sacramento in a matter of several days. It had to be something exceptional there before we used any news pictures at all. Most of 'em were kind of cut and dried, Of course, the usual assortment of beautiful, blushing brides, we had those. But there was no real effort made there for what you call "spot" news pictures.

We did finally manage to get the thing worked out pretty well when we could depend on the mail service then to—. We could fire off a picture late in the afternoon in the air mail, special delivery, down to the Sacramento engravers. He'd make the cut, send it back the same way, air mail special. We might get it the next day. But that was rather remarkable.

And until we had an engraving plant in Reno, why, we just didn't do too much in the way of picture work, although we had the cameras there and were beginning to use 'em—great, monstrous, old four by five Graflex, which weighed twelve pounds. I found that thing on my desk one day and orders, "Learn how to use this thing."

Well, all I knew about cameras then was somethin' about the Brownie—you know, you push the button. And through the help

and the assistance of some local commercial photographers here, well, I did find out how to handle that Graflex there. Ol' Roy Curtis was very kindly, cooperative; John Brockman, he was a local commercial and portrait man, they both worked with me. Even though they knew i was goin' to be competing with them in some degree, they did help. And we finally had an engraving plant established here in Reno, that was about—I think, about 1935 or '6, when the Lane brothers came in here and opened up a plant there. We stayed with 'em there until they were able to turn out good cuts. It took a little while, but we stuck with 'em. And then we made an effort to try to get news pictures in and cover spot stories as they came along there.

First thought, sometimes, the story'd come along, "Well, what's the picture possibility?" Then, of course, some of 'em are just naturals. For example, when the old Willows caught fire one morning out there on Mayberry Road, well, certainly, I was out there to get a picture [laughing] of that thing. And the old Country Club fire out here on Plumas Street. The fires and disasters, you might say, they're just naturals.

And then we began to try to make as many pictures of persons as we could, not just a head and mug shot, but try to get more or less candid studies of people, and build ourselves up a morgue, and also, to build up a morgue, too, of local scenes there, so that if something happened, we could reach out and pick up a picture of, say, the Sparks shops, or some building downtown, or some outstanding home around the city. It's remarkable how often those pictures came in handy when something would pop up and hit the news. And get yourself a train wreck now and then, an airplane crash, or so, why—.

And I always kept a good standing with the police department. I was a police reporter

and fire reporter and what not. And some of these stories would come along in the middle of the night. Somebody'd call me up from the police station and tell me, "Well, here's somethin' you'd better get down and take a look at."

The fire department did that for me, too. They called me up in the middle of the night or early in the morning, and, "We've got a whopper of a fire down here, and you get the hell down here with your camera." And I always paid 'em back by makin' up great, big, fine prints and takin' 'em up and hangin' 'em on their wall. They've still got some of 'em down there.

And [I] managed to get in a good deal of aerial photography, the courtesy of these local fliers around here, one of 'em bein' Mr. [W.] Keith Scott of Scott Motors down here. I recall that back there in 1937, why, we were goin' to have quite a little local celebration around here, the finishing up of several WPA projects (the golf course, and Virginia Lake), and United Air Lines had just built itself a new field down here, and the city had just built itself about three or four new bridges. So Keith Scott took me up one afternoon in his old Ford Trimotor plane, all afternoon, cruising around over this area, quite a series of aerial photos to illustrate the story that was running on that thing. It's kind of a shaker-upper now, to look at those pictures today and say, "Gee whiz, this just can't be real," [laughing] you know.

One of 'em that I look at frequently is Virginia Lake down here, and two houses in that whole area, just along Virginia Street there, a few houses that're no longer there, and a nightclub that's long ago forgotten, Belle Livingston's Cow Barn. No, you weren't hangin' around joints in those days, [laughing] not that one, where she'd taken an old dairy barn and the silos and chopped a hole in the

silos for a doorway and then left the stalls and what not inside, and decorated the walls with red monkeys. See, she was one of those New York nightclub figures, a rough and tough ol' gal she was, too. That was down here on what's the Hall property now, down where this trailer court is.

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I was just tryin' to think. The day was about May the seventh, I think, or fifteenth, somewhere there in May of 1936. It was about five o'clock in the morning. I got first one call, I think it was from a policeman cruising around there, and he'd spotted the fire, and he drove over to the nearest telephone and called me up. They sent the county pump, an& this and that, out there, and they thought I'd better be on the job, and I was. My camera was at home, thank the Lord, and out I went, (and) was able to get a good run of pictures on that thing.

The Country Club was a beautiful thing to see go up. It was really the last word in the nightclub around here—the last of the fine nightclubs to be built. It [was] just—plush all over the place. A lot of money went into that thing. I believe that [John] Lewis Luckenbach of the steamship lines was the angel of that thing, and the promoter was a fellow by the name of Charlie Rennie. He'd been more or less mixed up in the gambling and bootlegging interests around here for years. And so there he opened that thing up there. It went on for about a year, and I guess it began to run into financial troubles, and there she went there one morning. And it just went all at once.

Well, just see what's left there now, a little bit of stonework. And that was just about all that was left that morning. And it was quite some time, I believe, before the insurance on that thing was ever adjusted. They held off on it for a long time there. They wanted

to find out, I guess, what really happened. Whether they did or not, I don't know, but I believe there finally was a settlement made. And there the thing sits today, just those stone steps there, and a piece of a fireplace stickin' up, and the ground all around it. No use has been made of it ever since.

The property there—it belongs now to John Sinai. He made an effort once or twice to have some kind of a development out there, either as a sort of a dude ranch, or something there, some kind of a tie-in with the golf course. But he never could make the thing go. It's still a wonderful piece of ground for some purpose someday, but just try to tell that to John. [Laughing] He's goin' to hang on.

It just seems like those nightclubs, they were just prone to fire. Now, that doesn't mean that somebody went around throwin' a torch in 'em, but it was just the way they were put together, as it were, all with a lot of flimsy stuff inside there, generally a lot of wood construction, lot of draperies, and generally built as cheaply as possible. And when they went, the whole works went. The old Tavern out there on West Fourth Street was a pretty good example of that. The Cedars, right up here on what's Lakeside now, it went off there one afternoon, and it sure just went down to nothing at all. And the first of 'em all, the ol' Willows. I have a hard time even—to remember where that is, now; I drive out there, and I've got to figure, "Now, this is, I think, where it was." There was a pretty good fire that day. And that one, I think—1933, I think that one was.

THE ELKO MURDER STORY

As a reporter, you just about had to be ready to sort of, "up guards, and at 'em!" If something came along, no matter what or when, away you went. I did that a few times

there. It must've been distressing to my wife. A good, fine example of that was a three- or four-way murder out in Elko back in 1936. A fellow by the name of Luther Jones got loose in there, and he killed four men, three of 'em very prominent Nevada men, and the fourth one, sort of an unknown bum or jungle character. He hitchhiked his way— or, rather, kidnapped a taxi driver out of Ogden and came into Elko, went wandering down there by the stockyards, and he ran into these three stock men, two of 'em from Carson Valley, one from Elko. And he pulled a pistol and herded the three of 'em down to a little cabin there by the Humboldt River. Apparently, this, oh, kind of an ancient old character living in that cabin came onto the scene, and this fellow killed all four of 'em, pushed 'em into that cabin.

These fellows showed up missing, those stock men did, with no idea of where they went. And this fellow, Luther Jones, went wandering off, and, I guess, hitchhiked his way down to Carlin. And he was sitting in a saloon there, hayin' a drink, and this pistol fell out of his pocket. He picked the thing up and put it back. He made the casual remark to somebody around there (to nobody in particular) as to whether or not they didn't gas killers in Nevada, something to that effect.

Well, anyhow, that was enough there to raise some suspicion as to what sort of a character this fellow was, who had tossed him into the jail. And then they began to wonder if there was a connection between this fellow and the fact these three stock men were missing. That was all of a Saturday night.

And—well, finally, they found down there the bodies of those men. And then they were pretty doggone sure it was this fellow, so they brought him back to Elko. And we, of course, began to get some calls from our correspondent out in Elko as to all of this sort

of thing. It was a very big story, of course, because two of those stock men were from Carson Valley, prominent names out there, Heidtman and Godecke. And the Elko man was Arrascada.

And then, to kinda make the story grimly amusing, as it were, one of the Elko undertakers was in town [Reno] to visit his wife's family, and he was the brother-in-law of the AP correspondent. It seems that his helpers out there in Elko had been very enterprising, and they grabbed all these bodies, which was ahead of the turn that the other undertaker should've had (you know, they divide these things up). Well, he just wanted to get back there to Elko to make sure they didn't snatch the bodies back again. So he chartered a plane (all of this goin' on, say, about ten, eleven o'clock at night), and he wanted his brother-in-law to go out there with him. Well, the said brother-in-law wasn't about to do it for several reasons. And me, not knowing any better, I volunteered, as it were. I went out with this Ted Morrill, a local flier. He had a little two-place open biplane-type [plane]. So the undertaker and I, we sat, the two of us, in one cockpit there, with our heads just barely under the [laughing]—heads out of the propeller blast, and away we took off there in the middle of a cold November night for Elko.

Well, it took about three hours in this little ol' plane to get out to Elko. That was the coldest I think I've ever been in all of my life. And we got out there, and the undertaker had this man to meet us at the field, and in we went. And, of course, he went right away to check up on his booty, as it were, and I went over to the sheriff's office.

They had this fellow in the jail about that time. But along had come an FBI man out of Salt Lake, I think, since there was a kidnapping involved in there. He and the

sheriff I and the district attorney, they were all locked up, and there wasn't anybody goin' to say anything at all. They just all sat tight and wouldn't tell me a damn thing. Well, I had to sit there and dog it out.

Well, it wasn't a very comfortable sitting period because the whole town was mightily stirred up. You could look out the window, see people circling around and around that courthouse there, around that sheriff's office. And the people inside that office just sittin' there kinda wonderin', rifles and shotguns laid out across the table there 'cause there was talk of lynching. That's no place to be, and I didn't quite enjoy it, you might say.

But it must've been, oh, probably around two-thirty, three, or four o'clock in the morning, and finally they brought this prisoner out in the conference room. I was able to get just one picture as they pushed him through the jail doors. And that's all I wanted, to get one. I was lucky for that, then hopin' I could get the story.

Well, the district attorney was a friend of mine, a good man, Doug Castle, an old-timer out there. We'd known each other for years and years. And so Doug kinda gave me the wink, we went out and got in his car and went down to the Commercial Hotel, went into the bar there; Lord knows, we both needed a drink. And he told me the whole story, right then and there, how this all connected up.

By that time, why, some of the outside papers and wire services had sent some men in, but I was one to get my story out first to Reno. And a young chap working for the telephone company out there—his father worked for the old AP—so he said he'd take care of things for me. He just got me an open wire through right now, [laughing] and I was able to get the story in.

Before I left Reno that night, the other boys were busy getting out an extra on the

thing. And I can still see Frank Helmick, the telegraph editor (he'd been called in from a party), leaning out there in the back shop over that page form in a snow white tuxedo! [laughing] And the following morning, then, on the basis of my story, they put out a second extra. And I turned the films that I shot there over to Ted Morrill, the flier that had brought me out there, and told him to get on back to Reno with it. So he took off there, and I held on around Elko all that day and that evening until the United Air Lines planes took off.

Early that evening, why, then we began to hear that lynch talk all over again. But it was the kind of talk there that didn't have a spark plug. Everybody'd say, "Well, they oughta lynch the old so-and-so. Somebody oughta lynch—." But nobody stood out in front and said, "Come on and do it." That's all you needed, you know, for a lynching party, is one man to lead. But nobody did.

And one lawyer out there who had been the attorney for that Arrascada, the cattleman, he went all around that night to the saloons and other gathering places where people were talking of that thing, "Now, just quiet down, please, boys." (gesturing with palm down) He—one-handedly—he disposed of any lynching threat. And by the time I left, about the middle of the night, on that plane for Reno, I knew there wouldn't be a lynching.

That was another one of those weekends where none of the bosses of the paper were on hand, and some of the rest of us just took it upon ourselves to go down there and put out those extras, and then go out and cover the story, just as we'd done on the streamliner. They just took it for granted we'd pull stunts like that, too. I'm not so sure I'd do it any more. I don't think my nerves'd hold out that long. [laughing]

THE STREAMLINER WRECK SCOOP

But I think probably the biggest splash we ever did make with pictures was the streamliner in the ditch, on a date that's fixed in my mind very firmly, too, August the twelfth, 1939. Saturday night there, Joe Jackson called me up. Joe had a brother working down there in the Sparks shops. And, of course, the dear old railroad wasn't about to ever tell us anything, that they had a wreck. That just wasn't railroad policy. But there's a most remarkable grapevine goes on among all railroad people. And the word got down there to Sparks that the streamliner was all piled up. I guess they must've sent in there for the wreckin' crews, and everything else.

So Joe's brother called him. Joe called me. And I called our wire editor, Frank Helmick, who, glory be, was in town, and our circulation man, Paul Shea. My father and my uncle and Joe McDonald, the city editor, had all gone up to Lake Tahoe for the weekend, so we just took it upon ourselves, and we went down, put out an extra that night. Then (we) began to figure out, "Well, now, we've got to get out there," and so Joe said, "All right, we'll drive out," and we left here, oh, it was pretty close to midnight by that time, in his big old thunderin' bright yellow Hudson automobile, loaded up with all the cameras I could find and all the films we could use, and started out for the scene.

Well, that was a good two hundred and forty, fifty miles from here, and in the middle of the night, [laughing] went out through that northern Nevada there. I sometimes wonder how on earth we ever made it because we were just goin' there like the wind! And the other side of Winnemucca, I can still recall suddenly finding ourselves going [through] a whole herd of cattle on the road. You know how cattle come in from the range and lay

down on the warm highway at night. And the next thing I knew, here were white faces on each side of us, and how we got through that thing—it was just a miracle!

In order to reach [the wreck], we had to turn off the highway at Beowawe, then go nine miles up along the river there to a little section station called Harney. And that nine miles there was through powdery alkali dust. God, we were just covered! The car was just saturated with dust, and the only thing that saved us was the cameras. They were in airtight cases.

Then from Harney, we had to pick up all the gear and walk up the tracks there for about, oh, three quarters of a mile, I guess. There we came, around this curve, and there, the power units up ahead on this side of the river, and the engineer, Ed Hecox, standing there in front. And there was the whole river full of cars, just one on top of the other, stacked sideways, and all the way around. You just can't imagine what a mess it was!

And Joe Jackson, bein' an old Sparks boy from way back, as we walked up there, he greeted the engineer, "Hi, Ed!"

"Well, hi, Joel"

"What in the hell happened?"

Well, he started to tell Joe everything he could think of, right then and there. And as we walked on down past the wreckage—Joe knew this fellow, he knew that fellow. [laughing] We were just pickin' up every detail we could.

In the meantime, I just concentrated on pictures, knew what I wanted, and worked on that thing there, and tried to pick what news spots I could to reinforce Joe. I think I wound up there with something like forty-eight film plates exposed, takin' pictures every angle I could think of.

And then, as the morning came along, first thing, here came a train down on the opposite track. It was bringin' in a whole

bunch of railroad bulls, the railroad police. They began to shag us all out of there. They didn't want any reporters or photographers around the place. So we put on a good show. We left reluctantly, but we didn't give a damn. We had the story. Walked on back and got into Joe's car, and then drove on into Elko from there in order to call back into the paper and give 'em what dope we had. And we found out that they'd gone ahead and put out a second extra that Sunday morning. They finally got some help out of the railroad people, and some from Elko. Then they were just waiting for us to come back that night.

Well, we got back in. And my old friend, Roy Curtis, the photographer, he was waiting. He'd heard of the wreck, and he'd heard I was out there. That son of a gun went down there that day and dumped all of his chemicals, and mixed all fresh material to have everything all red hot, as it were, when I got in. When I got home, about that time, the phone rang, and it was Curtis. He sent a taxi out to pick up all my film holders and magazines, and I turned 'em over to him. When I went down to work the next morning, here came Roy in the door with armloads of prints, all made. We plastered the whole windows full of the prints of that thing, and ran several pages of those pictures in the *Gazette*, and I finally sent one of 'em off to *Life* magazine, for which they paid me the immense sum of thirty-five dollars, which was pretty good money, for those days. I would say today you could get a couple hundred dollars for that kind of a picture, but thirty-five dollars looked mighty big to me.

Nobody else had such good picture coverage, none of the other papers. And the Associated Press and the NEA, Newspaper Enterprise Association, both gave me the devil afterwards because I didn't send them any pictures. I had, at different times, more or

less sold pictures to those people, but on this occasion, we wanted all the very best pictures nowhere in the world but in the *Gazette*. This was our baby. It was quite a show we put on! And for years afterwards, we could brag about that. That was just an example of how you go out, and Joe came back, and he hit the typewriter there, and with that old railroad background of his, he just had a perfect, complete story from one end to the other, and the pictures backed it all up. Nobody else had that kind of coverage, anywhere. Joe and I were just prouder 'n hell of that effort. [laughing]

That was about my last performance as a photographer and reporter 'cause within a couple of months there, why, the paper was sold, and I moved away from the camera and the reporter's desk over there to be the city editor. So you might say I went out in a blaze of glory, or thought I did. [laughing]

RENO EVENING GAZETTE, 1939-1948

CITY EDITOR

The competitors there, the *Journal*—you might say I was brought up to hate 'em, and hate 'em I did, and still do to this day, to a certain extent, even though they all belong in one package there. The competition between those two papers was very, very real. When I first went to work there, they had some exceedingly good men on the *Journal*'s side, too. Frank Helmick, there, was the editor and a writer; Ernie "Smiles" Greenwalt, Chris Sheerin, Osborn [T.] Buck, and there were one or two others that I just don't recall the names of. But we had to be right on our toes, and they were right on our backs all of the time to get that story first, and get it right. You just didn't dare leave anything until tomorrow, or you'd be reading it in the other fellow's paper.

The editorial competition was something, too, because the *Journal* was, of course, the staunch ol' Democratic paper from way back when, and the *Gazette* was the old bull elephant there of the Republican party. When along came the political season, why, God, the

shots were goin' back and forth across Center Street [laughing] there, as it were. The *Journal* had always more or less tended to support Ed Roberts and the more liberal side of Reno's life, and the *Gazette* was just highly critical of that sort of thing. We'd take after Ed Roberts right regular, but I would like to note this, that Ed Roberts was one of those politicians, good ones, who never took personally those things that were said about him politically. If you met Ed on the street, he'd stop and talk with you for a while and invite you to come and have a drink.

Every year, about the time that duck season came along, why, Ed would come into the office, and, "Well, boys, the duck season opens tomorrow. Won't you come out to my place there at Spanish Springs Valley and have, a hunt on the opening day? And be sure to get there in time for breakfast." Ed meant that sincerely. As I say, he was a pretty good ol' scoundrel in [his own] way. I didn't like a lot of the things he did, but he didn't hold that criticism we took after him with on a personal basis. And if he knew of something he thought

we might be interested in, he'd come around and tell you about it.

We might carve him all to pieces in the paper and see him the next morning, "Well, don't you want to come in and have a drink with me and open up the day?" He always opened up the day with a slug of whiskey [gesturing to show about three inches] and a glass filled up with milk. I know. [laughing] He swore that was what kept him in good health, but I don't think I could quite exist on that.

The time that Scrugham had bought the paper, why, then competition took on even a little more of a sharp turn there. The Scrughams and the Sanfords were not exactly the best of friends, you might say, since the Sanfords had done a good deal to carve up Jimmy in his run for governor there, which he'd lost. We knew that Jimmy wanted to use the *Journal* to further his political ambition, and we weren't going to help him one damn bit if we could.

And then, as I say, Jimmy was not a newspaperman, and he wasn't gettin' along too well in there, although he went of f on a wild tangent one time. Let's see, he started a paper down in Boulder City that he called the *Journal* down there. That was later taken over by the Las Vegas Review, and the name *Journal* combined into their masthead there as the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, which it is to this day.

Jimmy made an effort there one time to sell the paper to some fellow by the name of (Arthur] MacLennan. MacLennan brought in more or less of his own staff, but the sale didn't stick. And Jimmy found himself there takin' the paper back again. Then he finally sold it again to a man by the name of Fred W. McKechnie, Jr.

Fred came here from Marysville, a good newspaperman, old-timer in the field and

with United Press, and with some Washington experience behind him. He'd owned the *Marysville Appeal-Democrat*, which was one of northern California's small but good papers, still is to this day. He sold that and came in here and bought the *Journal*.

There was where he, poor Fred, got caught. He was faced up there with that \$60,000 note that Scrugham had given to the Bank of Nevada Savings and Trust Company, the Wingfield crowd, which he thought could be paid off. He found out that it was not going to be paid off. That was goin' to be the club. And he barely had time to get himself established when the Wingfield banks went crash, and he was forced to go along with the Wingfield crowd in their efforts to retain control of their rather broken-up financial empire. He held on there for a while. And then, the newspaper business began to get pretty sick as we went into the real Depression.

It took us a long time, you know, after 1929, before the Depression hit us. We didn't know it until '32, when down went the Wingfield banks. Things were pretty slim pickings for anybody, and McKechnie was not well financed. He'd sunk everything he had—I believe he put something like \$20,000 of his own money in to buy the *Journal* there. And he brought in some of his help. But it was just gettin' tougher and tougher there, and he was just barely hanging on and hoping somebody'd come and bail him out. Some people around the town had hoped there that they could bring in some outside newspaper blood and money to take over that *Journal* and clean up that note that was hanging over their head, that \$60,000 note by Thatcher and Woodburn. And so they brought in the Scripps-Howard people, and they brought in the McClatchy people, and they all looked over, and they (said), "The thing isn't even worth 60,000 bucks." They just didn't want

to. You can't tackle the field with a run-down newspaper with equipment that looked like it'd kinda come across in a covered wagon.

By that time, why, the *Gazette* had gone right ahead and put in the very best of printing equipment and kept it in top shape, and the *Journal* was stuck there with some of the most antiquated stuff you ever did see in all your life! It just costs a young fortune to equip a newspaper, and MaKechnie found that out.

When the *Journal* was finally sold by Mr. McKechnie to a group from Texas, Harlingen, east Texas, headed by McHenry Tichenor, they brought a whole crew up there with 'em, pressmen, printers, news and advertising people. And they announced how they were going to show us peasants up here how a newspaper should be done.

Well, the first mistake they made, I think, was to fire a couple of the local people, one of 'em Frank Sullivan, and the other, Ty Cobb. Well, Sullivan, he couldn't roust up quite enough sympathy, but Ty Cobb did among his sports-minded friends, one of 'em this fellow, Bill Nash, who was then kind of a sports announcer for the radio station here. Nash mounted a campaign there to save Ty Cobb and to blast these new people for firm' the great Ty Cobb. Well, Bill wasn't interested so much in Cobb as a person, as to embarrass the *Journal*.

Well, he succeeded mighty well, and they finally backed down. They had to hire back Ty, and Sullivan, too. And from there on out, well, we were having quite a contest there. They immediately changed the format of the paper, the makeup of it, to quite an extent there, and that was a mistake because people get used to a certain order in their newspaper. If such and such a page and features ought to be here, it ought to be there. And if you go changing things around, well, it's like kinda makin' over an old friend. And they kept that thing up, and

they adopted kind of a wild and woolly style, on the sensational side of things, and highly personal there, with a lot of by-line material, expressed a good many editorial opinions in their news stories.

And—well, that went on there for a couple years, I guess. And then, finally the Texas people found out they just weren't too beloved around here. Their purchase of the *Journal* wasn't a great success, and it was sold to a man by the name of Alfred G. Hill. Well, Mr. Hill kind of made it a business going around the country picking up papers like that and then trying to put some new life into 'em and sell 'em quick for a fast profit. That was his business, and he was pretty good at it, too, I might say, because he had been involved several times in previous sales of papers to Speidel Newspapers, Incorporated. So he wound up there publishing the *Journal* for a year or so.

In the meantime, we just went our own blithe way on the *Gazette*, running it as we had always run it there, not too disturbed by the Texas competition. Then came the year of the revolution, as it were, 1939.

Now, for some years previous to that, the Speidel people had been making offers to buy the *Gazette*. That had been going on for several years. And Graham Dean, who was later to become the publisher of the two papers, was then publisher of the Speidel paper in Salinas. He used to drop up there once in a while, and, "Well, how are things goin'?"

"Well, tine, Mr. Dean."

"Well, let's go out and have dinner." [We'd] go out and have dinner and a drink or two, "You ready to sell?"

"Nope."

Well, that went on for—. Up he came one day with the same old story, "Ready to sell?"

"Yup."

[laughing] That shook him up. Well, there was a reason for that. The paper was owned there by those three brothers, Graham, George, and Leigh Sanford, all of 'em getting into their sixties there, and being very practical men. And with the paper there, they had their principal assets. They knew that on the passing of any one of 'em, or several of 'em, there would be a terrific tax problem, among other things. To meet it, very likely they would either have to borrow money or sell and be in the position of a distressed seller, or go public and sell stock. Neither of those ideas was very appealing. And there wasn't anyone there, hardly, in the second generation of Sanfords to carry on the business or to pick up the paper, buy it. My brother was then working as a reporter, as I was, too, but that really wasn't his deep interest. Leigh Sanford had no children. George Sanford had three children, none of which was about to ever be engaged in the newspaper business. So there you were. [laughing]

There had been other offers made toward the *Gazette* in previous years from buyers who realized there was really a blue chip among newspapers here in the West. But they just weren't the people that appealed to us. The Speidel people did. They had run good newspapers all over the country, and you might say that they were our type of people. They thought the way we did, they were conservative people, and weren't tended to go off the deep end on things. They were good, sound Republicans, among other things. And something that always counts a good deal, I think you might find out in that business, most of the people in it were Protestants and Masons. That always appealed to us, too, especially among the Sanfords here. We thought a good deal of that angle. So all in all, we liked the people, and personally.

So there, in 1939, we concluded to sell. And the deal was wrapped up mighty fast.

They were the kind of people you didn't haggle with. They just sat down and came to a fast answer, agreeable to this, that, and the other thing. Bing! That was it.

But at the same time, once that they knew that they had achieved the purchase of the *Gazette*, then they moved to buy the *Journal*. (There) was a very sound reason for that. For an outsider to come in here and buy one paper and leave their back unprotected there, they would be damned as a chain outfit and a bunch of Johnny-come-latelys, and carpetbaggers, and what not. And so they had to have the field.

So they negotiated the sale of the *Journal* through a newspaper broker down in California, who didn't reveal who the principals were until the clincher had to come, and then they had to tell him, of course, who bought it, which kinda shook the *Journal* slightly up. [laughing] Otherwise, he could've boosted the price up. 'Cause the *Journal* at that time, it certainly was no asset. Its standing as a newspaper was pretty low, and the advertising and volume had gone down; the circulation had gone down. It was just pretty much of a dog, but they thought they'd get ahold of it, and they did, and with Joe McDonald to be the editor of it. And if anybody could, you might say, make a respectable child out of it, it'd be Joe. And he did. They took the *Journal* on November the first, 1939, one month after they had taken over the *Gazette*.

Then everybody began to say, "Well, from here on out, they're just goin' to be carbon copies of each other coming out every day." Well, that wasn't exactly so. The mechanical departments were eventually combined, and the circulation departments more or less brought into alignment, and advertising departments, business office. But the news departments were completely separate and competitive from the very beginning, and

they are to this day. You have two complete staffs. And if you don't think they're in competition, you just hang around there sometime, and you'll see.

One of the first things that I ran into when the Speidel people came in, Graham Dean told me that we've got to start looking around for another editor for the *Journal* because Joe McDonald someday will retire. He's got to be a good Nevada newspaperman, Nevada man. He's got to be a genuine, died-in-the-wool Democrat. We can't have any fakers there. And so it was kind of up to me, knowin' the field, to look 'em all over.

Well, there were a number of possibilities at that time, but we watched 'em. Pretty soon, each one kinda washed himself out for one reason or another. When it was all said and done, why, Paul Leonard sat at the top of the class. And he'd been about the first one in my mind. So, there was a couple of north-side kids, as it were, 'cause we'd grown up together, up in that same neighborhood, up around Ralston Street, since way back about 1920, perhaps. He went on through the University, worked his way through, then he went out to Elko. He worked there for Chris Sheerin for a good many years, I think from about 1936 to 1942. And when he worked under Sheerin, he was under the best of all possible bosses. We got him to come in in 1942. That was, of course, by the time the war was on. I kinda had to look around every morning and count the bodies to see who I had left because they just—off they kept going, one after another. So I got Paul in there, and he stayed there 'til he got drafted. I had to wait 'til they fished him out of the South Pacific on the way to Japan before he got back onto the job. And then I tried to nail him down, and he kinda wandered off in a couple of directions, as it were.

He took a job there with the U. S. Department of Commerce when they

established their field office here. I didn't blame him' for that because it was a job that paid a good deal more than we were paying reporters, and that was what I was hiring him as. Then, in the meantime, Vail Pittman got to be governor, and he wanted somebody to take care of his paper out there at Ely. So he got Paul to go out there and be the publisher and run the paper in Ely while he was in Carson City. Well, that kept Paul busy for a little while. Then, when Vail came back, Paul went back to Elko for a while, and of all things, he wound up as the manager of the Stockman's Hotel. And then, when the Stockman's was sold, he wound up next as the business manager of a medical clinic out there.

About that time, I figured I'd better be gettin' that boy back on the leash here. So I got him to come in to Reno, and I made him the assistant managing editor of the *Gazette* as a sort of a—you might say, an apprentice program for his taking over the *Journal* in just a few years to come. So there he was until Joe McDonald retired, and he immediately went onto the *Journal* side. Next thing I knew, here he was, instead of the fellow I says, "You do this," he was the fellow that sat up and said, "Look, I'm just as good as you are," and proved it every now and then.

He just carried on with the spirit there that we wanted between those two newspapers—good, hard competition, a real, genuine rivalry. And, of course, if we got into a pinch there, we'd help each other. Well, we couldn't help it. But nonetheless, if you could scuttle the other fellow, scuttled he'd be. And I think, as a result, that it has given the people here in Reno two good newspapers. You put the two of 'em down together, and you can't say ones a carbon copy of the other, by any means. All the way through, their handling of the news, and their editorial opinion, and all the rest, they're—they're different. And nobody comes

around and tells each one, “Well, now, this is to be the policy we all follow.” They don’t do that. Each editor makes his own policy. And he’s just responsible to the big chief, in this case, the publisher.

At the time I was the editor, it was a kind of a peculiar thing because Joe McDonald was also the publisher. He was the editor of the *Journal*, and so, my chief rival, you might say. So I was responsible, then, to the head man of Speidel Newspapers, Inc. I made the editorial policy and followed it, knowing just about what those people believed in. But they never once came around and said, “Well, this is to be the rule, and you do this or do that.” They just said one thing, “Run a good newspaper and keep out of trouble.” I never was challenged after that. [laughing]

I think, even to this day, you’ve still got a good, clean spirit between the two papers. We see to it there that the wire services, the rival AP and UPI, do the same thing there, that we’re not going to have them playin’ footsy, if we can help it. And we want everything to work toward the end of two good, competitive newspapers, where competition’s goin’ to be for the benefit of our reader and our advertisers, too. I don’t think that we’ve missed the target very far. That’s been goin’ on there, now, well, since 1939. That’s a long time.

There’s not very many people now who can remember what it was like when the two papers were independently owned. And I doubt if they’d want to go back to some of those days. I wouldn’t. [laughing] Not that I didn’t enjoy cuttin’ the throat of the Texas people every chance I had. They just weren’t quite up to, you might say, Nevada standards, even though they thought that Texas was so—you know, everything is Texas. And they were from Texas and gave us the Texas style. Well, we didn’t quite like that. Nobody else did. I don’t know what they’re doin’ back

there at Harlingen, Texas, if they’re still there, but I doubt if they ever think of us out here any more.

It took some doing to put the two papers into the same bed, as it were. See, the big old building, the old *Gazette* building down there, the lower floor, half of it, [was] occupied by Western Union, and had been since the building was built. Well, we needed the space in the building in order to put the two papers into one plant. The *Journal* at that time was across the street in that building where the Reno Printing Company is now located. So there was the doggonedest fancy dance around you ever did see! For a while there, we rented an extra store space around the corner, on Second Street, and moved the *Journal* news department and advertising into that, and then began to pick up the pieces out of that building there and move ‘em out of the way, the heavy equipment. So the Reno Printing Company moved across into there, and the Western Union rented the Lunsford Building, where the printing company had been located. They wanted that very badly because all they had to do was turn the Cabias right under the sidewalk there. Otherwise, if they moved any distance at all, they’d have [to]—oh, just tear up all the street and lay new wires and cables. So they were real happy over the whole deal.

And now, Western Union’s moving again. It’s finally going to leave the Center Street location and go way down south there, on Moran Street, where they’re building a brand-new building, which I think they will need, to hold all the equipment they’re putting in there for the new and expanded services the Western Union now carries on. I don’t know who’s goin’ to go into that empty building now, when they move out. That still belongs to Harry Frost’s wife. That was the building Bill Lunsford built, back about 1921. I don’t

know what Center Street's goin' to look like one of these days. [laughing]

* * * * *

I was thinking about the *Nevada State Labor News*, the *Sparks Tribune*, the *Carson Appeal*. They were scarcely anything in the way of competition. We'd been accustomed to these little things popping up around here every once in a while, like that *Labor News*, and such. Somebody'd get a notion they were goin' to start one of those little things. Well, they just never lasted. And the *Sparks Tribune*—it was concerned only with Sparks, of course, and didn't bother us to any extent at all because we had about as much circulation in Sparks, and probably more than they had. And where they were just a weekly paper, or a semiweekly, why, we were getting down there every day. The same was true over there in Carson City, although at one time, Carson City had two dailies, the *Carson City News* and the *Appeal*. And they did a pretty good job. But they were concerned mainly with just purely local news, and we were putting in probably as many papers there every afternoon as they printed. We got 'em over there in time for dinner. Very fortunately, the old V and T left at a halfway decent hour in the afternoon, a little bit after four o'clock, as I remember, and we used to go to press about half past three. The first papers off went over to the old depot there to get onto the Fallon motor and the Carson motor. Once in a while, why, maybe the press'd be a little bit late, and one of my jobs'd be to go over and talk the conductor of one train or the other into just waitin' [laughing] for a little while, and they'd generally hold up, say, for ten or fifteen minutes. And then, if we didn't make it then, it was up to somebody to get in his automobile and take those papers to Carson

or Fallon and throw 'em out on the way to the ranches, and what not.

The papers out in the state offered us very little competition, as it were. We always had a strong circulation, daily, in Fallon, where there were two weekly papers; and Yerington, where at one time—let's see, I think they had two weeklies going for a while down there, the *Yerington Times* and the *Mason Valley News*—and now, all there is left is the *Mason Valley News*. And we always kept a pretty good circulation in places like Winnemucca and Elko, and a little bit in Ely. That was a little bit out of the way, and there, we began to run into competition from the Salt Lake papers.

We always had some competition here in Reno from the California papers coming in here, the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* and the *Call* and the *Bulletin*. They used to have a rather respectable circulation around here, not heavy, although we knew it was going on.

And then, of course, we went out into the field, tryin' to build up our out-of-town circulation. We could do all right out here in the state. But we'd get up here [west] twelve miles, and we'd just hit a barrier. We'd get across the state line, and there was that great big wall of the *Sacramento Bee*. That was just the Bible to those people. They covered northern California there just like a blanket. And you'd get, say, up around, oh, Sierra Valley, for instance, or up there in Plumas County, and you go around to one of those places and you give 'em the old sales pitch of how "here we're just twenty-five, or thirty miles away," and the "red hot news," and, "Well, yes, that's right, but I take the Bee. My pappy took the Bee. Grandpappy took the Bee. I think I'll still take the Bee." [laughing] To this day, that's true. That *Sacramento Bee* is a wonderful and marvelous newspaper, and the coverage it has over northern California is just unbelievable. And people look at it like

the Bible, as it were, "I read it in the Bee." And certainly, the Bee is a wonderfully written and dependable newspaper, none like it. I read the thing faithfully every morning for forty odd years, just to see where we were gettin' scooped over here in California, and I still like to read it once in a while.

But the newspaper situation over the state now is kind of simmering down to where—well, the dailies, most of 'em are gone now. Tonopah used to have two dailies, and Carson, I said, had two of 'em, and Winnemucca had one. Elko at one time had what amounted to a daily paper when the *Free Press* and the *Independent* were both triweekly and published on alternate days. Then came the first of the year, they'd trade days so that each one got a different crack at the different day, which, in effect, gave the people of Elko a daily paper.

Well, it was only goin' to be a question of time 'til one of 'em would go daily, and that meant the other one was goin' to go back weekly. Well, the *Free Press* was the first. It made the jump. It went daily. And the hide pendent, thereupon, went back to become a weekly paper. And then later, it began to run into some difficulties there because one publisher had succeeded another one, and then, I guess they began to need a little bit of money. And it has always been a strong Democratic paper. It had a remarkable editor at one time by the name of Harold Hale. And then after he died, I think there was a woman that ran the thing for a while, Mae Macnamara. And then she got to be the postmistress, I think. Then they began to pick up various and sundry publishers there. One of 'em, I think, was J. Oliver Epperson. I think Forrest Bibb took a whack at it for a while. I don't remember whether Jack Myles did or not; he may have.

But the *Free Press* there was then owned by Steninger, E. N. Steninger. He was considerable

of a Republican in the middle there of a red-hot Democratic county. And so some of the good, staunch Democrats out there raised a lit tie bit of money to put the *Independent* on a good, sound footing there. Ted Carville was one of those that I think took part in it, and Jack Robbins, I think, did. Then the most consistent publisher they've had ever since has been Snowy Monroe. He's just become a fixture and an institution out there in Elko by this time. He was one of the journalism graduates here. He worked for a while out there for Rollin Stitser in Winnemucca. And then he went out there to Elko, and he's been quite a lad ever since then. He piled right into politics. Why, he's been in the legislature now for years. He's one of the state senators there, and I guess one of the longest and whitest whiskers of about all of 'em, and a good one, too. He's been very active in the fish and game conservation movement around here.

So Elko's been fortunate there at having, as I say, a good daily paper, plus that weekly paper there to keep the daily on its toes, more fortunate than some other communities that've seen their papers kinda go downhill.

It wasn't a very good sign of things when the [Don] Reynolds people moved into the state, first by way of Las Vegas. They rather intended to control most of the newspapers of the state, if they could. They tried at one time to buy the *Elko Free Press*, and Sheerin and young Steninger would have no part of that. They had no use at all for the Reynolds crowd. But Reynolds did buy the papers there at Ely, and the two weekly papers in Fallon, and the paper there at Carson City. He made a very serious approach to try to buy the two Reno papers, and he was rather brusquely and rudely refused, as it were, although he certainly went to every limit that he could. But we just were not quite inclined to join that league, as it were.

The papers that he did get ahold of there, he pretty well ran to the ground. Look at Winnemucca. It was just about wiped out. The Ely paper is nothing to write home about any more. The Carson paper over there, about every time you turn around, it has a brand new editor that just can't seem to get along with Mr. Reynolds down there at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

But the little independently owned papers, they still kinda keep up the old-time standard of Nevada journalism, as it were. Jack McClosky down there, [laughing] ol' flannel mouth in Hawthorne, he runs a good paper. And the *Mason Valley News* is there with Walter Cox and Bob Sanford. They do a first-class job, too. Then the central Nevada newspapers have managed to save some of the old-time titles of papers around here and make an effort there to put out a semblance of papers covering those communities now, like Tonopah and Austin and Eureka, and two or three other points in there. Ira Jacobsen, the owner of it, I believe, at one time, was associated with E. L. Cord as, I believe, mining engineer. But doing the actual work on 'em is Gerald [A.] Roberts. He's another one of the University of Nevada journalism alumni that went back there to the home town in Tonopah, and he's living up to the old traditions of putting out a good newspaper, and a real good man, too.

And Tonopah, gee whiz, look at the papers they had once—the Tonopah Times, and the *Bonanza*, and some of the people—ol' Bill Booth and Frank Garside and John Martin. Then down there at Goldfield, the old *Tribune* down there, and the *Goldfield Sun* with irascible old L. C. Branson, [laughing] later known as "Coyote" Branson. He got, afterwards, in to the legislature there, and he was just raisin hell in all directions. He was particularly on the warpath against the

old U. S. Biological Survey. He insisted they were gettin' too much money to go around and trap all the wild animals and the coyotes and poison all of the rodents, and what not, and I think they finally got to callin' him "Coyote" Branson. And he used to just carry on there somethin' fierce in the legislature all the time on that subject. Well, the legislature couldn't do a damn thing about it. Of course, it was a federal bureau. But that didn't stop ol' Branson. He just had to be heard, and heard he was!

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Well, let's see, I was promoted to city editor. That came, of course, in 1939. And it was something of a radical change to be taken out of a very active assignment, off the street, and sittin' down at a desk all day long. That's almost a revolution, you know! I'd spent as much time out of the office as I had in the office as a reporter and photographer. Then suddenly, here I was, sitting there at a desk and herding everybody else out of the office.

But the first thing to do was to impress on those people what I expected from them as a reporting staff, and what sort of a paper we were going to have, and how I expected those people to work on it.

As an example there, why, we had the society page, for example. I had always regarded the society page as one of the most important parts of an evening paper, and up to that time, Joe McDonald's wife had been the society editor for quite some years before. She never came to the office. She did all her work at home, and Joe would come down in the morning with the copy in his pocket that she'd written at home - And then, as the telephone calls came in during the day, asking for the society editor, why, we might tell him to call up Mrs. McDonald. But if Joe heard

us do that, he said, “You take it. Don’t bother Leola at home.”

So by that time, I had acquired a new society editor. That was Alice Melarkey, who had some experience before, working on the old, old *Journal* for a good long while. And Alice, she knew about everybody in town (the main qualification for a good society editor, you might say—who was in, and who was beyond the pale). First thing I did was insisted that Alice was going to come down there to work in the office in the morning—all morning, about a half day, in the morning, and then go home. In the afternoon, she could kinda pick up on what went on around the town and take in her share of the parties that a society editor is supposed to do.

Well, that made a big difference, right off the bat, in the society coverage. We began to get that thing in right on time, and nothing held back for days. I wanted to get society in almost on the day it happened, you might say. And there, I ran into rather a problem there, something that I guess still goes on to this day. The *Journal* had always made a great big super splash on a Sunday of society news, great big spread. And a lot of fond and loving names around here just got in the habit of waiting for that Sunday *Journal* to make sure that their daughter’s wedding got a super play. Well, we finally got that thing halfway whipped, but never entirely. And I guess to this day, that still goes on. The *Journal* works most of the week to lay out that big Sunday spread, and it certainly is well read, because that’s one day of the week that Mama has time to sit down and really read a paper, is on Sunday morning.

I always figured the reading habits of people in a town like this about this way: when the morning paper comes along, why, Papa grabs it and scans it over his coffee, looks at the front page and the back page, and principally the sports, and then of f he

goes to work. Well, Mother isn’t goin’ to get very much of a chance to take a good look at that morning paper. She’s got to get Papa off to work and the kids off to school and her housework kinda halfway started. But when the evening paper comes, that’s goin’ to be a little different story. It’ll, we hope, get there just a little before dinner. Papa comes home, he’s goin’ to sit down and give it a pretty good goin’ over. The kids’re goin’ to come in and tear it halfway to pieces and scatter their favorite sections all over the house. Then, maybe after dinner, why, Papa might turn the television on and sit back to that. And the kids get off to bed, and then Mother’s goin’ to pick that paper up and she’s goin’ to go through it from one end to the other, page by page. And that is one reason that—for years and years—there was such a heavy volume of grocery ads in the *Gazette* on Thursday or Friday nights. It used to be on Friday. Now it’s on Thursday because payday doesn’t come on Saturday night any more. It comes on Friday night. And so all of the grocery bargains are advertised on Thursday night. (What used to be Saturday night’s shoppers have become Friday night’s shoppers. You just try to find a parking space in these supermarkets right now on Friday night.) But now, the effort is made to sell advertising coverage in both papers, and as a result, each one carries about an equal amount of that heavy grocery advertising. You pick up that paper on Wednesday night, and on Thursday morning, you know, you see page after page of the grocery ads, and then these big markets competing with each other. And good gosh almighty, [laughing] the more markets (that) come in, you might say, the fatter the papers seem to get.

There’s been a remarkable change over the years in the number of these great big chain outfits and supermarkets that have moved in here, where most of ’em, thirty, forty years

ago, were independently owned. There were very few of what you call chain outfits in those days, and they were on a rather modest scale. For example, the Sewells, most of their business was confined in Nevada and into a couple of states. The Skaggs outfit was here briefly, and Safeway was a fairly late corner into the thing. There was the old-time Piggly-Wiggly, which at one time had been a very famous food chain. And then as they came and went, then it was the local people that were the big market boys, the Conants, the Ring-Lees, the Washoe Market, for example. Then as the Sewells began to kinda pull in some of their operations, they became almost purely local. But now [laughing] good night, just look at 'em.

And, of course, along with 'em has come the rise of the shopping centers, and the end of old downtown Reno. That's been another phenomenon, I think, of the last twenty-five, thirty years, was that tremendous change in the city pattern. For old downtown, all of a sudden, just kinda died on the vine. And it made a problem for us in the coverage of news, too, where everything formerly was centered downtown within almost running distance of our office. See, we were next door there to the city hall and the police station, and just a couple of blocks away from the courthouse, and the federal building, and the state building (which in those days housed quite a few public offices). We could work out of there on foot, and did very little driving. The only time you needed a car was to go out and chase a fire engine or an ambulance.

We made a great effort there to cover this city like a book, as it were, in every little detail, and give as much attention, for instance, to what was going on in the YMCA and the YWCA, and the farm bureau, and the 4-H's, and so on, as we did what was goin' on over in the city hall or over in the courthouse.

Every little thing meant people. And after all, circulation is just nothing but people. They want to pick that paper up and know what they've been doing, and see their little story in there, and read what their friends have been doing, and see their friends' pictures in there, and their own pictures. We always tried to think of the coverage there in terms of the people that were goin' to read the paper.

We would lean over backwards there sometimes to, you might say, protect some of those people when they got into their troubles. They'd come around and give us the same old story, to "keep things out of the paper." Well, if they had a pretty good reason, generally we did. If there was a sensational headline one night, that might be forgotten by everybody else the next night, but the person involved might never be able to forget that episode, nor would his immediate friends. And we just never thought it was worthwhile to blow things up to such an extent and embarrass people. They'd come around and give us that old story. "Well, all right, we'll do it, but remember, this is the first time. The second time? don't come around. We'll let you off the hook the first time, but if there's a second time, you're goin' to get the business." We've kinda followed that out. Occasionally there was a second time. And we gave 'em the business.

And along with that, too, we had one rule that was carried in force for a long time. And that was that if anybody there on the paper, from the publishers on down to the latest apprentice, ever got himself in a jam, he's goin' to find his little account on page one, so that when somebody else came around and asked [us] to keep something out of the paper, we would say, "Well, we just can't do it for this reason or that," we didn't want 'em to point their finger and say, "Well, you did it for your boys." And so if any of 'em got into trouble, bing! There they were, on page one.

We had a good, substantial city force in those days, some very able people working on it, but one just didn't know that in a couple of years that thing was just goin' to blow sky high as the war came along. When that day came, I just never saw anything go as fast in my life. We went down every morning and just kinda looked around to see who was goin' to be there next. We just had a complete turnover, a hundred percent turnover during the war. Some of 'em came back afterwards, and some of 'em never came back, not that we lost any casualties, glory be, but they went of f into other fields. But we had organized a pretty good group there.

We had a sports editor there that we hired away from the University. He'd been the graduate manager. We did not put the heavy emphasis on sports that the *Journal* did. Our sports editor only worked a half a day as a sports editor. He worked in the morning and got the sports page out. Then in the afternoon, he went out, and he was just a reporter. (That's something that we had done for, oh, twenty-five or thirty years before.) He is presently a lieutenant colonel in the Marine Corps back in Washington, and no indication of comin' back here, although he's since become a lawyer and was admitted to the bar, but he's not about to come back, I guess.

Then another chap I hired kind of doubled up as a proofreader, handyman, and handled the state news as it came in, and spelled a mining editor every now and then, did everything else under the sun I might ask him to do. [laughing] And he went on later to be a Pulitzer Prizewinner, by golly.

As I said, we had a well-organized staff that worked very good together from there in 1939 until, well, 1942, when along came the war. And that just shot everything to pieces, [laughing] as it were. But then, in that time there, why, we'd run into some rather

hefty stories at the same time. Probably the biggest one of the political stories that came along there was the death of Key Pittman, just less than about a week after his election there, in 1940. And the death of a senator in a place like this is— my gosh almighty, it's just almost a three-ring circus. Everybody began to scramble for the flyin' trapeze, as it were. They put on a funeral there that—my gosh, it was reminiscent of a Roman procession. They bring out the band there to play the slow music, you know, with the muffled drums, and all of that sort of thing, and everybody lookin' sad as all get out, the big shots from Washington all on hand here, all tryin' to look solemn, and most of 'em figuring, "My Lord, wilt this thing ever end? I'd like to go get a drink." [Laughing] Some of 'em'd come in the office and say, "Now it's all over. Where can I go get a drink?" Well, we told 'em.

Then—the aftermath of that—there was the wildest scramble that ever was to get that appointment to the vacancy. Vail Pittman thought it belonged to him by right of inheritance. He came fuming in there from Ely, and he went over and he practically demanded that appointment from Carville. And Carville wasn't about to give it to him, [laughing] as it later developed. But Vail just insisted it belonged to him, it was part of the family's jewels, as it were, and it had to be handed to him. And, of course, there were Democrats on the loose all over the place, each one of 'em wantin' the job, includin' Jimmy Scrugham. That's where he set his sights years before. And then to have that thing drop—of all people, on a comparatively unknown, Berkeley Bunker.

That afternoon, after that appointment was announced, Vail Pittman came into the office there, and I never saw anybody as mad as he was. His face was just almost scarlet. And he sputtered as he [laughing] tried to talk,

and, "By God," says he, "it was sacrilege," says he, and a slur on the memory of his famous brother, by God, this, that, and the other. And he just carried on along that theme for a long while. I thought poor ol' Vail was just goin' to have a fit right in front of me. He finally cooled off. But he never did forget that. He swore up and down that it should have been his.

Well, I could understand that. I don't know how well you knew Vail Pittman, but he was a kind of a nice little fellow, not a strong man at all, that had grown up there in the constant shadow of a very famous brother. And he was just kinda 'way back there in the background. He'd made every effort to climb out of that shadow, as it were, the time he challenged Pat McCarran there for the nomination, and he came close, too. And then, as he got to be lieutenant governor, of course, that kind of put him in the position of being the Alexander Throttlebottom, particularly under a governor like Ted Carville. But he just sat back.

Poor Vail never got over that shock [laughing] of that thing. And a lot of other Democrats didn't, either. It was surprising, the number of 'em who thought they should have it. We used to have a great big long list of 'em once, but I can't quite remember all of their names any more. They'd all come in our office to see, "Well, have you got the word? Do you know what's goin' on?"

"No, we just don't know yet."

There were quite a number that were mentioned very prominently, like the fellows from southern Nevada, particularly Al Cahlan and Jim Cashman. Well, of course, Cahlan, he'd been national committeeman and state chairman, and so on, and kind of a big noise for a long time. But he just didn't have a prayer, not with Carville, because, see, they both stemmed originally out of Elko. Al Cahlan had worked out there on the old *Elko Free Press*. He got the paper into the damndest

libel suit that ever was, and a very costly one, too, and that was when old Steninger fired him. So he went down there to Las Vegas, and Carville knew something of the background on that thing, and he just [laughing] wanted no piece of Al Cahlan. 'Course, Cashman was a mighty powerful man, too. The woods were full of 'em down there around Vegas, and up around here. Well, in Elko, there was ol' Jack Robbins. He was another one of the old war-horses from 'way back.

And, of course, Jimmy Scrugham was always there in the forefront. But he just had to bide his time, which he did there (during] the time that Bunker filled out that unexpired term. Then he ran, and then here came Jimmy Scrugham, and he won that one. And there he was back there, right smack up against a man he just hated like poison. He hated McCarran, and McCarran hated him. It had been some time before that, I think, when Jimmy was still a congressman, and they'd had some kind of a Nevada Day celebration back there in Washington, gathered up all the various Nevada people working in the offices there, and, of course, the senators and congressmen. I don't know what led to what, but the next thing they knew, out here in the middle was Scrugham and McCarran swingin' at each other. I think it went to "no decision." [laughing] Probably each of 'em had had too many toasts, as it were. [laughing] Jimmy Scrugham was kind of a peppery character in his own right, and so was McCarran. McCarran was all ready for a fight.

Pat McCarran and Key Pittman had a famous rivalry, and I just don't know what, really, there was behind the thing there, other than that Pat never belonged to the same lodge, as it were. Pittman, of course, he'd built up his machine from away back there in the early 1900's, and he had some mighty powerful people there as the main gears. Of

course, Thatcher and Woodburn [were] the principal ones, [and] ol' Bob Douglass, for example. Pat had had that ambition he wanted to get up in the political world, and he never could quite get the blessings of that bunch. They just kinda turned him down all the time. And once he got in, he just never forgot those things. Like they always said of the old Bourbons, that they never forgot, and they never forgave. [laughing] That was Pat. He never forgave anybody, and he never forgot.

Then after Pat got into the Senate, then you might say that old feud became just that much more intense, as each one tried to build up his own machine here in the state at the expense of the other. Pat was determined that someday he was to be the kingfish. Well, he was. But as long as Pittman was in there, why, Pittman still had his storm troopers, and it was up to Pat to figure out how he could get some of those boys onto his side. That really didn't come about for—well, Pat finally had to go in and start making terms there with Thatcher and Woodburn and Bob Douglass. Their price there would be a veto on the U. S. judgeship when that had to be filled, come the retirement there of Frank Norcross.

Carville had more or less been promised that thing [judgeship] years before by McCarran, and the old machine was just plumb determined that Carville would be the last man that ever went in there. They had not forgotten or forgiven his prosecution there of the McKay-Graham case and the Baby Face Nelson harboring case.

And so for Pat to get the support of that crowd, he had to give them the veto. And the one they picked out there finally to be the judge was Roger Foley, who was about as inconsequential a character as you could possibly imagine, from down there in Vegas, although, from what the lawyers told me, he grew into the office and turned out to be a

pretty good judge. But he certainly didn't rate very high at that time.

See, when Scrugham died—that was about '45, I think it was—then again came that speculation: now, who's goin' to get the job? They just guessed all over the place, and they didn't guess that one right at all 'cause Carville took it, which I think was probably the biggest mistake that Ted Carville ever made, to engineer that thing to go in by the back door, as it were. He resigned as governor, and Vail Pittman stepped up to become the acting governor and appointed Carville to the Senate.

Well, that just left a bad taste in everyone's mouth. They just couldn't quite accept that one anywhere. Understandable. Although no one ever denied but what Carville was certainly fitted for the job and was one of the most able men in the whole state, that just wasn't the way to do it.

So when he came up to run again, why, he just had two strikes (against] him. And that was what let [George W.] Molly Malone in. You see, Berkeley Bunker decided he could take the comeback trail. And he, of all people, found that all of a sudden he was getting some support there from Pat McCarran, which he never imagined might ever happen, and then, of all people, Bob Douglass. Bunker had made a lot of threats against Douglass. He considered him a scoundrel and Lord knows what else, and never hesitated to say he was just goin' to hang his hide on the fence someday. And then in that campaign came one day when Douglass took Bunker into the Rotary Club and introduced him as the next senator. [laughing] Well, he wasn't. But it sure shook 'em up!

And came the election there, and in went Molly, something Molly had been aimin' for for twenty years, I guess, or more. He set his cap on the Senate, as, you might say,

something like Jimmy Scrugham had done. When Molly was made the state engineer in the Balzar administration, he made many trips back to Washington there in the interests of the Boulder Dam legislation. And it was back there where he got the idea he just wanted to go back there next as a senator. And I think even more important, his wife, Ruth, decided that she wanted to go back there as a senator's wife. You just had to know Ruth Malone to appreciate that. She made up her mind she was goin', and go she did.

Well, nobody ever had the remarkable luck, of course, that Molly Malone did have. He'd made a couple of runs for the Senate, and didn't make it. And then he made the damndest pitch anybody ever saw one year to become the National Commander of the American Legion. He had to go out and raise and borrow all sorts of money. It costs a fortune, you know, to run a campaign to be the chief of the Legion. That's one of the really big political jobs in the country. You've got to go all around and line yourself up with a bunch of delegate votes just like you were goin' to go back to a Republican national convention to get a nomination. I think somebody told me one time (might've been Molly, himself) that he shot somethin' like \$25,000 on that campaign, which he didn't have. Molly was never known to ever have [laughing] very much money or keep very much money. But he—I remember he mortgaged his house when he ran for the Senate that time there. At least he got in that time.

That kinda put ol' Berkeley Bunker into the eclipse after that. He just never tried anything in the comeback trail. He went back down to Las Vegas and began foolin' around with the family fortunes down there, and I guess is now one of the really substantial elements of that town down there. The Bunker brothers, with their real estate holdings, and

their mortuary business, which has come a long ways from the days when Berkeley ran a Texaco station down there and was elected to the legislature. Well, see, he was the speaker of the house at the time he was appointed to the Senate. Berkeley is kind of a nice sort of a cuss. I always liked him. And I think he's a pretty capable man, too, but he just managed to follow the wrong crowd that time. He got caught in the double-cross, because of the idea of that Pittman crowd takin' out and supporting him against Carville. And, of course, you can see the reason for that. They were still paying Carville back for what he'd done years before as a United States Attorney.

Well, that was, of course, the end of Carville's political career. He came back and settled down to his law practice there, and that's always a kind of a sorry sight, to see those fellows come back from Washington and don't know just where to land. Ted used to live down on Gordon Avenue, and every morning, he'd come walkin' past the house, and every evening he'd come walkin' past on the way home. Always declined a ride. He preferred to walk. And if I were out in front, in the evening he'd always stop and talk for a while. But to try to start himself all over again in a practice of law after he'd been so far removed from it in all those years as the district judge, district attorney, U. S. Attorney, governor, senator, and then to go back and try to set up a law practice, [laughing] it just isn't done. And I doubt if he had very much left in the way of any money. He just couldn't've had after all of those years and the expenses of a political campaign.

When old Tasker Oddie came back from Washington—there was another. Tasker just didn't have any money. He was just plain busted. And I think Carville was in just about the same shape there. The only thing, I think, that saved Tasker Oddie, I believe he had a

brother who had been rather successful and kind of took care of him down there in San Francisco. Tasker used to come up once in a while to kinda visit around with his old friends and look around and remark on how many of 'em weren't around any more. [laughing]

Not very many of those people ever came back from those jobs with any money. That's just no way to ever get rich. It may be for some of 'em—in fact, I've known and heard of some. But I know that Sam Arentz certainly came back from Washington poorer than when he went there. I don't know what Key Pittman [laughing] might have done. I never heard of any starvation diets goin' on there.

It always makes me think of the tales they told of that great and shining character up in Idaho by the name of William Borah. He was another great friend of the common man, and all this and that, and all of that sort of stuff. And like they always said, he stopped shooting when he saw the whites of their eyes. But after he died, they found, all over the country, safe deposit boxes with vast amounts of money, just plain cash several hundred thousand dollars that he just squirreled away. And all the time, he was just livin' in poverty and giving his all for the dear ol' state of Idaho.

But I think some of these others, they have been good, honest men, and they just came back busted. I think Caryule was a good example of that; I think Tasker Oddie was, and I think Sam Arentz was. I don't know about McCarran. Re was in pretty good shape, I think, to begin with. They still own a good deal of property around Reno. See, he did own that corner down there at Lake and First Street, where the new addition was put on the Bell Telephone building some years ago. And his old home there on Court Street, that's a rather valuable piece of property, come to think of it.

And I know Pat got that thing. That was one of the good stories they told about Pat, that when he had been asked one time by some lawyer somewhere else to represent a certain well-known client in a divorce action, well, he just made a kind of a wild guess, figured out it was about so much worth, but he didn't know how much worth, so he gave 'em a more or less reasonable figure. Then it turned out that [the] client was Mary Pickford, the number one name in the whole country at that time.

She was living down there in Genoa to establish her divorce residence. She had not completed that required six months by any means, when it just so happened that her husband, Owen Moore, and friends and witnesses all just happened to be fishing within the county down there on the Carson River. And along should come, I think, a deputy sheriff, or somebody, who just did happen to have the summons for that divorce action in his pocket, and so on, and served it. And since both parties were within the state and county at the same time, why, that kinda made it possible to go right on ahead without the six months running through. Well, then bang! went the divorce case.

Then the divorce was challenged by the attorney general, Leonard Fowler, who was very strongly opposed to divorce, on general principle. So he challenged that divorce. Well, then, Pat, of course, was still on the scene. This time, he was callin' the shots: Mary Pickford movin' into that house down there on Court Street, and that [house] became part of Pat's fee. He was able to set his own tee this time, without any go-between [laughing] somewhere. He won the case there in the courts, which everybody expected him to do, 'cause no one ever denied that he was one of the most able and brilliant lawyers that ever hit the scene. He was a very young man

when he was elected a justice of the [Nevada] Supreme Court. And there are lawyers who say that some of his works over there, to this day, are models. I ye heard that from many.

It was always kind of a treat to watch ol' Pat in court, too. He also made quite a mark as a criminal lawyer. I can remember covering one case there, and Pat was at his very best. He was involved with a half-caste Chinese gal from down the line who'd stuck a knife in her boyfriend, and Pat came in there as the attorney for the defense. And I guess he was just out of practice and wanted to get into his dramatics again. [laughing] He did! He went on to claim, oh, this poor little beaten-down lotus flower of the Orient, who'd been raised in a convent, and so on and so forth, and now, who knows, but if she comes out from under this blush, she may return to the friendly shadow of a convent, and so on. Oh, talk about your tear jerkers! He was the very best. Well, it worked. The jury acquitted her. And that night, so they tell me, she did not go back to the shelter of that convent. They held the damndest party there was in town [laughing] there in one of the old-time "houses.

But to see ol' Pat get up there and hear him orate, I'll tell you, it was something! I guess that oratory was still blossoming in great style when he got to the Senate, 'cause he wasn't in there very long until he violated all the rules that freshman senators should not be heard for a while. He barged right in there at the very beginning, and he held up one of the bills there for a long time, one of those early welfare and relief bills. And if I remember right, it was billions of dollars, which was just almost unheard of, in those early 1930's there. He was holding out there for the prevailing wage to be paid to these relief people. If they were goin' to go out on some kind of a job, they should be paid what would've been the prevailing wage for that kind of a job. Of

course, Pat was strictly making his big play then to the labor groups for that thing. He staged more or less of a one-man filibuster, and he held up the passage of that thing there for, oh, quite some time.

We used to get calls every morning from the old WPA and the PWA and the FERA, and so on, "Any word on the bill? Any word on the bill? Everybody wants his money." [laughing] Well, we didn't have it, "Nope, nothin' yet."

Well, finally Pat ran out of steam, I guess, or compromised the thing, which would be about more like it. Pat knew when it was time to quit and make a deal. And he did that all the way through there, like he traded off the Germans for the Spaniards there in those last years, when he wanted all of this full recognition and all sorts of help for Spain. That was the time when they wanted to admit all of these postwar refugees from Germany into this country, and Pat threatened to block that, and did pretty well until the administration and Congress all agreed to do this for Franco of Spain. And he got a great big fancy medal out of that thing [laughing] from the Spanish government.

But the power that man had! While Key Pittman had achieved power there as chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, it just never quite equaled the amount of—well, what you call today the "big juice" that McCarran had. Pittman was not an influential man, particularly, with the administration. He went along with 'em. Maybe that was where he made the mistake. McCarran wouldn't go along with 'em. He'd made himself the gadfly; therefore, they'd buy him off. Pat understood those tactics well. And anybody around these parts who was plumb objectionable and a gadfly to him, he just figured they wanted something.

I had a little experience on it once or twice when some of Pat's people came to me and

wanted to know what I wanted. I told 'em, hell, I didn't want anything. Well, they assumed—Pat assumed I did want something 'cause I was a constant critic of his. All right, I never admired him and let him know it. [laughing] But he just figured I wanted somethin'. And I suppose if I'd asked for a fancy job somewhere along the line, I'd've got it.

I saw Denver Dickerson pull that same trick on me, when Denver had that labor paper here. He just opened up on Pat constantly, all of the time, finally got what he wanted: a foreign service job. That was how he got over to Burma that time. He told me so. Well, I'd call that blackmail, myself. [laughing]

But I wasn't about to surrender to Pat. I had more fun shootin' at him. It was this problem of having too much power. I didn't like the way he was using it there. All I know, what he was tryin' to do was build up his own big political machine here in the state, and he just wanted to run everything. There was the time that he tried to raise a protest there with Harry Stewart over the possible appointment of a city councilman in the second ward, the appointment of a man that McCarran didn't like, and had the nerve to call up ol' Harry Stewart and tell him that. [laughing]

Well, old Harry Stewart wasn't a man you did that with. He was kind of a tough old buzzard in his own right. After all, Harry'd kinda been around a few places. In fact, he'd been over there so far back, he built the first streetcar line in the city of Seoul in Korea. And he wasn't about to have Pat McCarran step into his city and say, "You can't do this." [Laughing] No, that—not old Harry.

Of course, Pat had the nerve. That was one thing about him. He sure had that nerve. And some of the stories that are related about him in that book that I spoke of that his daughter ghost wrote, that *Once There Was a Nun*, well, she relates some of the things that he did in

behalf of his daughter, for example. He'd even get ahold of that cardinal back there in New York, and lay down the law, as it were, and apparently had some influence extending far enough to reach the Pope there in Rome. If there was a chance to wheedle power, Pat could find it and would take advantage of it somewhere.

And he certainly used it on people around here. There's a good many people that've felt the weight of his hand. I know one fellow, an advertising man, [who] was a good old-line, staunch Republican from way back when. Pat hired him to do an advertising job for him on a political campaign, and one of the things he insisted on, this man had to change his registration to Democratic, and furthermore, go out and actively campaign, which this fellow did for year after year. And another man, another good old time Republican, had run for office several times as a Republican, wanted an Annapolis appointment for his son. Well, Pat gave it to him, but under those conditions again, that, "you change your registration and you just go out from here on out, and you give your all for me." And he did. [laughing] Time and again, he [McCarran] used that.

And he certainly kept a lot of people under his thumb all of the time there. He had some around here that when he said, "Jump," they jumped clear over the fence. Ol' Pete Petersen was one of those, and certainly, ol' Joe McDonald was one of 'em. Joe used to sometimes—actually—make me feel like he was groveling in the presence of Pat. When Pat'd come swaggering [laughing] around there, God, Joe'd just bow and scrape all over the place. Of course, Joe was under considerable obligation there to Pat, too.

But once Pat got the hook on somebody, [laughing] he just never let 'em loose. And I think that when he finally checked off of

this mortal picture, there were vast sighs of relief all over the state. That was the end of an era, as it were. He was the last. As I thought at the time, and I think I wrote, that almost from the very beginning, Nevada had been represented in the Senate by a strong man, and that Pat McCarran certainly was perhaps the last of those strong men. And he was! He could take rank alongside of some of those former senators there, Stewart and Jones, and Newlands and Pittman, some of the others.

Of course, Oddie was never a very strong man. It just wasn't his personality to be that, although Oddie was a very important senator of this state in a good many ways. But he just didn't have that, you might say, firecracker characteristics about him. He was kind of a calm, peaceful sort of a pleasant cuss. Heck, everybody liked Tasker Oddie, but look at what he managed to do. The biggest thing that he did was the Oddie-Colton bill. With Representative Cobton of Utah there, they drew up that federal aid on highways. They just gave these western states their present high class road system, which they never in all the world could ever have accomplished. [They] did it by insisting on the principle that the federal government was going to have to pay for its share, as the biggest landlord in these Western states, and has given us eight-for-one in dollars up until along came this super highway thing. My gosh, nobody knows how that formula works out any more.

Oddie certainly had a great deal to do there with the Boulder Dam bill, the Swing-Johnson Act there, working with the California people. And he didn't have very much help in that from Pittman. Pittman just didn't seem to give a damn about that time. And Jim Scrugham, who had been at one time state engineer and later governor, got caught with some jam on his face about that time. During all of this agitation for the Swing-

Johnson bill, which was being opposed then by the National Electric Light Association, a big strong lobby outfit which was rather opposed to the government going into the power production on this vast scale, they'd paid Jimmy a rather inconsequential little fee to go out and make a speech somewhere [laughing] against the Boulder Dam thing. It wasn't very much—oh, just forty, fifty dollars, somethin' like that—just not even enough to get excited about, but he should've known better.

Then Oddie, of course, was one of the mainstays in getting the Hawthorne Naval Ammunition Depot. See, he was on the Naval Affairs Committee in the Senate. There was one huge naval arsenal back there in Lake Denmark, New Jersey, and the thing blew sky high back there in that thickly settled country there. I don't remember how many people it might've killed, or what the damage was, but it immediately started a movement to get such a thing out of that heavily settled part of the country and out here in the far west. Well, everybody jumped into the act. California, in particular, wanted the thing. They packed a good deal of juice, of course, in Congress there, principally old Hiram Johnson, for example. And it finally settled down there to where it looked like the choice would be between Nevada and California. The California side would've been Secret Valley, up there north of Susanville, between Susanville and Alturas. And the other suggested site was that present location down around Walker Lake and Hawthorne.

Well, they brought, oh, a whole bunch of admirals out here, and senators, and what not, and inspected both of the sites there. Then it got into that tug-of-war there, and California swore they were goin' to have it, but when the votes were counted, it went down here.

Another fellow that certainly carried the ball on that thing there was Sam Arentz, but the people on down that country forgot all about ol' Sam. What'd he get for that when he ran for reelection again? [laughing] They knocked him down.

* * * * *

Now, let's see. Norman Biltz came into prominence here back in the 1930's. He was quite the young man about town in those days—big, tall, handsome cuss, and he cut quite a swath. And then John Mueller, of course, was kind of an old-timer in that business—a lobbyist like the state hadn't seen, I guess, since back in the days of Black Wallace. He more or less served his apprenticeship over there in Carson City under my Uncle George, who sat over there year after year in that law office of his and was quite a power in politics. He was a very influential man as a lobbyist, quietly but effectively, and he worked with John there for a long time, and John worked with him. John represented what you now call "the establishment," the vested interests there, the mining men, the cattlemen, the utilities—all of those big things.

And Biltz, he began to come in as a sort of new blood in the effective line of things, bringing—money attracts money, as it were. He'd married into some wealth there. I think he and two or three others of those "boomers" type (I thought were boomers) were the ones that launched that campaign of the "one sound state." They published quite a number of tracts on that thing, scattered 'em all over the country to point out the advantage of Nevada as the tax shelter for the tax weary, and the one sound state—no corporation taxes, no income taxes, no sales tax, no anything.

And then, too, the contacts that he had made, he was able to talk a number of those people into coming out here and exploring some of these possibilities. I think [Max C.] Fleischmann very likely was attracted by that, and E. L. Cord. They moved in there, the big tax fugitives, and gosh, you know, really, nobody knows really how many there were because [most] of 'em lived rather quietly and didn't make a big fuss about things. Then every once in a while, we'd find out who some of 'em really were, much to our surprise. And, of course, right off the bat, they became powers in politics, Biltz in particular. He worked rather carefully there with Cord and Mueller and began to find himself called "The Duke of Nevada," I think it was. I think that was what Fortune magazine described him as in quite an elaborate article there at one time.

They had it tied in very carefully there with old Pat McCarran. They played ball with both sides. They knew, of course, that Pittman, Thatcher, Woodburn, Wingfield, and those people were big powers, but I think that Norman Biltz and those fellows began to see a sort of a setting sun for those elements there, and they were going to be in with the new day. They pretty well guessed that one about right, too.

Cord, of course, he wanted to be a kind of a power behind the throne, and succeeded in it fairly well. But one thing he wanted to do, he wanted to own a newspaper [laughing] in Reno. He didn't quite like the way we ran the newspapers in Reno, and he was goin' to start one here. So he spent quite a bit of money to hire an expert from the school of Journalism at Columbia University to come out here and make a survey of what it would require to establish a daily paper here in Reno, and so on, how much it'd cost, and what all was required.

Well, apparently, he gave some kind of an answer that more or less suited Cord, 'cause

then Cord went to the extent of advertising in the trade magazines, such as the Editor and Publisher, for a whole complete staff to operate a newspaper here in Reno. He got the thing written up there in several national magazines, that he was goin' to step into this field here.

Well, it just didn't go very much farther than that. That idea kinda glimmered out, and now Mr. Cord has gone into what I think is a probably more profitable business of television and radio. I don't think he realized, nor did some of these other critics of Reno newspapers realize, what it required to establish a newspaper in a community. You begin to run into millions of dollars, and it's goin' to be a long time before you come to a break-even point on those millions of dollars' investments. Mr. Cord probably figured he'd rather have some of his millions working and bringing in a good return rather than such a speculation of getting it back in a newspaper. And I doubt if his investment in the television and radio come to anywhere near the amount that would be required to set up a newspaper. Radio stations, you can—gosh, you can set them up in a room like this, and for about the cost of one good line casting machine. Nobody in his right mind would start a newspaper any more. [laughing] I wouldn't. I wouldn't even want one for a gift.

The ultimate effect of these people on Nevada politics, I think, was good. For years before that, why, they used to speak of—well, the type of people who were attracted here by our old divorce laws. And they said, "Well, what sort of people are we bringin' in here? What are they going to do to us? (They didn't hurt us a heck of a lot. If you look it all over there, some of our very best citizens came in by that route, came here for a divorce, and then stayed.) And certainly, I don't think that Mr. E. L. Cord has corrupted us to any great extent. He spent a great

deal of money in the development of that ranch property way down there in the southern part of the state, and he's taken some little interest, I believe, in mining, and then up here with radio and television. Look what Max Fleischmann did for us. If you look around, you'll find quite a few things that those other people have left for us around here. The University benefited to some extent from quite a number of those little gifts, which [is] more than some of our local people ever did. There was a time, you may recall, when George Wingfield was appointed a member of the University Board of Regents with the hope that he'd loosen up and give the University some millions of dollars. Well, he didn't, [laughing] knowing George anyhow. Most of our substantial gifts up there have come from outsiders, not from the local people—the Mackays, and look at that Travis, for example, Jot Travis. And Fleischmann, he just, in fact, overwhelmed them up there to the extent where, I think, some of his gifts are proving embarrassing. When you get all these great big fancy buildings, that's goin' to be an expense from there on out to maintain and equip 'em and to use properly. Well, they just may not have the money to, you might say, live on that ambitious a scale.

They certainly attracted a lot of people here. Biltz brought a lot of money into the ranching interests all through the state there. And Lake Tahoe—a good deal of that development up there around Incline, they were responsible for that, which, I believe, kinda cracked the old Hobart hold on things up there, and, in a way, rather weakened the Whittell hold on that Tahoe thing. Now, whether that's for good or bad, I don't know, when I look at the mess that's up there. [laughing] But it was Biltz and some of his friends there that had a good deal to do with that development up around Crystal Bay and up on top of the Mt. Rose road.

Now, you just don't hear much of Norman any more. He kinda stepped out of the picture, so it seems. Whether he still has that political swing, I don't know. I think he has. But he's got some good people working with him; he's got a good lobby man working over there in Carson City all the time. Wally Warren's his man.

Wally's a good lobbyist, too. I've always thought that good lobbyists are essential to good government. Now, that isn't true all the time, and a lot of people don't agree with me on that, but I think that the presence of those lobbyists is to kinda hold down some of the wild boys that the legislature manages to attract. And they do perform a service for the rest of the legislators; they can give 'em some help there on research, and help 'em work out the details of legislation that is needed on the basis of their long experience over there. The railroad men have always been good lobbyists. Ray Marks, he was a top man over there. He probably ranked about number two to John Mueller. Mueller was head and shoulders above 'em all. He was just the best of 'em all. And Marks's successor there was Oliver Thomas, Ollie Thomas. Ollie is now the chief tax expert for the SP down there in San Francisco, and spending a good deal of his time back in Washington. Marks, when he left here, became the assistant to the president of SP. The telephone company and the power company, they've always had good lobbyists over there.

A good lobbyist just doesn't go around with a bunch of bills stickin' out of his pocket and buyin' people. [Laughing] He just don't work that way. They're just there, quietly, and ready to give a little bit of advice. Then once in a while, when something touches their interest, they just move in very nicely and easily, and talk to the right people, as it were, and give their reasons, and, generally, their

reasons are pretty sound. They've had time to think the things out, and they're experts in their field. And certainly, the average member of the legislature isn't an expert in that field. And you have these fellows get in there and present their case, and they're not entirely selfish men. Most of 'em are thinking of the general welfare, as well. They're just plain, ordinary John Citizens like the rest of us.

And the legislators [are] willing to listen to people of reason. I found that out once or twice when I went over there to talk to some people about one or two things I might've had a little interest in. I found they were willing to listen. They might not agree with me; we might have to argue the thing a little bit, but they listened to my arguments, too, and I'd listen to theirs. Sometimes they were right, and sometimes I was right. But it takes all kinds to run a legislature. You just can't run it with so many senators and so many assemblymen, or a governor on top that's goin' to be tellin' 'em what he wants, or all of the bureaucrats around. In a way, the lobbyists are a pretty good cross section, as a rule, of your public. Most of 'em I've known are.

I've never seen any of 'em to work quite like Artie Samish is supposed to've worked. From what you read of that, Artie Samish was practically a legislature in California all by himself. But I've never seen any sign of that over here. Not even John Mueller at his best could've been an Artie Samish. There was just one thing—John wouldn't've done it. That just wasn't his style. And I don't think there's any of 'em over there that would go around there with a sack of money and pistol in the [laughing] other hand, or go around with the boast there of the famous Black Wallace, who said that had been "the best legislature that money could buy.

I remember, oh, a long time ago, when I used to write that "Story of the Files," of

"forty years ago," and so on. Oh, it was about the time I first started to work there, I guess. Anyhow, back there forty years ago, they spoke of, "C. C. 'Black' Wallace left on the morning V and T for Carson with a little black bag in his hand." [laughing] And when the end of the legislature came along, they ran a whole list of all the members of the legislature that had gone down to, say, San Francisco and Sacramento, and this and that, and got jobs with the Central Pacific Railroad. They don't play that way any more. Things've changed.

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Howard [Gray] was deputy attorney general at that time. (Now we're gettin' way back into Reno's wildest days again.) And there was a certain gentleman hangin' out around town by the name of Frank Frost, also known as Frankie Foster. He seemed to have something of a criminal record behind him back in New York and Chicago, and what not, and he'd been laying low in Reno. Well, he finally was traced out here, and was more or less connected up with a big jewelry robbery in New York City. So he was rounded up there by the police and the sheriff in a rather spectacular arrest one night and put in jail, and the effort made to extradite him.

Bill McKnight was his lawyer, and Ernest Brown was the district attorney. And so while they asked for the extradition there from Kirman, why, in the meantime, McKnight went into court here with a writ of habeas corpus action and got his man out on that thing. So then they held a hearing on that writ, whether it should be granted. And Howard Gray came over as deputy attorney general to assist Brown in resisting that writ there. And this fellow, Frankie Foster, was a little pale-faced, patent leather black hair, coal black eye type—he just looked like a had man.

You know, you've seen that type. In fact, he was at one time suspected of the murder of one Jake Tingle back in the Chicago gang war days. That was a rather spectacular murder case in those days.

So they went on, and they held a hearing there before Judge Moran, and they tried to establish an alibi for this fellow, that he'd been here, there, and some other place. And among his character witnesses were Mr. McKay and Mr. Graham, and others of their ilk. And then that brought the victim of this jewel robbery out here from New York, and he stood there and he identified this fellow, "That's the man."

Well, this Foster jumped up (like I say, a hard lookin' character), "Look me in the eye when you say that!"

Well, gee, the courtroom blew like that! [skyward gesture] Brown shot straight up out of his chair, and so did Gray there, with that wild look in his face. And the old judge, "Now, now, now, now, calm down," and so on. [laughing] Old Judge Curler was standing in the doorway and watching the performance, and I was right near there. Old Curler turned and said to me, "If that had happened in my court, the hearing would've ended right then and there, and that man would've been in jail."

And it dragged on there, and finally ol' Judge Moran ruled no, that he believed all the witnesses who had testified on behalf of Foster, and they were all honorable men, and so on. Therefore, he granted the writ.

Well, you never saw any wilder lawyer in all your life than Howard Gray. And Howard remembers it to this day. We speak of it every now and then when we get to reminiscin' over some old times there. That Foster, he stayed around here pretty close after that. He never did leave the state, that anybody ever knew of. He was around the Reno joints, around Cal Neva. But he had that hard, cold look about him. That may have been deceiving, but that's

the way he [laughing] looked to me. He wasn't anybody I'd want to be very friendly with.

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I never did cover the legislature. That's something I never did do. We always sent someone over there to Carson City. He'd go over there a week before the session opened, and he'd live there. Then he'd come back maybe a week afterward. It took him that long to clean up the pieces, and so on, get it all back. Now, I was always working inside during that time, and we used to send over one man who was our telegraph editor, Frank Helmick. He got to be the old-timer at the legislature. And so I would take over his job. I mean, I was handling all the wire news, makeup work at that time, so I didn't get very close to anybody in the legislature. It's only been in the last few years I sneak over once in a while, and kinda watch the fun. And now they've got that beautiful palace over there, I get lost in it.

THE GAZETTE'S WARTIME PROBLEMS

I guess you might say the war started for the *Gazette* staff, as far as r was concerned, the day after Pearl Harbor, when one of our best men walked back in the office about nine o'clock, after leaving on his beat about eight o'clock, and said, "I am an enlisted marine." And from there on out, in the next couple of years, it was just one, two, three after another, off those people went to the service. And the question of trying to maintain a staff, well, it was almost a case of "get a warm body" sometimes there. It was almost a complete turnover in those war years. I think by the time the war ended, there was only one man left on the staff that had been there at the beginning. Everybody else had come or gone.

Some of 'em came and went awful fast 'cause we picked up anything that walked in and tried 'em for a while, and threw 'em out the next day. [laughing] We certainly had some incompetents that flew in there, and some very good people, too.

And, of course, the war was the principal topic of news, and its effect on even the local situation around here. It certainly changed the complexion of the town overnight. The biggest scramble, of course, was among the politicians, to see what economic benefits we could bring into Reno. And that was a case of competing with every other congressman, particularly the Southern congressmen. (Democrats for years had been able to get the lion's share of military installations in their states.) It was a big contest to see who could get something for Nevada. It was mainly between Jim Scrugham and Pat McCarran. Key Pittman, of course, was out of the picture by that time, and Bunker didn't have enough horsepower, as it were, to do any good. We wanted something right here in Reno, and the air base was the answer there—the Reno Army Air Base. Jim Scrugham claimed all the credit for it, so did Pat McCarran. I don't know who—you'd probably have to flip a coin to decide who really was entitled to it.

When it was put in there, why, it was apparent that it was just kind of given as a sop there to one of those congressmen or senators, and didn't know exactly what to do with it. At first, the base was occupied by chemical warfare groups that used it for some kind of better training. Then, I believe, a Signal Corps outfit began to come in there. Finally, it was turned over there to the Air Corps, I guess that was, the U. S. Army Air Corps, to be used as a training base for the pilots who were going to fly the transports, particularly over the hump (the Burma Road route), although some of them later went from there to flying—well,

just nearly any direction you might mention. Quite a number of 'em were flying down to South America, and Brazil to Africa. But most of 'em were being trained to fly over the most difficult terrain, which was to put 'em in shape to fly over the Himalayas—the China-Burma India route, C-B-I.

Once the air base was in here, then we began to get a little bit of a taste of wartime law, as it were. You see, Reno, here, was part of that Western Defense Command, or the Western Sea Frontier, and it was under the command, I believe, of a General [John L.] De Witt. He began to lay down laws and rules that didn't apply to the rest of the country, such things as closing hours on the saloons, and hours when you could sell liquor to the soldiers and sailors, and ordering the closing down, too, of the whorehouses in Reno.

Apparently, that didn't quite extend much there beyond Reno, because it seemed that Winnemucca, for example, was wide open, and it seemed that some of these fly boys, on their exercises, would get that tar out, then have to land there [laughing] before they could come back. I recall one time when a fellow went whizzin' right down in one of those little fighter planes, right down the main Street, in between all the buildings there, and took out about half of the power lines and telephone lines. [laughing]

And certainly, we felt the, you might say, heavy hand of the military there. The police department here found out that it was being joined in by the military police, and in some cases, the Navy with the shore patrols, too—to try to handle these servicemen who flocked in here whenever they had the chance, coming up from some of those California bases, [and] coming down from Stead Air Base, and then later, as Fallon was set up there, with its Navy station, Tonopah, with its bombing base, Hawthorne, with its sailors and marines. So

we certainly did have a flack of 'em around here, and it was quite a problem as to what to do with 'em. The police weren't too sure how far they could go in handling these servicemen, and so they depended upon the military authority to kinda back 'em up. And they did a pretty good job. We didn't have any of these riots around here that they had in other cities. And one thing we didn't have, either, was that clash there between civilians and the zoot-suiters and the military. We hadn't quite got to the zoot suit stage yet. That came out of southern California, of course, out of Los Angeles and San Diego, where the zoot-suiters were mainly the Mexicans, Mexican-Americans. And they'd tangle up there with the soldiers, I guess, in royal style. But once in a while we'd get a few of 'em in here, the zoot-suiters, pachucos, as they called them sometimes. But on the main there, why, they kept things in pretty good order.

I remember one of the biggest problems we began to run into on the newspaper in handling these things was the question of censorship. There was no direct censorship, as such, but what they had set up there [was] a bureau of censorship in Washington, under Byron Price, who was the head man of the Associated Press. And there were certain rules established there to be followed more or less voluntarily. We all knew what they were, and some of 'em didn't exactly make sense, a little bit on the ridiculous side. But we still had to live up to 'em.

As an example, we had to be very careful in reporting the weather. For instance, if it'd been snowing here, we couldn't say it snowed for two days afterwards. And I think there was a twelve-hour delay in some other weather conditions, which would keep those Japs from knowin' what was goin' on. Although certainly, with the Japanese occupying the Aleutian Islands at that time, and being right

in the path of the storms that came down over this country, they certainly had a pretty good idea of what was going on.

And you'd come to the question of the draft calls every month. We had two draft boards in Reno. Of course, each one made its calls. We couldn't say how many people had been called by each board, but we could run all their names. Apparently, nobody could count very far, or they ran out of fingers and toes, I guess. So we'd say, "Draft Board number one and number two called the following people to report on such-and-such a [date]." Here'd come the names. [laughing] All you had to do was just—[counting gesture]. But we couldn't say, "So many hundred people were called." Huh uh, nothin' doin'. That's givin' vital information to the enemy.

Airplane accidents began to be a problem for us with so much aviation activity around this state, with the air base out here, and then, of course, the various training layouts in California all working out over Nevada, and the bombing range down there at Tonopah, that gunnery range. We could report There'd been many crashes, but we couldn't say how many. We were doin' a separate story on each one of 'em, put 'em on all the same page, and all [laughing] you had to do was count 'em up again.

Then there was one thing there that gave us considerable concern. That was one of those cases where the military said, "You can't do it." That was on the subject of the Japanese fire bombs, those balloon bombs that were released apparently from somewhere in Japan, or out in the ocean, or from up in the Aleutians, perhaps, huge paper balloons carrying fire bombs and explosive bombs. They were to follow the prevailing winds and to come down into this country and supposedly set fire in the

forests. That was the main focus of those things. And we couldn't mention 'em one way or the other.

Well, one of the things came down into the main street of Santa Rosa and blew up and damaged several buildings. Nobody could mention the thing one bit. One of 'em drifted down out over Ely at one time. The sheriff got all worked up, called me up to tell me all about it. And he was quite perturbed because I couldn't put the thing in the paper. He'd run it down to where it came down to earth, and so on, and he wanted to get his name in as a great hero, but—[shakes his head "no"]. One of 'em came over, swung around over Reno one time, and it was pursued by planes from the air base and shot down out over the open country out here; Then later, toward the end of the war, there was one of those things that was found in the woods up near Klamath Falls by a group of children on a Sunday school picnic. They, of course, like little kids do, fooled around with the thing, and it exploded and killed something like five of 'em. But there'd been no way of ever giving a warning to watch out for such things as that.

Well, that made censorship slightly ridiculous, as it were. We stayed with it the best we could, but it was pretty difficult. And when you had these military crashes, you might say there was a crash, but you couldn't say who the victims were until the next of kin had been notified. And sometimes, that might just take a week. Of course, there was some reason for that. They didn't want to let that thing out and bring distress to families reading it in the paper. And we'd had that experience here of our own when one young chap was killed in a training crash down by Salinas, and his name was made available to us. We called up his family to verify certain facts, and Lord, that was the first they'd heard of it! And you can imagine what happened

there. We didn't want to go through that experience any more.

Then they dedicated Reno Army Air Base to be used for the Air Corps, they held all sorts of maneuvers and demonstrations, and what not, that afternoon. One fellow in one of these fighter planes, he got whoopin' all around, and off he went and crashed, right out in full sight of everybody out there. And we couldn't say a doggone word about it in the paper that day, until the authorities got around to telling us about it. But we played ball as best we could with those censors—with the military people. We knew the basic principle there, but the people who were administering it, they just, sometimes, couldn't realize what they were up against, and what we were up against, either. The censorship officer in some air base, or a public relations man, why, he might've been a schoolteacher, or Lord knows what, in public life. We'd wrestle around with him, but we'd get nowhere. Sometimes I just wanted to take a ball bat to some of 'em there to try to pound a little sense into 'em.

Along toward the end of the war, instead of the military coming around, the FBI came to us one time, and they told us this: "We ask you, if anything comes along mentioning any activity, for instance, at Los Alamos, or at Richland, Washington, we just ask you not to print anything about it." They said, "We can't tell you why, but just don't. We don't want you to do it."

Well, we knew there was something in the wind we didn't [know], and we found out afterwards what it was. There was the atomic bomb, you might say, right near us, but they just asked us, "Please don't." We played ball with 'em, and I don't think anybody ever broke the secret. When that first atomic bomb test took place at Los Alamos, there was a story came on the wire from various points all around there, of the tremendous explosion

and flash, and so on, that had been observed from all over. Then one paper, one wire service after another, would send it, and we began to wonder, "Well, now, what's this we don't know? We'll wait and see what it adds up to, and somewhere along the line, somebody's going to send us a story."

And there it came. Took us a long time to find out what that was, too.

But the military, at least it tried to play good, fair ball with us, as it were. And we tried to do the same with them, although we would run into those rather exasperating situations every now and then. But on the whole, the people, for instance, at the air base out here were pretty cooperative, and the same with the naval people down there at Hawthorne, and people down here at Fallon at the naval air station, and at the Sierra Ordnance Depot up there at Herlong. They went out of their way to try to be cooperative, and they would ask a group of us to come around every once in a while, and they would show us what they could show us, and explain what they could, and we knew that they had their problems. If something came along we wanted information or advice, we could get it from them. And so censorship was really no hardship, although, as I say, it was rather exasperating at times. And some of it seemed to be slightly picayunish, like 'leavin' the enemy to count the draft list, [laughing] and the air crashes, and to discover that in twenty-four hours or forty-eight hours previously, it'd been snowing in Reno.

One of the big stories was rationing of various commodities, tires and gasoline, and all this sort of thing. There were many lists of people printed who had got tires, and automobiles, and bicycles. They were supposed to tell us who got all of those things, and we'd run 'em, mainly for the purpose of shakin' up our readers, and they'd say, "How did that so-and-so get in on it?" There was a

great deal of dissatisfaction, of course, with that rationing thing, as to who could get these things. It was right apparent that some of 'em were really stretching the point, to get a brand new automobile. Well, nobody could get a car, outside of—oh, I believe a doctor or a preacher could get a new car, and that was just about it. And tires—well, new tires, they just weren't to be had. If you were fortunate, you could buy recaps, and hope the doggone things didn't peel off on the first hundred miles. And the gas rationing was the hardest thing of all there, with the "A" cards allowing you so many gallons in a month (I don't remember how many now), and then the "B" card, and then the "C" card, and so on. Those that claimed to be working in the war effort or important to the war effort were able to get the "B" and the "C" cards, and the rest of us got by with "A" cards, not that there wasn't a little black marketing goin' on around. If you knew the right fella, he could sneak you a few gas coupons. And the same with the food rationing there, sugar, and the main thing was to get butter in those days. If you didn't like oleo, well, you were just kind of out of luck. You'd get so much butter.

There was a black market around here. There's bound to be, wherever you're anywhere near a fanning community. There was one fellow let me in on one of 'em here. Every Friday, I'd go across the street to that old Alpine saloon and flip four bits on the bar, and the fellow would reach into the icebox and give me a pound of butter. That went on for quite a while, and then one day he said, "Well, it's all over." I never did find out why. I think it came from Carson Valley. But gee, it was nice to get that butter [laughing] every now and then. And coffee, of course, and sugar—all those things were rationed. And there was a very lively black market around the town, and some of our most prominent citizens were

reputed to be rather deeply involved in that. I knew of some of 'em, like—well, it was like almost goin' back to Prohibition days, you might say. Maybe some of Reno's fortunes today are based on some black marketing activity back there in the early 1940's. know of one or two of 'em.

And all of these government bureaus, they just multiplied there during the war, these alphabetical agencies, until you could hardly keep track of 'em, and you never knew exactly what authority they had. That was the worst part of it. They'd come around and tell you to do this, and don't do that, and we'd say, "Yes, yes, yes." [laughing]

The OPA—of course, that was that price thing. They gave me a little bad time on a personal end of things. The OPA had rented quarters from my brother and I in a downtown building that was formerly occupied there by Scott Motors. Since Mr. Scott didn't have any automobiles for sale, why, he didn't need the building, and so we rented some of those quarters there to the OPA. And there was the trouble there, when you're dealing with the federal government. Sometimes it might be three or four months before we'd get the rent in. Well, we'd go to see. "Well, it's bein' processed." You'd run into that. And one gal got a job in there, and she put herself a desk right smack in front of a plate glass window there. This was in wintertime. Then she began to complain she was just freezin' to death, and the heating wasn't adequate. Well, we knew damn well we had the best furnace in that place money could buy 'cause the building was comparatively new. We'd go down there and find out, my Lord, seventy degrees all the way around the place, but if you get right smack up against the window, get that radiation away from there, you're goin' to freeze to death.

She kept yappin' at me, and I told her one time, "Damn it all, if you'd just go buy

yourself some woolly underwear and put on some woolly socks, you wouldn't be freezin' to death." Well, she got mad, and she brought up some people from the San Francisco office, and they made quite a fancy survey of the heating situation and recommended that we put in several thousand dollars worth of additional heating equipment to keep her warm. We just told 'em we just weren't about to do that, and she finally got mad and quit [laughing], fortunately.

They had the damndest type of bureaucrats to deal with in some of these war agencies there, and that OPA just seems to attract quite a number of those people, "Meddlesome Matties," I called 'em.

Did I ever hear of any artificial shortages? No, I never ran into anything like that, never heard of anything like that around here. They all tried to stay as close as they could within the rationing idea. The merchants, the markets, the retailers, the wholesalers, and the public—they all played good ball, as it were. About the only thing that, you might say, disturbed a lot of us was in the luxury department—the shortage of cigarettes and good whiskey. They were putting out some fearful stuff they called liquor in those days. When we'd kick about it, they'd inform us that all of our heroes overseas were getting it. And some of our heroes overseas that I talked to swore they'd never got any liquor, [laughing] for that matter.

One fellow from Washington was telling me of some of his experience in that line. He'd been a counsel for a Senate committee looking into the alcohol situation, both drinking and industrial. He sent me, oh, quite a number of reports on the hearings that were held, and some were particularly in the drinking department there. Some of the stuff that was put out and described as whiskey was made out of the damndest ingredients you ever

did hear of, like cull figs selling for a fancy tonnage price in California, and sugar cane refuse down in the South—distilled into alcohol and flavored up with whiskey and sold to us at all sorts of fancy prices. Well, maybe we should've gone on the wagon and saved ourselves. But we didn't. Or quit smokin'. But we didn't. [laughing] And that was when blended whiskey began to get into the market.

You see, under the OPA and the price regulation, why, all things were supposed to remain the same—same price and same package. But they could change the package and change the label and change the contents, and then whang! up went the price. Well, good whiskey—good, straight whiskey used to be selling (at) around two or three dollars a quart. They began to thin out that stuff with other alcohols and green whiskeys and call it a blend, and then they put it in a bottle with a different label, the bottle holding only one fifth, and jacked the price up accordingly. And it was that packaging and labeling thing that enabled some of 'em to get around the restrictions laid down there by the OPA.

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Politics was a little bit nonexistent, almost. The city politics there, in the wartime—that brought Harry Stewart back into the city hall after an absence of a good many years. And on the state level, why, of course, the thing had kinda gone on along there just about the same in Carson City until came the death, there, of Jim Scrugham in that last war year—late in 1945. Then, of course, that just threw state politics into a pinwheel when Ted Carville appointed himself (as it were, took the back door route) into the Senate. Of course, that brought Vail Pittman into Carson City, and it meant quite a change there in Carson City because Vail brought in quite a number of

his own people into those state positions there. Most of those people were more or less opposed to the old-time Carville people. And a good many of those old Carville people had also, at one time, been more or less McCarran people. And Pittman in there meant a return of the old-time Thatcher-Woodburn— Bob Douglass group. And then when Vail was able to get himself elected in his own right, why, then he did begin to bring 'em in. He put some rare birds in there.

Vail was basically a good man, but he was weak. Vail just didn't have—he wasn't what I would call a strong character. In fact, a nickname around the place for Vail was "Frail Vail." [laughing] He was a pleasant little fella, made every effort to get along, but he just didn't have the strength. He surrounded himself with a bunch of people more intent on building themselves up and gaining personal advantage. He did have one good adviser, and that was old Gilbert Ross. Gilbert Ross was an old-time politician from way, way back. He knew politics inside and out, all the way around. And I've always thought that every governor needs somebody like that, a fellow kinda in the background there, to steer him straight. He died later, and that left Vail at the mercy of some of those other people he'd put in office, like, for instance, the Eppersons, and Dickersons, and some of those fellows.

But Carville, he didn't have an adviser as such. He really didn't need one. He was a master politician in his own right. Then later came Charlie Russell in as governor. He had two or three rather wise old people to kinda steer him straight. One was his uncle, ol' George Russell, old time Elko politician, and one-time state treasurer, very active in politics for years, and then his father-in-law, ol' Judge Guild. They could kinda get told of Charlie, say, "Well, now, wait a minute, Charlie. You ought to look at this a second time. Let's look

at this part of it." And a fellow without that kind of advice, he's just headed for trouble.

Vail, you might say, lost that steering wheel when Gilbert Ross died. After that, he got to be kind of easy to take on, [laughing] easy to beat, too. And he was beat. Vail never quite understood just how and why he could be beat. He just thought he had done a top-notch job, and he took personally any criticism leveled at him. He used to come around and moan at me every once in a while, why did I pick on him? [laughing] Well, I'd tell him, "Look, Vail. I don't mean anything personal by this. This is politics."

Aw, he couldn't understand that, "I've done a good job. Nobody loves me," and all that sort of thing. I don't think Vail ever did quite forgive me. [laughing] He thought, "Well, [we're] old-timers, we've been around a long time, we've both been newspaper people, and I deserve sympathy."

And I said, "You'll get sympathy when you do the right thing."

But you just couldn't talk sense, as it were, to Vail. He just thought he was right all of the time. And he did make the effort, but damn it, he just didn't have the steam. Vail had never forgotten, either, that he was the brother of Key, and that there was a certain amount of political talent and glory that belonged to the family of Pittman. But the trouble is, he was a pale shadow of that famous brother. Political talent isn't something that you get by inheritance, either. Just for example, look at George Wingfield.

George had a brother around Reno for years, Sam Wingfield. Ever hear of him? Well, Sam worked down at the Bank Club. He was a very unprepossessing sort of a fellow, no personality to him at all, and certainly, no special ability at all. I always kinda looked at that as something like the term they use for racehorses, when along comes a sport,

one that's far beyond every (other] but that never breeds true, and it doesn't show up in the family strain later on. That certainly was the case there of the Wingfield brothers, Sam and George. I don't think very many people around Reno even remember old Sam Wingfield again. I used to see him walk downtown nearly every day on his way up to the Bank Club. He walked past the office and [I'd] speak to him, and sometimes he'd speak back. [laughing] A quiet sort of a fellow, never made any effort to capitalize upon his relationship there with George, either, just satisfied to stay where he was.

The Nevada legislature, during the war—well, actually, there wasn't very much that they could do there, except save their money. There was no reason they could go out here and build marble palaces, although they wanted to, or build any more highways. Materials and manpower was scarce. The only thing they could do there was something contributing to war effort, and on the state level, very little they could do. So the best they could do was save their money and then began to talk about the grandiose plans, that when the war was all over, we'll cut loose on the damndest spree that ever was.

Well, when the war was over, you might say they went into a sort of a hangover period, and they just didn't know what to do with it. And so, really, nothing was done. There was no solid plans for reorganization of civilian activities should the war end. They just didn't have anything in their mind on that, what they were to do with the people coming back out of the service. I don't think they had any real good notions of that. They just thought, "Well, we'll take care of things when they come. We'll see what we have to do, and then do it." That's about what they did, too. [laughing]

Charlie Russell really didn't stay in congress long enough to amount to anything.

A two-term congressman just doesn't have very much to go with him there. The only thing that counts in Congress is seniority. Two terms and four years, that's just nothing in the house, when it's measured up against forty-odd years from some of those old-timers in there. Charlie could have made a good go of it, but he didn't—never had the chance there. He'd had, you might say, good training in the legislature, and he would've made it, but it takes a while for a congressman to find out what he's supposed to do back there, and four years just isn't enough.

I don't think that his vote on the Taft-Hartley bill defeated him for reelection. I don't think that any votes on that Taft-Hartley bill ever really hurt any politician. George Malone voted against it, and I asked him why. George said he voted against it because he thought the Taft Hartley bill was not strong enough, didn't go far enough in bringing some measure of control over runaway labor. He said it was merely just adding some soft soap to that old Wagner Labor Act. That didn't hurt Molly one bit one way or the other 'cause Molly never had the support of labor, although he worked for it. But he never quite got it. Lord knows, he worked hard enough for it, and he was one of the best politicians for workin' that way I ever saw.

On one of his campaigns there, why, the whole Republican troupe went down to Vegas for a great big rally. And there was to be this big powwow down in some downtown spot, and came the rally, no Molly. Looked around, no Molly. They went on ahead and had the rally, and everybody else made a speech. Finally, about four a.m. or five a.m., here came Molly. Where'd he been? Well, he went down there to the railroad shops at the division point. Every train that came in and stopped, changed its crew there, from east to west, Molly was there to meet it and talk to

everybody on the train crew. He went where the votes were. And these other people—as Molly says, “I know when you got a rally who’s goin’ to be there. They’re all Republicans, and I know how they’re goin’ to vote. And I’m goin’ down there where I think I can get these votes.”

He did get quite a few of ‘em by pulling a thing like that. Molly was. a good politician. He’d seen some masters work in his time, as it were. After all, he’d taken lessons, you might say, by watching somebody like ol’ Jim Scrugham work. And he’d heard the stories of Tasker Oddie in his early days, where you just go out where the votes are. You just don’t wait for them to come around to you and then you make ‘em a nice speech. Molly’d go out here on the road, and (if] a little road went up this way off the main highway, he followed it up to the end to see what was there, and who was there. And, of course, as state engineer, Molly had got a very wide acquaintance of people all over the state, and particularly the northern part, when he was deeply involved there in straightening out the affairs of the Humboldt River waters. And he certainly knew how to get out and campaign. And nobody ever played with any more luck than Molly did, too, in his campaigning, because that first time he was elected to the senate, why, he got in there on that split there over Caryule, and then, the second time, that once-in-a-thousand years affair with Tom Mechling. And that, I believe, was a special chapter in Nevada politics, if ever there was. I don’t ever expect to see the like of that again, although it was fun while it lasted.

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The early phases of gambling control right after the war—well, I’d like to talk about it as best I can. I’m not an authority in that field, you might say. But it was apparent that there

was going to have to be some new form of control and a little more of a degree of order put into the gambling picture here in the state when the war ended. Before that, the gambling control had “just growed, like Topsy,” and mainly in the hands of the local communities, the counties, and the state, to some extent. Probably one reason that they had to see what could be done on a state level was the sudden mushrooming of Las Vegas after the war there. Every time you turned around, here were brand new places downtown, and then finally, the first movements out there on the highway onto what was to become the Strip. That put a brand new approach there to gambling in Nevada. Before that, it had been pretty well in the northern Nevada picture, as it were, Reno and a little bit of Lake Tahoe. But then, Las Vegas showed that something new had been added.

Then, the legislature kicked the thing around a little bit. The first big effort, I think, came there during the Russell administration, where the state was going to move into this thing there and be the overall boss, instead of having the authority split up among the counties and the cities, and what not. And too, the state decided, “Now, here, we’ve got to get some more money somewhere along the line. There’s no point in seem’ the cities and the counties get all this big fat revenue. Let’s us get in on the thing and make the state the principal partner in gambling.” That was what they were intending to do, and what they achieved, and where it is today. The state is number one partner in gambling, the silent partner, and the one, too, with all the horses.

And then, too, they began to realize that there’d been too much of this sinister influence beginning to move into the state from the East and the South, and certainly wasn’t helping our beloved image any, as a nice, clean place where you could come

out and enjoy nice, clean fun without bein' menaced by these thugs out of [laughing] Lord knows where. Certainly they had moved in there, and with that more or less free and easy system of licensing, why, it invited those elements here. These people who had made millions of dollars in every kind of an illegal and illicit enterprise you could think of all over the country were moving into, principally, Las Vegas, and to some extent, the Reno area and around Lake Tahoe there. And then they could set themselves up as nice, clean respectable people and get a Nevada gambling license, and, you might say, become naturalized. And first thing we knew, we began to have elements there of some of the most vicious gangs in the country in New York and down South, and Chicago (the Purple Gang, for example), and elements of the Mafia, and tie-ups there with some of the public enemies number one around here.

I'm just tryin' to think who some of those characters were around here. Mr. [Lincoln] Fitzgerald did not have a very good reputation when he came in here from Detroit, I believe. And the Sahati brothers, up there at Stateline, were regarded as rather unpleasant customers to have around here. They kinda disappeared from the scene, but not until that element up there around Stateline—well, that began to look kinda like little Cicero [laughing] for a while in there. The Sahatis, well, I don't know whether they sold out, or just vanished off the scene, or what, but in their place, that was when we began to find Mr. (William) Harrah begin to move up there to the Stateline area. And Harvey [Gross] there, across the highway, you might say put a little decency into the area there.

Of course, that was the strategic spot there. To just say, "Look, we're right here on the state line," and they could kinda try to conjure up a little of the glory that used

to belong to Cal Neva, with the state line running right down through the middle of the big dance floor there, and you could hop back and forth, [laughing] from state to state. Although it was never carried to such an extent, nonetheless it was a strategic location for that kind of a business, and now look what you've got up there. The Sahatis' State Line was just a little small place there, looked like a fire trap, built mainly out of wood, then a little hot dog stand there across the street with a few slot machines in it by Mr. Harvey Gross, and now, by golly, it looks like Miami Beach transplanted into the mountains out there [laughing] with touches of the Las Vegas Strip.

Of course, gambling then was beginning to move into the spectacular stage, too, particularly in Las Vegas down there with the Strip. These multimillion dollar places began to come up, God, just one right after another. I don't even know how many there are any more, but it seems mile after mile of the most gorgeous displays of neon that anybody ever dreamed of. The first time I was down there, I think I went out there once to one place, I believe that was the old El Rancho. It was the only place on the Strip (to be the Strip), and that was just about a year or two after the war. Then—here they came, one after another.

And along with it (came) more of those elements there that the state was intending to keep out. Probably the most notorious of 'em all was Bugsy Siegel. He never really got himself well established 'til he met an untimely end down there in his girl friend's front room. But they brought in some others there that were not too well liked. Mr. Benny Binion wasn't exactly welcome down in there, and then that one chap, what was his name? Old Herb Noble, I think, that got himself blown up at his own mailbox back down in the South. And then that couple from down in there that had their throats neatly cut down in Phoenix. And

apparently, they were all following that old time rule pretty well laid down in Reno's wild and woolly days: "Don't ever do your dirty work in Nevada. Do it somewhere else."

So they did that to Benny Binion, they did that to this fellow Noble, and they did it to a couple down there, a man and his wife, in Phoenix, and one or two others from around here. There was one fellow from up around Lake Tahoe that vanished. Nobody ever heard of "Russian Louie" [Strauss] again. So we just generally surmised that maybe that old rule was still bein' followed.

The state did take seriously the necessity to clean up the gambling picture there, and to appoint state boards with enough authority to get in there and put the bite on these people, to deny them the license, and to police the industry there and compel 'em to clean up. That was pretty well established and started there under the Russell administration. And it was carried on there again in the following administration. Ed Olsen came into the picture there, and Ed was a remarkable man to ever put in there. He, as much as anybody, I believe, helped to put Nevada gambling into a good, honest position, make it decent, as it were. That was one thing—nobody could ever touch the man. He's fearless, independent as a hog on ice. Not even the governor would challenge him there. He was not one bit in awe of Grant Sawyer. He had his position in there and work to do. And he did it.

I think that his work was carried on there, then, certainly, by Frank Johnson. Of course, that [Allan] Abner interval in there didn't count very much. [laughing] But Johnson was a good deal of the Olsen type. And I think when it came to a showdown in there and Frank wanted some advice, he'd go back and ask Ed. And Ed would give it to him straight.

Now, what's goin' to happen over there, I'll be doggoned if I know. I just don't know who

these people are that play in the gambling. There's been so many appointments come out of Las Vegas, you begin to wonder how impartial they might possibly be, 'cause that's the life blood of Las Vegas—is gambling. And as you look at it down there now, the downtown Las Vegas, and then out on that Strip, it makes you wonder what'd happen if anything ever happened to that gambling. Those things, to me, all look like they're on a foundation of quicksand, and I'd hate like the dickens to have very much money invested in something like that.

Of course, now, we've come into that new phenomenon there, of where it's going to be corporation gambling, where corporations can buy into these big gambling enterprises and then go public and sell stock in there. Well, I don't know if I want any stock in somethin' like that or not. 'Course, I know the gambling boys have made a lot of millions for themselves, but how well will they do it for stockholders? I think I'll stay with blue chip stock. [laughing]

We try to cover the problems in gambling and control as closely as we can, and try to have as much of a knowledge as we can acquire of gambling as a business, and the people involved in it. We depend a good deal on outside sources to keep us informed. The word begins to spread pretty fast when one of these so-called bad names from back East begins to be kicked around, and the word comes that so-and-so's mixed up in gambling in Vegas, for example, or so-and-so's hanging around here. And the state gambling authorities've been very prompt to keep us informed on those things because they realize that they've got to play this thing openly, because if they start covering up there, why, they're goin' to lose public confidence.

I've just never been too doggone sure what might happen if some of these reform

elements should succeed in putting a gambling repeal initiative or referendum onto a ballot sometime. I think the gambling people have always been disturbed to that extent, that while you can say, well, gambling's our life's blood, maybe you'd better figure out how many people're not gettin' transfusions of that blood around here, and how strong, maybe, the more "respectable" elements may be. You never know the strength, for instance, of the church groups, and the PTA groups, and just a lot of other people who look on this glitter downtown as something, well, just slightly offensive to them. I don't think you'd find everybody just smitten with that picture. I know I'm not, to any great extent.

And a long time, while there on the paper, we opposed open gambling and were highly critical of it when it was enacted, and have been critical of it ever since. That didn't help my standing in some quarters, either. I have held this, that it is not a complete boon to the state. It also is a liability. It has brought to the state undesirable elements; it has proven a temptation to people who can least afford to be tempted there. It certainly has added to the police costs, welfare costs. I've said that a good many times, and I've printed it, and said it elsewhere several times in interviews in national magazines and papers. I don't think it's an unmixed blessing. And certainly, I'm no bluenose, 'cause it's something you' ye got to look at with questioning.

Of course, if it were abolished around here, I don't know what would happen. We'd hit some mighty sad times here in Reno, for example, but it wouldn't be fatal. But I'd just hate to think what would happen to Las Vegas, should gambling be abolished either on a state scale, or perhaps, say, through some national legislative effort, or by competition from some other state. Suppose California were to throw the gates wide open on legal gambling? Where

would we be now? And especially Las Vegas, which draws the most of its play crowd there from southern California. It'd be pretty sick times!

So they've got to take mighty good care of gambling around here, and keep it under good, tight order and under Lord knows, he worked hard enough for it, and he was one of the best politicians for workin' that way I ever saw.

On one of his campaigns there, why, the whole Republican troupe went down to Vegas for a great big rally. And there was to be this big powwow down in some downtown spot, and came the rally, no Molly. Looked around, no Molly. They went on ahead and had the rally, and everybody else made a speech. Finally, about four a.m. or five a.m., here came Molly. Where'd he been? Well, he went down there to the railroad shops at the division point. Every train that came in and stopped, changed its crew there, from east to west, Molly was there to meet it and talk to everybody on the train crew. He went where the votes were. And these other people—as Molly says, "I know when you got a rally who's goin' to be there. They're all Republicans, and I know how they're goin' to vote. And I'm goin' down there where I think I can get these votes."

He did get quite a few of 'em by pulling a thing like that. Molly was. a good politician. He'd seen some masters work in his time, as it were. After all, he'd taken lessons, you might say, by watching somebody like ol' Jim Scrugham work. And he'd heard the stories of Tasker Oddie in his early days, where you just go out where the votes are. You just don't wait for them to come around to you and then you make 'em a nice speech. Molly'd go out here on the road, and [if] a little road went up this way off the main never complained of this rigid enforcement, and there've been several

places closed up around the state, here in Reno and down in Vegas, on cheating charges. And that just met widespread approval, too. You've just got to be decent from here on out. If they're goin' to keep gambling, they're just goin' to have to police the thing, by golly, right down [to] every last move they make. And there's more of a chance, now, of getting some competition from some other states because, as state after state is running into financial binds, they're beginning to take that last look at gambling. Not many of 'em've considered open gambling, or casino type. Most of 'em are playing around now with open horse books and lotteries and bingo, and such things as that. But that could just kinda open the door on some of 'em someday. And if one of those things comes around, well, I don't know what we'd have to do to bring more people here. Put in more dancing girls, I guess. [laughing]

I never did have any trouble with my advertisers over my lack of enthusiasm in print for gambling. They just took it for granted, I guess—entitled to speak out—and the gamblers have to advertise, of course, to bring people in, and I never made any bones about that in talking to those people. They all knew where I stood on that, and people in the newspaper business did that. I know one night I sounded off on the same note there when we were having a Sigma Delta Chi dinner on the eve of the State Press Association meeting, and all of the state editors were invited to the thing. Somebody brought gambling up, and I sounded off there. And Joe McDonald jumped up there, and he just about disowned me, [laughing] and everything else, said I wasn't speakin' for anybody but the *Reno Evening Gazette*, and it had no effect on the *Nevada State Journal*, and furthermore, says Joe, he said, "That's John Sanford all over again, and that's his father all over again." [laughing] Everybody knew what it was all about. And

these gamblers know that nobody's goin' to love 'em, and they just can't afford to make any enemies, either.

Of course, gambling isn't the same as it was there before the war. It changed there from the old type of gaming, roulette and blackjack, and those rather slow games, and dice, and it turned into a sort of a Woolworth's operation—small profit and big volume. Slot machines began to dominate the scene, too. And now, some of these resorts, they just have their slot machines there by the hundreds, and a few table games, not too many. They attract a few people, but neither do they attract the high rollers that used to be seen around the table games where a fellow'd be puttin' a twenty-dollar chip down there on the roulette wheel. Another thing—some of those games were a little too slow. Of course, craps is a fast game, I mean, quick turnover of your money—same with "Twenty-One." But roulette is a slow game as it goes along, and, of course, poker and faro, they just drag on forever. The big money now, of course, is slot machines. You get those things by the hundreds there, and about all you need to keep 'em in order is a mechanic and a change girl. You don't have to have a dealer on every single one of 'em there, either. They can operate on a very small percentage, but its mechanical percentage is always coming back, over and over and over. And it's just like buildin' up the gold in Fort Knox, to hear those wheels goin' around and around, and come up with a clank.

There may be some high rollers playing somewhere, but I haven't heard of any of 'em around here for a long, long while. I hear tell of some of 'em down in Vegas that're bein' brought in there from back East on some of these excursion flights, but I don't know how much there is to those stories. I can't imagine anybody around here, or haven't

heard of anybody sittin' around losing \$20,000, \$100,000 in one night. [laughing] Mr. [George] Whittell had that reputation for a while. He'd come down, run through a bundle, and then he'd give 'em a check. Then he'd stop payment on the check, and they expected it. [laughing] It was a regular thing with him. They just knew that up to a certain point, he'd lose so much money, and then he'd give 'em a check for the rest of it, and they'd just put that off to one side, forgot all about it. He was depending on my uncle to keep him out of jail, I guess. But we've never quite come up to Monte Carlo yet, with the hundreds of thousands and millions of dollars, and then somebody goin' out and committin' suicide afterwards, and so on. Well, we'll work up to that someday, I guess. But it takes somebody with more imagination to work up a good yarn to go with it. [laughing]

And now, we're goin' to have to figure out what Mr. Howard Hughes is going to do with the gambling picture, too. I guess there's a good deal of speculation principally around Las Vegas, and to some extent around here, as to whether he'll have any brand new ideas or try to upset the picture, or what. Just don't know. One man can change the picture. Certainly ol' Pappy Smith did, with Harolds Club there. He was the one that put it on the production line, nickel and dime basis. And his example has certainly been followed by all of the other big gamblers, Harrah, and these other fellows, and the big ones down there in the south. Of course, I don't know what new frills could be added.

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When the Speidel people moved in and took over the paper there, immediately, the operation was changed from a family and personal basis on to, you might say, more

of a business operation, which had to be. It brought about a 302 change in there, too, that has been—well, something that prevails in the newspaper business everywhere now. Formerly, newspapers were regarded by the public from the editorial standpoint, and the editor was looked upon as the man—the man on the paper. He ran the paper. Generally, he ran and owned it, and what the editor said was what counted. They figured that he ran the whole shop. But now, as the newspapers've become a very complex operation, the editor's kinda lost a little bit of that glory, and the man that you pay the most attention to is the publisher. He's more than likely to be a cold-blooded business administrator than he is an editor. There are editors and publishers combined, but not very often any more. They kinda separated those things.

Newspaper business today, it's almost frightening in the complexity that it has acquired. In the days when a fellow came wandering into a town with a shirttail full of type and a cheese press, as the saying went, set himself up a newspaper, he wrote it, and he set it in type, and he printed it, and probably distributed it himself. But now, it has become an industrial operation, with a great deal of money involved, a tremendous investment, and I don't think any one editor is quite up to managing a horse of that size any more. I wouldn't try it. You've got the work divided up now into your various divisions there: your business, your advertising, your circulation, your mechanical, your news, and with one executive more or less in charge of each department there. It almost begins to be something like a military organization there, with your different divisions and your commanding officers of those, and then they all meet together as a staff, and you've got a sort of a general in charge of the whole operation there.

The editor, he's just only one gear now in the machine, and the city editor, of course, he's in kind of a lesser rank there, under the editor. It's his responsibility, as city editor, to cover the local news. He's responsible for everything that happens within the city and its immediate neighborhood, although we were rather loose and free with titles in those days. The city editor then was more or less comparable to the managing editor of today. The managing editor, who was responsible for the entire news content of the paper, that was my job there as city editor. The whole news content was my baby there; I even had the authority over the telegraph editor and the wire editor, and all of the other departments we had, society editors, mining editors, editors until they're, you might say, runnin' out of your ears.

RENO EVENING GAZETTE, 1948-1963

EDITOR

Graham Dean came in here to become the publisher of the *Gazette* and *Journal* with the purchase of the two papers there by the Speidels in 1939. Graham was a very able newspaperman, a good, top, all-around newspaperman. He worked his way through the University of Iowa as a linotype operator back there in Iowa City. And then, after he left the university, he went on the news staff of the Iowa Press Citizen and became the city editor. He went from Iowa City as the Speidel Newspaper system began to grow. He went first, I believe, to Chillicothe, Ohio, and then came out West to Salinas. And he was the publisher of the Salinas Californian. He then came up here to Reno, and he was well-rounded in every aspect and phase of the newspaper business, and a very fair-minded man, a fine man to work for, very understanding, and I always figured that I owed a great deal to Graham by bein' able to work underneath him. I learned a good deal from him. And certainly, he gave me

every opportunity in the world, too. The two promotions that I had in there, to become city editor, and then to be named editor, I owed to him.

I was very sorry to see him leave here, but he told me at the time that he was not dissatisfied with the Speidel people, far from it. They'd been wonderful to him through all the years, but he just wanted something of his own. And I could understand that. His opportunity came when a little paper up there at Ashland, Oregon, came up for sale. And to show, too, what sort of a man Graham Dean was, something of his character there, when he heard of this deal up there in Oregon, he told me about it, and wanted to know if I wanted to take it, said possibly I might want to go out and go into business for myself. Well, I had no such intention, of course, but it shows what he thought, give somebody else the break.

So he went up there at the end of 1950, bought that paper there, and then in a small sort of a way, began to build up his own little newspaper system. He later acquired

the paper at Yreka, and then went rather far afield, clear down into Artesia, New Mexico. He acquired a paper there and a couple of weekly papers in the same area, and finally a daily paper down in Porterville, California. And with his characteristic drive and energy and know-how, he built all of 'em into very fine newspapers.

And now, here, within the last year, he has sold all of those other papers, retaining simply his interest down in Porterville, with the idea of kinda pulling in his horns, as it were, as Graham sees ol' Father Time begin to catch up with him there. Let's see, Graham is—see, he's sixty-seven years old now. And he's built that Porterville paper in the last few years into almost a model of up-to-date—and the most modern machinery, and what not, where half of the work is done by computers and offset printing, and some things that I can't quite comprehend. I just don't understand some of these new methods of production. He does. He would.

Coming to Reno with Graham Dean was Lyle Harper. He was a little energetic fellow. They brought him in here as the advertising manager for the two newspapers. He went chargin' around pretty madly there, but he finally blew up on the scene. He finally was let go. Although he'd been a long-time associate of the Speidel organization, he was finally let go, and he worked a while in California, and then went back, I believe, to someplace in Iowa again. That was his native heath.

Then you mentioned John Ben Snow, and John Ben Snow is a man I never have seen. The one time that I was to meet him, back in Colorado Springs, there was a terrific snowstorm, and we weren't able to go out to his ranch, where we were supposed to go. So we stayed in town instead of that. And so, as I say, I've never seen nor met the man, although I know a good deal about him.

He's a fellow that started out in a very small way with the Woolworth people back in New York, and advanced along until he went to England for the Woolworth people. And he'd built up the entire Woolworth system in England. Then, as a fairly young man, he retired with a great deal of money, came back to this country, and among other things there, he hunted up his old boyhood friend, Merritt Speidel. And as they began to sit down and compare notes of what they were about to do, well, Merritt had the idea. He always wanted to build up a newspaper system of his own. John Ben Snow had the money, and so the two of 'em got together, and it was with John Ben Snow's money and Merritt's ideas and Merritt's know-how that brought about what is, even now, a rather remarkable little newspaper chain, not a big one. It's somethin' like twelve papers, I believe, but that's rather small, as newspaper chains go these days. Take, for instance, the Gannetts. They have fifty-three newspapers. If you can imagine tryin' to ride herd on that many papers! I can't. And, of course, the bigger scale are such things as Scripps-Howard, and what's left of the Hearst, and the Knight newspapers, and the Newhouse, and then you're up there into the big metropolitan papers.

But the Speidel papers have never had the ambition to be metropolitans. That's a little too tough a field to crash into for 'em. They want papers in medium size, prosperous, growing communities, preferably a community with a variety of assets and interests. They wouldn't want to get stuck in a one-industry town, for instance, like a copper camp or a lumber camp. And they always want to be in a town where there is a university or a college. That's always going to assure you a rather large, well-educated audience. Reno fits right in with that, and so do the other points we've moved into there, like this college

town there at Salinas, the little one down in Visalia, and, of course, our latest acquisition was the Stockton Record, and we've got a big university down there, of course. And back there in Fort Collins, Colorado, there's a good little college in there. Iowa City is no slouch. Take the state university of Iowa, that's the biggest thing I ever took a look at. Chillicothe has a little college. Poughkeepsie, of course, we've got Vassar there.

So wherever you go, there's a certain pattern to the communities. And that gives a certain stability to your audience, and also kinda gives you a little bit of stability, too. You've got to keep up with those kind of people, and cater to them, and then you know what they want. It isn't like a New York tabloid, there, that's puttin' out its flash headlines for the cheapest element there is, or somebody that can only look at a picture or a cartoon. Wherever we have a paper, it means they have to be well written, well-edited, and to carry out a rather sound and constructive policy. That isn't easy. [laughing] It's too easy to get carried away, you know, by what's breakin' around you, sometimes, and you get emotional, and you've always got to sit back and say, "Now, wait a minute, let's take a second look."

And that was the way we tried to handle the editorial policy here in Reno. Never go off or shoot from the hip. It's easy enough to do that, you know, on an emotional issue. But then sometimes, the second course is just a little bit better. You've got to sit down and really study these things and go into 'em.

And you don't have the element of timeliness in editorial writing, for example, that you do in news. Everything in news is right now, while it's still new. And on editorials, of course, you're goin' to sit back and take that second look, a good, cold analytical look at the thing, and then try to

talk about the thing, probably sleep on it a little bit, or let it cool off for a couple of weeks, even, if necessary. Because you're not tryin' to make instant headlines in an editorial column. [It] may take you a little while to figure out two or three approaches, try two or three of 'em, not be satisfied with 'em, throw 'em in the wastebasket, and start all over again, 'cause too often, they think of an editorial writer, you know, as a fellow that's just mad all the time. He's goin' to be the town scold.

Well, he's not goin' to get very far at that rate because you can't be a constant critic. If you're going to be a critic, you must be a constructive one. You point out the fault, then you suggest the remedy. But otherwise, to just sit up and yammer around, it's about like a small boy throwin' rocks at a man that's building a house.

I think one way to kinda define what an editor is is to go back to the original meaning of the word. Editor comes from the old Latin. An editor was the referee of the old gladiatorial games. Well, that's about the job that an editor has today—in a large sense, a referee. He kinda coordinates the efforts of all the other people there in the production of the paper there, and he has the final say-so, although he doesn't turn thumbs down and say, "Chop off his head," [laughing] as the old referees did in the arena there.

They generally say an editor, well, he's that fiery character sittin' in there, he's the great crusader, and all this, that, and the other. Well, most of the time, he's not doing that. As I say, he's refereeing the operation, making sure that there's a balance to be held in there between all parts of the paper, all news parts of it, that one doesn't run away with the others, that the local doesn't overpower the state coverage, and that the telegraph news doesn't carry to such an extent it crowds out the rest, and that the society editor, she stays in her corner, and

that the sports department isn't goin' to make the paper into a sporting news.

Then an editor, he can determine policy, as to how news is to be handled. That doesn't mean that he's goin' to say, "Play this one up and ignore that." You do that, and pretty soon, you just haven't got a newspaper. You just can't let your biases rim away with you. You've got to play the thing fair. You might not agree with it, but you've got to give fair coverage everywhere. And any opinions that you may have, you'd better save those for the editorial column. That's what an editorial column is for. But you've got to be fair and square in your news coverage. I always made that effort, and, I think, pretty well succeeded.

When you wanted some first-class bias and prejudice, you read my editorials. And whenever I found anybody beginning to work some editorial opinion into his news story, why, then we had a confrontation that just might end up with him goin' out the door. That was a firing offense. Of course, we've always been accused of favoring this and that, but we do not in the news columns. It's pretty hard to say who's bein' favored what.

That comes up so often in a political campaign, and I think the best example of that thing was in the 1952 presidential campaign with General Eisenhower running against Adlai Stevenson. Stevenson, well, he was putting on a kind of a "milk toast" campaign, as it were, nothing really substantial to it, and the Democratic people began to cry that he wasn't getting fair coverage and that the paper was leaning over to give the coverage to Eisenhower.

Well, first of all, Eisenhower was a public character of great stature, and very few people had ever heard of Adlai Stevenson before. And then, as he went ahead there with his high level intellectual campaign, Eisenhower knew how to make the headlines. And when

he said, for example, "I will go to Korea," well, of course, he got all the headlines and front pages in all the country, of all the papers in the country. And yet that wasn't favoritism, it was just a case of news values there.

But to try to give fair coverage, there, especially in local affairs, it's a problem there. You don't want to play anybody down, and you don't want to build anybody up, either. You've got to be fair on the thing. And generally, I always figured that the stories themselves put the value into what sort of a play they would get there. Occasionally, there'd be something that could be sensational, but maybe I didn't treat it that way. Maybe I didn't like the effect it might have on some people.

We always looked on the paper there and tried to be human and considerate of peoples' feelings. We didn't want to cause undue embarrassment to people; sometimes we couldn't help it. But then we weren't goin' to go out of our way to embarrass people or hold 'em up to ridicule. That's kinda hard to avoid, sometimes, but you've got to consider what the effect is goin' to be.

An example I had of that one time went back to a little dispute a grocery owner was having with the unions here. They put a picket out in front of his grocery store. Well, the grocer went down, and he hired a great big ol' portly colored gal, and he hung the sign on her, said, "on Our Honeymoon." And so she got in line with this picket, and she followed that picket all up and down and around [laughing] in front of the store. Well, of course, everybody in town saw the thing. I heard of it there, and we knew this grocery owner—pretty good sort of a cuss, too. I went up and took a picture of the thing there. And the ol' gal, she just loved that picture idea, and so did the picket. He thought it was funny.

I got back and developed the picture and printed it up, and then I took a second look

at it. I didn't want it. Sure, the fella said that he was agreeable then and there; he thought it was kinda funny. But how was he goin' to feel when he got home that night and saw that in the paper, and his friends began to call him up on the telephone and some of 'em come in and start joshin' him in a rather rough and rude way? It wasn't goin' to be funny at all. The picture would've been amusing there for that one evening, then forgotten by everybody else. But I don't think the episode would've been forgotten by that man for a long, long while, had I run the picture. So I just threw it away.

We did that on stories at different times, when people would find themselves in the most embarrassing situations, and so on, that would make a good story, but we just didn't always run it. We'd tell people why. Somebody'd want to know, "Why didn't you do that about ol' Joe Smith?" Well, we'd tell 'em why, but it wasn't always accepted. They thought we were managing the news. Well, we were to a certain extent, but I think we were justified in doing it. And when it comes right down to it, we were under no obligation whatsoever to run any story. Nobody can make us run the story, or tell us that we can't run a story. A newspaper is a private enterprise to the very nth degree.

They kinda demonstrated that through the courts here just the other day on the McNamara papers there, too, that you can't tell 'em what they can't do, either, for that matter—that business of prior restraint. That's something that newspapers have fought for a couple hundred years, and yet it comes up all of the time, to tell you ahead of time, "Don't you do that. You can't do that."

Well, we know that we can do it, but we also know where the limits are, that we are always responsible for what is in the paper after it's printed. And so we take our chances

on what—. You can't come around ahead of time and say, "You can't do that."

That's the thing that bothers the radio and television to such a degree. We're backed up there with that First Amendment, freedom of the press. And the electronic media, radio and television there, are under restraint from the government through the agency which permits them to operate. And while they claim the right of free speech, it's pretty hard to determine what is free speech when you've got somebody with a club right behind you there. The government can always pull the pin on any radio stations or television station, deny them the license, while the newspaper, the press, is not licensed. Government does not license the press, and cannot.

For instance, we buy a license down at the newspaper to do business, but it's a business license. It has nothing to do with what is put in the newspaper. It's merely like any other business enterprise. You just do business, we buy and sell advertising and circulation, and so on, and we're willing to pay a license on that. But it has nothing to do with the actual newspaper publication whatsoever. We could refuse to pay it, and I don't know if they could ever collect it.

I remember Lucius Beebe refused to pay a business license on the grounds that you could not license the press. Of course, up there in Virginia City, it was pretty hard for those little fellers in Storey County and Virginia City to do much against Lucius. so they just kinda let it ride, figured they'd get his money some other way, which they generally did, too, [at] the bars, every night. [laughing]

THE EDITOR AND CITY POLITICS

During the Len Harris regime [1955-59], at first, it just seemed they were out tryin' to make every mistake possible. And Len did,

great big, good-natured, bulldozing type that Len is. For the first couple of years, why, he just blundered all over the place, and then he began to find out what the job was. He learned what it was. The last two years, there, of his term, he sort of settled down to where he was doing a very good job. But by that time, I guess, the damage had been done. While I had been opposed to his election, and was a constant critic during the first two years, as we began to simmer down there, I began to take more and more of Len's side. And I supported him for reelection. But, as I say, it was too late, I guess. Len always said I gave him the kiss of death. Maybe I did. [laughing]

So in we came with the Bakers. Well, that was about the weirdest collection I think I ever tossed into the city hall. Even going back to the wild and woolly Ed Roberts days, there wasn't anything to compare with what followed Bud Baker into that city hall. They were just firing people right and left. In fact, they were the ones that threw out the police chief, the fire chief, and the city manager at one big swoop. Then police chiefs began to come one after another. Nobody could quite handle [laughing] the police department. Sounds kinda familiar, doesn't it? [laughing] Right up to date.

But it wasn't long until came that recall movement, and there certainly was enough objections to that Baker crowd. But a recall just never seems to get off the ground. They all go and charge into it in the first place with all sorts of fire in their eyes, and then pretty soon the fire dies out.

One thing, when you recall somebody, then you leave an office open. Then you got to turn around and put somebody else into it. They never stop to think of that. Then it costs a lot of money to launch one of those things. The recall committee started out with not much money, and they were first located in

the old Grey Reid (Stack) building down there on First Street, for which they paid \$2,500. the Baker people complained to the Stack estate's representatives here, and they threw 'em out. So my brother and I, we took pity on them and gave them some space down there on South Virginia Street, and did our best to help along, but it just seemed the thing had lost all of its momentum. It just gradually died off. And I just never did think a recall was ever going to work, no matter how they talk about it.

Even right now, [1971] they're all set, you know, to take the county commission to pieces. Well, they won't get anywhere.. They'll yap about it, but they won't get 'em out of there. And last year, there was just enough fire goin' on—they were ready to take the whole Supreme Court out and just hang 'em to the tree tops on their decision on that Bean case. That all finally cooled off. About all you can do is just—you might say, just sit back and wait for the terms to run out. And I think, too, that the rather constant criticism of the papers pointing out these various things to the public does do a good deal to kinda keep 'em straightened out.

Now, that bunch around Baker, some of 'em were, I would say, just almost scoundrels. But Baker himself was basically a rather decent sort of a cuss—honest, I think, and weak. He used to come around to the office every once in a while and ask for, maybe, a little bit of advice on something. And I found this, that you might talk to Bud and he might agree with you; then an hour later, he went a hundred and eighty degrees the other way, and it just all depended on [who] the last feller was that talked to Bud. He was that type of a man.

So we finally cleaned house, as it were, and that thing did lead to a reorganization of the city government to bring about the organization and administration we have

now, breaking up that old ward system, and putting in one more councilman-at-large, and abolishing the office of mayor as an elective post, and making it a city-manager type in fact as well as in name. You see, we'd had a city manager type [government] before. That came about in the Tank Smith administration. But the manager, he just kinda sat around and let the council and the mayor decide what to do. He was a good man, but he just didn't have the power. And now, under this present system, the city manager really has just about all the authority there is. The council and the mayor determine policy and then turn it over to the manager to carry it out. He's in a position now where he just can go out there and—well, for instance, accept the resignation of the police chief, and about make up his mind who's going to be the next one, and decide what they're goin' to do out here on this airport. He's a manager in fact as well as in name.

Things're beginning to be pretty smooth down there at the city hall despite the outbursts every now and then from one or two of the councilmen. You always have to have somebody like that on the council, and I think maybe it's a good thing. You just don't want seven rubber stamps in there. When you get somebody to pop loose like this little wildcat of a pressman down there [now], that (Carl) Bogart—. (I just called him a pressman, but that was a slip, there, because his father was a pressman at the *Gazette* for many, many years.) He's a little hardware merchant, pretty good merchant, too, a good businessman, smart as all get out, and he's just havin' the time of his life on that council, too. Of course, he brings a lot of criticism upon himself, but sometimes, I think he speaks out where some of the others would like to and don't quite have the nerve.

And this new man, Sam Dibitonto, he's not goin' to sit back and be the bashful boy

for a while. He's go in' to find out real quick what goes on there, and he just might make a good councilman. And you do have to have those sort of people on a public body there. I think it makes for better administration to have somebody that's goin' to challenge things once in a while, because there isn't anything perfect around that city hall that I ever saw. [laughing] And I don't think there will be for a long time to come. I just wouldn't want to see 'em all run the thing as a nice, cozy little comfortable club, everybody agreeing. They'd just wind up into fallin' apart, I think.

And, of course, the police department—a police department is bound to have its scoundrels and its scandals, every police department has, I think, everywhere you look. What I'm trying to connect that up to is, there was a series of deaths there in the jailhouse among these more or less wino types of prisoners, and they always said the same thing, "Well, he must've fallen down on that old iron floor, or fell out of a bunk, or what not." There seemed to be a whole run of those things, 'til, finally, one of my undertaker friends came in one day, and he said, "You'd just better start looking into this thing."

We did, and stirred the thing up. It developed that nearly every one of these fellows (there may have been one or two pure accidents) were the victims of just brutal beatings at the hands of policemen. And it wound up there that several of the policemen were finally fired. And the chief himself had to resign. There were a number of those types in there. There is a certain type that wants to be a policeman and wear a star and carry a club and a gun and beat people up. I've seen it, and I've seen some maltreatment of prisoners in there in my time. I didn't do anything about it, but then, what could I do about it? I just happened to be standing there and see 'em bring one of these poor devils in there and

just beat the livin' tar out of him before they just threw him down the steps into the tank.

Some of our most prominent citizens went through several of those beatings. As a result, one of 'em died, although it never connected up to that. But it was true, nonetheless. We knew it. Everybody knew it, including the police chief. But nothing was ever done because, in those days, each policeman was more or less protected by his councilman. They all had their pets and their favorites there. Now that they have civil service in the police department, that's done a good deal to eliminate that. They have brought in a better type of policeman. You don't see these old pensioner types wanderin' around the streets any more like you did forty-odd years ago, big ol' pot-bellied fellows there, ex-bartenders and ex-whatever they just might be. Those policemen, some of 'em were no more qualified to be a policeman than the man in the moon, and they weren't even physically able to stand up and handle themselves.

But you notice now what an improvement there has been— young eager chaps. Some college men have been in there. Lou Spitz was a good example of that. He was a college man, and Lou made a good officer, and pretty good administrator there. Then he got to playing politics all over the doggone place and went off to bigger and better things. But he was the type that they tried to attract into the police system there, some of these young, intelligent men, and Lou certainly was.

Well, he's back there now with this group in Washington, D. C., one of the motor vehicle administrators, or whatever they be. He was the head of the Motor Vehicle Department over in Carson City, and he was a sort of a shadowy chief of police during the Baker administration. In fact, I referred to him that way once, as the shadowy police chief, and thereafter, every time he'd call up, he'd say,

"This is the shadow." [laughing] But he was a good man, too.

[One of the scandals had to do with some kind of a liaison that had developed between Councilman Marshall from the sixth ward and a man by the name of Taelour in the police department.] I don't remember too much on that. Of course, that fellow, Marshall, wasn't a man that I particularly admired. He was supposed to be sort of the leader in that council group that more or less brought the whole Baker administration into disrepute. But there is no doubt there were all sorts of weird didos going on in the police department. I suppose that's natural to all police departments, as I read the latest reports from the grand jury and talked to some of the grand jurors, who sort of filled me in a little beyond the written report. And that's goin' to go on as long, I guess, as you've got police departments with any measure of political influence or control on them.

Your police chief is bound to be a political figure. He has to be to get the job and to keep it. And gee, look at how many police chiefs we've had around here. Just tryin' to think how many I've known—Jack Kirkley, and then an interim police chief was George Brady, former Prohibition administrator and one-time sheriff of Humboldt County. And then who the heck came after? Lou Gammel, an automobile salesman, of all things, and Clayton Phillips was in there. And "Red" Fletcher was in there, Harry Fletcher, one time police chief from Sparks, and—oh, gosh, [laughing] Pinky Greeson—these're just comin' out in not any particular order, [but] as I happen to think of 'em—Lou Berrum, Bill Gregory. Now, we have the "late" Chief Briscoe. I don't think you can give any one of 'em a very long life expectancy on the job at that rate, not that many chiefs in forty years.

And, of course, law enforcement in this city, I think, presents problems that, very likely, no other community has, where it's a day and night activity there, goin' just as strong at four a.m. as it is at four p.m. And the temptations, too, offered to these policemen, I think, are considerably greater than the ones you might find in some other communities, 'cause there's goin' to be a certain number of these people want special favors and special treatment, and willing to pay for 'em. A policeman's lot is not a happy one, as that old song goes, especially in Reno.

But it seems to me that, right now, they're doing a very good job now. You begin to hear of these accidents, and [snapping his fingers] there comes somebody onto the job. And I see 'em patrolling around this park occasionally, which is a good thing to see, something you never saw for a long time, just around keeping an eye—not looking for trouble, but just to be there. Although I don't see as many of 'em downtown as I would like to see, I think the presence of that man in blue on the sidewalk has a great deal to do with kinda keeping things in order. And if they know that fellow's goin' to come strolling along every now and then, they'll be a little bit cautious. The people along the street, the merchants, they welcome that sight. They know that fellow, and they feel safe that he's around, and I don't think that any number of 'em riding around in an automobile can have that same effect.

But, of course, you've got to have the cars to get out in a hurry. Gee, just look what this city comprises now, and how much ground they have to cover. Just night before last, it just seemed this whole end of town exploded with sirens in the episode of this drowning and the electrocution in that apartment court across the lake [Virginia Lake] there. They just came from all directions—fire department, police department, everybody, right now. And

that seems to happen every time there's any kind of an emergency. They are on the job. I'm not goin' to be too critical of our police department. [laughing] In fact, I like to see a policeman every now and then. I feel better knowing that he's around.

I think one of the things that certainly that Baker administration was involved in (some of the people therein) was the purchase of that "golden triangle" out here as the site for that Centennial Coliseum there. There'd been a number of sites proposed, some of 'em good, some bad, [and] that thing just went there for one whale of a big price, and there was a good deal of talk about who might've got what, but nobody ever proved anything. I don't suppose they're likely to. [laughing] But it was a ghastly price they paid for that one piece of land out there. It was just practically gold-plated.

That had a good deal to do, too, with the ultimate defeat of that Baker crowd. And, of course, the airport—but then that was begun there under the [Smith] administration, the relocation of the airport and the planning of a new terminal, and then finally carried out there by the Baker people, and eventually there into the Quilici administration. It was kind of a continuing thing there. Anything they were going to do was going to be a vast improvement over that little chicken shed of a passenger terminal that had been built down there on the old Hubbard Field in—oh, gee, it must've been about the first of the 1930's—that little shed, and then they kept adding onto the doggone thing. (I remember going out there at five o'clock one morning, I think it was 1934, waiting for a plane to come in, take me down to San Francisco.) So anything they did was bound to be an improvement.

It was a big jump from that little thing there up to this present terminal, which now begins to show signs of not being enough, or having all the proper facilities for handling

the passengers in and out of these modern airplanes. It's going to cost the a pile of money to keep up with that, from one or two of the terminals I've seen now in some other cities. Boise, for example, is not much bigger than Reno, about that size, comparable. And they put in a new terminal up there with a kind of a second deck where you can climb up and walk through these accordion-like tunnels to get into the big jet planes now, instead of shinny up a portable stairway. And so they're goin' to have to have something like that out here, instead of just stand out there in that wind-swept concourse, as they call it. Hotter than hinges [summer] and right now, in this kind of weather; I nearly freeze to death in the wintertime out there.

Forty-odd years ago, every city was in the last throes of building modern railroad stations. And the model of 'em all, of course, was that great Union Station in Los Angeles, most palatial thing ever seen, and now, the most forlorn and ghostly place to go through I have ever seen. Then look at the Los Angeles Airport in contrast. And our old railroad station down here, when that was built there, that was really a kind of a downtown "spot." People walked down to take a look at the thing. It was well-done. Go in there and maybe have a little lunch there at the counter, and walk around and see all your friends; in the evening, come down and watch the trains come in and go out. You go in there now, and about all you might find would be kind of a drunken Indian asleep on a bench someplace. And who goes on a train any more?

But that new airport, that certainly brought us into the air age, no question of it. It was a vast improvement there. I think that, like so many things, at the time it was built, it was almost outmoded at the time it was built, and probably ten years behind the times now. We'll just have to spruce the doggone thing up

someday, if we're goin' to go someplace. You wouldn't take a train anywhere now, would you? Well, I would, but I'm just that type—being back there in the dinosaur age. It is a kind of civilized way of travel, but I'll admit when you're in a hurry and the only thing you want to do is get there, you certainly can't beat the airplane. It's just incomprehensible, or would've been, twenty-five or thirty years ago. This matter of three hours to Chicago, twenty minutes to San Francisco, forty minutes to Las Vegas, overnight from here over to England, if you want to do it. Go down to 'Frisco and catch that midnight flight over the Pole to England. Just imagine!

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The dear ol' University of Nevada, of course, was always bound to make the headlines sometime or another. The appointment there of Minard Stout as the president upset things a great deal. Well, I think probably it goes back a little farther than that, with the appointment of "Smiling John" [laughing] Moseley. That came very suddenly. Then that vacancy came about, one of the regents was very seriously ill. Her passing would've meant a change in the policy of the board, and so there was a hurry-up meeting held by her bedside, and the choice of president was John Moseley.

Well, he was a kind of a professional glamour boy type, and, as I say, he quickly got that nickname of "Smiling John." [laughing] But he didn't appear to be a very forceful character. And about that time, it wasn't going to make much difference who was appointed the president up there. He was just goin' to get his throat cut.

There was a group up there, particularly among the faculty, of various people who wanted to be president, and if they couldn't

be president, they were just goin' to carve up whoever got to be the president. They did that very successfully, too. They did it on Moseley, and, let's see, then they brought in that military man, Colonel Parker. He was a rough, tough customer, as any military man would be. Then Malcolm Love.

Well, Love was a very high type of a man, excellent man, I think. And he just kept looking around at that constant warfare goin' on up there, and just decided that was not for him. He departed and went down there to Santa Barbara, I think it was. I saw him several years after that, met him in the airport in Denver one night, talked with him there for a moment. And he remarked he was so happy to get out of that bunch of shootin' scrapes that were goin' on up there, "the Hatfields and the McCoys," [laughing] and all the rest of Nevada.

Then they brought in Minard Stout. Well, Minard was brought in for a purpose. He was a hard-bitten character, and he knew it, and they knew it. He was brought in to do a job, to be the executioner, and to get rid of some of that dissident crowd up there at the University, which he did. And he certainly made a flock of enemies in the process. And then when he had done his job, he left, and he went off to quite a job there. He got to be a vice president of the Curtis-Wright Corporation. And then from that, he went back into federal service again.

I always liked Minard Stout because he had a good sense of humor, for one thing. He had to have, anybody would, to do the job that he was required to do. And one thing that he did not like was all of the stuffed shirts around that University. You know the type, I think, especially the ones that really delight in all the titles, the doctors, and so on. And I would agree with him on that. I think that's badly overdone. One spring, I was asked

to take over a class there in the journalism department while Higginbotham was laid up. I was very happy to do it, figured [I could] do that for ol' friend Higgie, above all things. And the fact that we on the paper owed the University something, they could spare me [to go] up there.

So anyhow, in order for me to handle this class, I had to be a full-fledged member of the faculty, no less, by golly, and sign a contract that reached from here out to the side wall, and got paid one dollar a year, and took a non-Communist oath, by golly. It shook poor ol' Ralph Irwin up when he came down, went through the interview, come all down 'til the last, then he says, "How many degrees do you have?"

I says, "Ralph, I haven't got any."

"No. You haven't any degree? You haven't a degree?"

"Hell, no, Ralph." [laughing]

Ralph couldn't comprehend such a situation. He reported this thing on in to Stout, and so they had a faculty party down at the Century Club there, and dinner there one night. Of course, we were invited to the thing as full-fledged members of the faculty now. As I went in the door, I met Minard Stout, and I thought he had a kind of a wicked gleam in his eye. Said, "I'd like to take you around and introduce you." We went around to all these various people, "Now, this is the latest member of the journalism staff, Dr. Sanford."

Oh, gosh! My word! [bowing and scraping] They were impressed no end, mind you. And as we came up to some of those old-time faculty members that I knew and knew me, they knew somethin' was in the wind, and they caught the wink, and nobody spilled anything.

And thereafter, that six months' period there, I'd be walkin' up and down the quad there on my way to class, as always. Some

of these others, “Oh, good morning, Dr. Sanford.” [laughing] That just tickled me no end. When I told Minard about it, he just thought that was the best trick he’d ever pulled.

But he did straighten things out up there. He got rid of some of that worst element in there that had been chopping everybody to pieces, and then some of ’em finally died off, too. Father Time took care of some of that. But that’s been goin’ on, oh, ever since I can remember, trouble up there, and “shooting” at the president.

Walter Clark was a kind of a standing target way, way back when I was going up there. And for years afterwards, the stories kept coming up there of all of these movements on the campus, “Get rid of Clark. Hang him,” and what not, and generally carried on by the students. But it kinda looked as though it might’ve been spurred from some of those faculty members, too, there. Found out afterwards who some of ’em were—those who wanted to be a president.

One thing Clark had told ’em, as the story came to me, that when he first came here, he met there with the faculty, which, of course, was fairly small at that time. He said, “Now, I want one thing understood,” that he didn’t believe in all of these fancy titles, and that these people were going to be Mister to him or Professor to him, but not Doctor this or that or the other thing. They were just Mr. and Mrs. and Miss, and Professors, and he said, “You can call me President Clark, or you can call me Mr. Clark, if you want to. But you’re not goin’ to call me Dr. Clark.” And he insisted on that.

And gosh, for a long time there, I think a lot of it was jealousy on the part of those people there, with that exalted position that Walter Clark held, and the fact that he was at one time the highest paid public official in

the whole state. See, he was paid, way back there, forty-five years ago, \$12,000 a year, plus \$2,500 for household and entertainment expenses. And mind you, in those days, schoolteachers paid no income tax, so that was just all clear to him.

And Walter Clark would—I know he used to spend a good deal of time down around the stock brokerage offices. I used to see him down around there. Well, certainly, he could afford to do a little speculatin’. Gosh, \$12,000 a year, clear, forty-five years ago! God, that’d be the equivalent, with no taxes to consider, of a \$50,000 income today. So no wonder they all [laughing] wanted to shoot him down.

Then after the departure there of Stout, they brought in—let’s see, Charlie Armstrong came in, then. And he just didn’t seem to wear very good. He began to get exalted notions there, too, and got in the habit of going over and telling the legislature what it had to do. Well, that’s always a mistake, especially to tell one of those boys from one of those cattle counties out in there, “You’ve got to do this.” So his departure didn’t bring any shedding of tears around here, you might say.

They’ve got a good fellow up there now that impresses me very much, that fellow [N. Edd] Miller. I kinda like the way he operates, and I’ve heard him spoken very well [of]. He came here from Michigan, and my cousin, who is a professor of law at University of Michigan, was acquainted with Miller and spoke very highly of him. I’m certain he kept things at a good, even keel up there, and, you know, we haven’t had a revolution for a long time. Nobody’s been hung in effigy for a long while, haven’t even had a decent riot—well, ever since that Governor’s Day affair. And that wasn’t any demonstration against the school administration, for that matter. You couldn’t quite hang that on any unpopularity of the president. So I don’t know—they’re gettin’

altogether too decent and tame and civilized, not havin' any fun any more. [laughing]

Oh, you bet I got quite a lot of heat on that Stout affair, for my editorial support of the Regents. Ol' Si Ross has always been a very good friend of mine. I've known Si, well, almost from the time I went to work—was bound to, dealing with him day in and day out, covering the mortuary there. And I got to know Si very well. And over the years, I began to run into all of that constant criticism of Si Ross on the Board of Regents, that he ran the board. Well, maybe he did. He was a strong man on the board. Then, if you knew Si, say he was a peculiar sort of a man, and his sole interest was wrapped up in his family, his church, his lodge, and the University of Nevada. And I sometimes think he even put the University of Nevada ahead of all of those things. See, for twenty-odd years there, he was a member of the Board of Regents, and I doubt if he ever missed a meeting.

Of course, the regents were scattered all over the state, and there were so many times there that something would come up there at the University that should be decided by the regents. And the president, maybe, would call up Si, tell Si what it was. Well, Si would call up these various regents, whether they would be in Elko or Ely or Las Vegas, or where, and tell 'em what it was, and they'd discuss the thing, then they'd say, "Well, Si, what do you think you ought to do?"

Si would say, "Well, I believe this."

"Well, you go ahead and do it, Si. It's okay by us."

So he'd go ahead and do these things. Then if there was a backfire, these people'd say, "We didn't do it. We didn't do it. Si did it."

And Si—never did I ever hear him say, "Well, these fellows agreed to it before." He stood up and said, "I did it." He took the blame wherever it was goin' to come. And

any mistake he ever made on that University was a mistake of the head and not the heart, because even to this day, Si loves to talk about that University. I get cornered by him every now and then in his office downtown, when he wants to sit down and talk a while, [and] it isn't very long before he's back on the University again. I think he kinda misses that job he had. He did a great deal for that school in a very quiet way. I know that he spent a great deal of his money on the school. And the number of young people that he put through that school, gosh, they'd just be a regular company or platoon, or battalion of 'em, just one after another he put through there. And that was, as I say, his great love, was that University. And I knew that.

I knew what was going on among some of the "shootin' 5" up there, and I supported Si and the Board of Regents and the administration whenever I could, whenever I believed they deserved it. And it didn't make me very popular in some spots, either, because there's always so many of these wild-eyed people among the University alumni (who) have always been critical of the way Si was running things. They went to ridiculous extremes sometimes to bring up a criticism.

There during the war one time, I got—one of these kickbacks began to come about Si Ross, and one of the men making the most noise was working for me. I said, "Well, what in the hell is the matter with you?"

"Well, Si went and did this. He went and let his good ol' pet SAE fraternity hold an initiation down in the Masonic Temple.

I said, "Well, what's wrong with that?"

This fellow said, "Well, we'd like to have our initiation down there, too."

Said, "Well, did you ever ask Si?"

"Nope." [laughing]

Those were just little two-bit issues, but it was a constant attack all of the time on Si

Ross. You never did see it focused on any other members of the Board of Regents. It was always on Si. It must've been a great relief to Si when finally he decided he'd had enough and took off from there, but the University certainly is in very deep debt to Si.

That [Frank] Richardson case, of course, that was during Si's time. That was started off there more or less among the so-called "humanities group." They were shooting there at the administration right and left, several of those people. And this Dr. Richardson was a very forthright man, so he sort of stood out in front. Then when the heat really began to get on these other people, they ran, they scuttled. And Richardson didn't. He stood up like a man and took it. And it came down, finally, to a question of discipline. Did the University administration, the president, and the regents, did they have the right to censure these people, and, you might say, spank 'em for their unseemly actions. Everybody insisted no. They raised that question of so-called academic freedom.

Well, that can be used to excuse 'most everything under the sun, or so it seemed to me, as I saw the thing at the time there. Then there was a question of authority and discipline. I think that the administration certainly had that right. In order to keep some semblance of order up there, they just couldn't have these little outbursts goin' on all the time.

Richardson was finally—he was made the goat of the thing. The others ran and left him out in front. Then you'll recall they had that hearing. And that was turned into one of the most shameful episodes I ever heard of. That was when that lawyer lost the case for the University administration by referring to Richardson as a stumblebum.

Well, stumblebum he certainly was not. He was a highly respected figure, [an] able man, well regarded in his own field. And to

call him publicly a stumblebum, why, it was—as I say, it was just shameful in a complete degree. And that lost the case, right then and there.

Of course, Richardson is gone now, but there's one or two of those people still left around that kept egging him on all of the time. I just hope they never get into another one of those, 'cause I think, right now, things appear pretty peaceful up there. [laughing] I know I've lost all my contacts now with the University. Al Higginbotham used to keep me pretty well posted on what went on up there, but I just don't know any more. I don't think there's any professors up there now that were there when I was there. If they are, they must have beards down to their knees. [laughing]

THE MECHLING CAMPAIGN - 1952

Let's see, it was 1952, and in January of that year, why, there come a story in, of all places, in the Drew Pearson column, saying that George Malone was about to be challenged by one Thomas Mechling. Well, nobody had ever heard of this bird, for the love of Mike, and they just put that down for one more of these wild trial balloons, or what not, that Pearson was in the habit of sending out. The name Thomas Mechling didn't mean a doggone thing to anybody here, I guess, outside of Wells, perhaps. And then later on, we began to find out there was somethin' to it. Here came this great big, long, lanky, nice-lookin' kid—and I mean he was a kid type. He was Tom Mechling, says he. And he was out to take on Mr. Malone, but the main thing he wanted to do was hang the hide of Pat McCarran on the fence. That was his real target, said he.

Well, he later turned out to be one of the most talented liars, I guess, that ever came down the pike. His sole connection

with Nevada was that he'd married a Nevada girl working back in Washington, the Di Grazia girl, from Wells, and apparently had spent some time in Las Vegas at the air base installation there during the war. But other than that, he began to tell some wild tales there that he was a great Washington correspondent for the Kiplinger interests, and two or three other outfits there, and claimed to have the credentials there for the Senate and House press galleries, and said he was listed in Who's Who. None of those things could ever be verified, but he kept repeating 'em all the time.

He came out here, and he started touring out all over the state. He had a little bit of a trailer hitched on behind his car, and he put on one of those old-fashioned, you might say, Tasker Oddie type of campaigns, driving out on every road in the state. Wherever he saw a house, why, he'd go up and knock on the door and introduce himself. And he did that for months. He kept comin' around on frequent trips back into Reno, and he made quite a hit here with his constant attacks on McCarran with some of the brand new crop of young liberals that were floatin' around in Reno about that time. And strangely enough, I had two or three of those birds in there in my own office. They were doin' their doggonedest there to promote his cause. I was doin' my damnedest to knock him down, and here are these people out in the news room [who] are goin' just the other way. [laughing] It wasn't any secret who they were. One of 'em was Frank McCulloch, whoa s since got a little bit of sense into his system, and is now the New York editor, I believe, for Time-Life magazines; and Bill Friel, who is now the assistant city editor of the Oakland *Tribune*; and then, none other than Ed Olsen. Ed'll tell you about that, too. He'll stand up on that story. I used to remark that as fast as I'd knock

Mechling down into the mud, why, these three'd go out and pick him up and wash his face of f and put him back on his white horse and send him off again. [laughing]

Came the primary election there, of course, there he was, takin' out after Alan Bible. Well, nobody on earth ever could figure that Alan could be beat. He was the little fair-haired boy that McCarran had been raisin' from a pup. And he didn't take the challenge seriously. He'd made about every mistake that any candidate could make. He had an inexperienced team working with him. And then, in the final weeks of the campaign, he made the fatal mistake of all. He raised the native son issue.

Well, about that time—that was no time, with all of this postwar migration into Nevada, to say, "Now, look. I'm the native son, and this fellow's a carpetbagger." And about that time, not any more than fifteen or twenty percent of the state of Nevada was native born. That one thing there, I think, cost Alan the nomination.

Of course, that bucked him [Mechling] up, then, against Malone. Malone had just been sitting back waitin' for the fun to start. He'd come hangin' around the office, and my main thing was to keep Molly quiet. [laughing] I'd tell Molly, "Now, look. One thing you do. Don't you ever mention this man by name, ever. When you get out and start making a speech, as far as you're concerned, you have no opponent. Nobody. Never mention the man. You just let me take care of him."

Molly, for once, followed the orders, as it were. He never did mention the fellow. I said, "You go out there and you tell 'em who you are, what you have done, and what you're goin' to do. You go out and build 'em dams, and you build 'em roads, and say what a great man is Molly Malone, and just forget this other fellow."

Then I kinda gave Mechling the silent treatment as much as I could, and built up Malone—you might say a positive campaign. By golly, it was beginning to work. But then, this fellow, as I say, he was a wizard. He went around, and it began to look there along toward the end of the campaign, he just might make it. I was beginnin' to think so, too.

And about two weeks before the election, I went up to the University of Oregon. A journalism professor up there had written down asking for some dope on that campaign. So I wrote back my version of the thing. He just wrote back, I'd better come up and tell the story first-hand. (He'd been a former Nevada teacher here, Higgie's [Higginbotham's] assistant there.) So that was a good excuse for me to go up to Oregon. I like that country up there.

So I went up there, and I told 'em the story, first to the journalism group and a number of the university people, and later to a downtown group there at a lunch. And I told 'em then, I just thought, "By golly, maybe this fella's goin' to win it. This old-fashioned type of campaigning, of just goin' out and beatin' the bush, and operating there without a great big costly organization, it just may be the way once in a while you can win an election. I think, by golly, the man'll win." I thought so. I thought, "By golly, Molly's goin' down the drain on this one."

And I think he would have, except this fellow, Mechling, finally killed himself off. He'd been making a lot of these wild and extravagant claims, and finally, he was lured into a session there with Norman Biltz. There was a nice little one of these tape recorders going there, and they apparently railroaded him into some exceedingly damaging statements and complete untruths. Then later, he repeated some of those wild claims publicly, and they were just proven to be absolutely false.

By that time, then, Pat McCarran finally got into the act. It must've gravelled ol' Pat clear down to his toenails when he had to come out and denounce Mechling and ask for the election of George Malone, who he just hated to beat all get out. And, of course, that and all of the lies that had finally caught up with Mechling, plus the McCarran action, that decided the election. As I say, there was never an election like that before or since.

[What do I think the truth of the tape recording situation was?] Well, it probably was, knowing those fellows there—they were good, smooth operators—they laid out their series of questions of what they were goin' to talk about, and they more or less led him into the trap. They knew what he was about to say. He was tryin' to get into them for money and help, and make all sorts of claims. They just led him into it, and he just cut his own throat very nicely. These dangerous damn things—these tape recorders [laughing]. They've been used now lately in several Nevada campaigns. They figured quite strongly, you remember, down there in Las Vegas several years ago.

Mechling—he tried the comeback trail, you remember, later on. He tried to come back and run for governor. But by that time, the magic was all gone. And then he went on there, and he managed to hang himself up again in—. Well, he got a job over at one of these international expositions, in Brussels, I believe, with the State Department. (Somewhere, he certainly had friends.) And then he wound up down in California there. He got caught up there in a double-crossing deal there. He was with the Department of Education, I believe, something to do with their textbook deal down there, where California likes to print its own textbooks and get the plates from the publishers, and then do their own printing.

And, of course, the publishers had fought that thing for years and years. And lo and behold, they found out Mechling was on both sides. He was on the payroll of the state, and he was on the payroll of the book publishers. [laughing] Haven't heard anything of him since. Maybe we need another one around here to just put some brand new interest in politics. Things're gettin' altogether too tame around here.

[Did I ever discuss that situation with Mr. Biltz, that Mechling campaign and the tape recording, or did I ever hear the tape recording itself?] No, I never heard it. I believe some parts of it were broadcast. But I never discussed it very much with Biltz. I wasn't that close with Norman, for one thing. And I just took it for granted that they'd done a pretty good job, and by golly, they had, a masterful job. I suppose if I wanted to, I could've heard the tapes, but I'd heard enough of that by that time. I was just all worn out by that campaign. [laughing]

* * * * *

Well, I think we're just about up to the point where Pat McCarran shuffled off this mortal coil on that night down there in Hawthorne when Pat came stridin' through the hall and dropped dead. That was in contrast to the death of these other senators that'd been more or less expected. And also, being Pat McCarran, of all people, we just always thought, "Gosh, that old son of a gun's immortal!" Be doggoned if he was. And I knew right off the bat, as soon as I heard that, that we were just all, you might say, on the verge of political revolution.

I was home there, and I knew that the following day, why, that was just goin' to be hell with the hinges off down there at the office. So I began to work right then and there

on the next day's work, calling up all the staff that I could locate in the night, alerting them as to what I expected 'em to do, and all be on the job at, say, about seven o'clock tomorrow morning. "And you're gain' to do this, and you're gain' to concentrate on just that." And then, of all things, I was caught short of a managing editor and a telegraph editor. One was sick, and the other was on vacation. Well, there's your two key men on the staff. Well, I had one man I knew could handle the thing, and he was on vacation, the third man. I called up his house, and glory be, he was home. I said, "I know you're on vacation. Will you come down and help?"

"Sure." There he was the next day.

And then I went down there. By that time, it was gettin' pretty close to midnight by the time I got everything all lined up and talked to all of these people of what they were goin' to do.

Then I knew I was going to have to have an editorial on the subject. So I went traipsin' downstairs there in my bathrobe, and pulled out the typewriter in the basement, down there on Gordon Avenue, and the dog came down to keep me company, and I proceeded to hammer out the editorial on the subject. That was a hard one to write, too, because, certainly, Pat was no friend of mine, and I was no friend of Pat's. I didn't admire the man, but I respected him. And I certainly had to give credit for what he had done and what he was. In fact, he was one of the most powerful men this state'd ever had. And to say that without falling all over myself—[laughing]. I got it done, and I think I was rather constrained, because ol' Merritt Speidel said afterwards that he was goin' to be curious to see what I said about McCarran. In contrast, he was wonderin' what Joe McDonald was goin' to say about him. Except Joe was on a vacation at that time, and Joe had prepared an editorial

in advance in case anything should ever happen to Pat. But it just didn't have quite the old bite to it it should have. It's just been done in a hurry, I guess. I wonder what Joe really would've done if he'd put his heart and soul into it. I can just well imagine [laughing] what he would have done! 'Cause that was almost the end of the world to Joe, the death of McCarran.

Then, of course, that brought about the speculation as to who was to be appointed to fill out the term. There were a number of Republicans who wanted the job, but it all simmered down very fast that it was going to be Ernest Brown. That seemed to be pretty well determined. I think perhaps Charlie Russell might've wanted it, but he was not going to make the mistake that Carville had made. So he appointed Brown, who certainly was the outstanding Republican of his time, and with the understanding—. It was believed at the time there that he was appointed to fill the unexpired term. And it seemed to be believed by Democrats and Republicans alike, and more particularly the Democrats, that there was not time enough left, and it was not possible to fill in a ticket and put a man on the ballot before that general election came up. The Democrats generally went by what Joe McDonald was thinking, and old Pete Petersen was thinking. And they just thought, "Well, that's just it. We'll just have to put up with Ernest Brown to fill the thing out."

And the man that saved the day for the Democrats was "Panaca Pete," the state controller, Keith Lee. Gee, he was, I believe, the state chairman, and he swore, by golly, that it could be done, that they had the right to this. The state central committee could pick a man and put him on that ballot in time. Go to it. They went to the Supreme Court. And they won. As I say, "Panaca Pete" saved the day.

So they put Alan Bible on there, and, of course, Alan didn't make the mistake he made in that campaign previously against one Mr. Mechling. He just made a good, hard-fought campaign right down the line, and got a good, hefty, substantial vote down there in Clark County to put him in there without any difficulty. But he certainly owed that job to the efforts and the energy and the foresight of Keith Lee. The others, they all swore it just couldn't be done, and he just said it could. And now we've still got Bible on our hands, can't get rid of him, damn it, [laughing] as much as we try to. But he's just in there to stay, I guess.

Of course, the death of McCarran there kinda broke up some of those people that had been around his office. He certainly had a long list of his favorites there. And they began to drop by the wayside pretty fast. Bible certainly didn't want any part of some of 'em there—in fact, he didn't trust some of 'em. It took him a little while, you might say, to get them out and get his own people in there. He's done that pretty well now.

He runs a pretty good office back there, I've noticed, got good people in it. He isn't any great firecracker as a senator, by any means. He certainly is not a second Pat McCarran, by any means, [laughing] He's kind of a smooth, easy-going, quiet, nice sort of a guy, but I just don't think he's got much fire to him. His main ambition is to just stay in the Senate as long as he can.

But you will recall, too, that after he filled out that term of McCarran's, he made the public announcement he would not run again. That went all over the place, and yes, by golly, he meant it. I talked to him up at Lake Tahoe one night. He told me all of his reasons that he was not goin' to run. Then a couple of weeks later, he made a flip-flop, and that seemed to follow a certain meeting way out in some house out here in Reno, with a number

of the old McCarran hatchet people on hand that just told him in no uncertain and very positive, profane terms he had to run. He had to run to protect them and take care of them. And he gave up. I had that from somebody who was mighty close to that meeting.

[Why didn't he want to run before?] Well, as he explained it to me then, he said that his age at that time there, why, six years more would've put him up there fifty-odd years old. And then figurin', well, suppose he was to get beat? You're always going to live by the sword in that game. Then what was he goin' to do, come back and try to establish a law practice? In the meantime, all of these new and younger lawyers that appeared on the scene and set themselves up good and solid, he'd be competing against them. And so that would put him in the position, then, of being, as he described it, a political tramp, just trying to get elected time after time, or failing to be elected again and fishing around for some kind of—perhaps an appointive job. [It would] make him a political hanger-on.

Those were good, sound reasons. He was a good lawyer, pretty good lawyer, and I think his reasons were the same reasons that Paul Laxalt gave when Paul stepped out of the governor's office: that he'd given his stint there to public service, and it was about time that he thought of his family and began building up something for them. Those were almost the same kind of words that Alan Bible told me, but he was sure talked out of 'em mighty fast [laughing] by some people there who had no concern whatsoever for Alan Bible or his personal feeling whatsoever, but for their own selfish interests. I knew 'em. [laughing]

[Were they state officeholders?] No, not all of 'em; no, I don't think any of 'em were at the time. [What kind of protection were they demanding from him at that time?] Oh, influence, juice, [laughing] as the saying goes,

inelegantly. I think Alan Bible's influence had something to do with that development work up there at Incline with this fellow, Art Wood, when he came in. And Bible figured in that someplace or another, as did his law partners. I think that was rather well mentioned in a political campaign a few years back—Bible and his boys and that Incline thing up there, and who got what. Now, I don't think Alan got anything out of it particularly, but some of the others around him may have.

You know, you can go out and use a senator's name pretty loosely. Sometimes. Some people just believe it. That fellow may not have that authority that he claims—that influence he claims—but then if he puts on a good story, it's pretty hard to beat him down. Maybe you don't want to take a chance on it. Certainly McCarran's friends used that approach quite often. They never knew whether they were bluffing or not.

I guess Alan's just going to be just a senator there as long as he keeps running. He's pretty well established himself after all these years there now. And the funny part of it is, he looks like a senator. [laughing] He gets up there with that long hairdo of his there, and that rather pompous manner of speech of his, and he's just a regular Senator Claghorn type sometimes. [laughing]

[Are the people that he protected, then, protecting him?] I don't think they would. [laughing] Some of 'em I wouldn't trust very far. There's very little gratitude in that game of politics, you know. If you just lose off, hmm, you just haven't got any friends left. Try and find 'em.

[Where does Walter Baring fit into all this?] Well, Walter is kind of a maverick sort of a character, as he wandered in and out. He's a local fellow who came up here as a boy from Goldfield. I knew him then. He used to live across the street from us, a big, good-natured

sort of a cuss there. He was one of that bunch of young fellows that took such an active part, back about forty years ago, in the then Young Democrats. And everybody used to rather, well, kinda laugh at these kids, dabbling in the edge of politics.

Well, that turned out to be a rather formidable force, somebody to be reckoned with, in years later, Joe Cleary bein' a good example of that. Red McLeod, and a whole bunch of that crowd went over to Carson City there [and] wound up mainly in the Highway Department, back during the old Bob Allen days, Malcolm McEachin.

Walter Baring kinda played around on the edge of them, got himself elected there one time to the legislature. Then he got himself elected to the city council later. He always seemed to be a kind of an ineffectual sort of a cuss. But I don't know about that. He managed to attract votes, nonetheless. The only thing I remember that he made any stand on, when he was a member of the city council, was that he opposed parking meters. Then when he decided he was going to run for Congress, then that was just Laughable. Imagine this great big, clumsy-lookin' fellow in Congress! Impossible!

Well, it wasn't impossible. [laughing] He got elected, and he did two terms there. And then back he cane again, after two terms out. That old comeback trail, Walter was right in there, and he's played both sides against the middle. When he was first a congressman there, why, he had gold star marks, hundred percent record with the old political action committees of the AFL and the CIO. Then later, he swung clear around, went the other way around and became one of the most vocal critics of organized labor and its political methods there. And when he was first there, why, he more or less inherited some of the beliefs of the old New Deal. Pretty soon, he

got rid of them, and he decided he just had to create something new, whereupon he just declared himself a Jeffersonian Democrat, whatever the heck [laughing] that might be. He's jumped all over the lot, and he's unpredictable as all get out there, and you just can't tell whether he's goin' to vote with the conservatives or the liberals, or what. But he just knows when to jump, you might say.

And, of course, he never found such a horse to jump on and ride off in all directions as he did on the freeway [I-80]. He was one of the first to pile in on that thing. And with the help of some of these local people who were opposing it or just trying to do most anything to switch it all around and build it straight up and straight down, and so on, he just succeeded in blocking that thing for year after year after year, until right now, the thing is only just a traction completed, and should be completed by this time, instead of all these vacant lots that've been cleared off, bridges that cross nothing. And it was all to Walter's credit that he did that. He just knew what was going to be the smart thing to do, set himself up as the champion of the underdog. And I don't know how on earth you could possibly beat the man. I don't think anybody could.

There was a time, I thought, when they were looking around for a good candidate. I thought that Grant Sawyer could've beat him. Grant had been mentioned for that, and he gave it some thought, too, 'cause I spoke to him one time when we were having a meeting out in Elko, and remarked on that, and he said he was giving it some thought. And I believe that, by golly, he might've made it. He could've taken Walter. You're goin' to have to beat Walter in his own party, and Grant could've done it.

But instead of that, Grant went on to bigger and better things, thanks to the effort of one man. Because while he was

playing around with that idea, why, a fellow down there in Carson Valley by the name of Graham Hollister took an interest in the Democratic politics. Hollister was part of that big California landowning and ranching family for which the town of Hollister is named, and, gosh, they've got holdings that run all the way out to the Pacific Ocean. He lived up there in one of those ranches on the west side of Carson Valley. He had some good connections in there, too, with the Interior Department. So he just more or less mounted a one-man campaign there to get Grant Sawyer in to seek the Democratic nomination for governor. He just went out and, by golly, got him nominated, and got him elected, too.

That was the first time this "third term thing" had come up, with Charlie Russell tryin' to go for the third term. Of course, Sawyer's a very personable young chap. Charlie is not. [laughing] He kinda looks like a lean and hungry bloodhound sometimes. But that third term thing, it was just [the] third term alone, I think, as much as anything, that elected Sawyer and beat Russell, because Russell had given a pretty good administration there for eight years. By that time, they were tired of him, after eight years, and they wanted a new name, Governor Somebody or other besides Governor Russell. They wanted Governor Somebody to say something brand new. Grant was to find that out later, too, that the magic had worn off after eight years. But it was the efforts, I think, of Graham Hollister, more than anyone else, that put Sawyer there in Carson City.

[I mentioned Charlie Russell. Was he the candidate of a kind of reform element in the Republican party?] The Young Turks. That gets back there about 1946, I guess, when the Young Turks around here—. Well, I'll just try to pick out a name or two at random. Les Gray was one of 'em; Marvin Humphrey was

one of 'em, but I think the real work in that Young Turk movement was carried on by the women. Some of those gals out there—well, ol' Lucy Humphrey (boy, she's a fighter! Look out for Lucy when she takes the warpath), and Marvel Guisti was one of 'em, and Alleta Gray. They gathered together a lot of those women, and they went out and organized, and they just beat the bushes for votes, and worked precinct by precinct. And then they moved in there on the precinct meetings there, the mass meetings, early in the season, and into the county meeting, then into the state meeting, and they had enough horsepower there that they were ready to take on what was left of the old Wingfield machine headed there by Noble Getchell and ol' Clara Beatty. I think she was state chairwoman at that time, the ol' battle-axe, [laughing] as we used to call her. In fact, I could call her that to her face, and she enjoyed the title, relished it.

They moved in there to that state convention and took it over, and just about read all the others out of the party. Well, they died hard. They were able to come back in a couple of years. But then they went out there and they mounted that campaign there to elect a congressman and a senator. And they did. They elected Charlie Russell there to congress.

Charlie'd already made a good mark over there in the legislature as a state senator., And he was well-known, of course, across the eastern and northern part of the state there, with the old Russell family up there in Elko County, and then there in White Pine County, (and) his connections through his newspaper there with the Chapin family, and some help there, I think, from the Bates family. So he had good strength.

And then Molly Malone, of course, for the Senate. Well, Molly went in there with his usual Malone energy, which just boiled

all over the place, and some good campaign Workers around here to help him. One of the best of the local campaign helpers at that time was Roger Teglia. When Teglia went out on the warpath, everybody else took to cover, 'cause when there was money to be raised, Roger went out and raised the money with all the finesse of Jesse James. I saw him collect about \$1,500 at a rally one time by just goin' up and, "Give me some money. Give me so much."

That campaign that elected Malone, as I remember, I believe it cost about 60,000 bucks. Graham Dean had a good deal to do with handling the money on that thing, he bein' a nice, respectable Republican. They could trust him. [laughing] I think that was about what it came to, which is almost about one tenth of what it would cost to elect a senator today. And nobody was any more surprised than Molly was [laughing] that he got elected. That was the ambition he'd held ever since he first went into public service there as state engineer back there in 1927, and had his mind made up that some day he wanted to go back to Washington as a senator. He kept workin' at it, and by golly, he made it, [laughing] and got by a second time.

[What kinds of contacts did I have with this Young Turk group?] Oh, I was mixed up around the edges of it. I knew all of those people that were in there, and in complete sympathy with 'em there, and particularly since that old guard was made up of a good many of those ancient old Republicans that the *Gazette* and my father had opposed back over the years. And so I was just kinda bound to get into the middle of these sort of things. I kinda played around the edges of it, and was a member of various state committees, this, that, and the other thing. But the trouble is, about every year or so, I'd get read out of the party. Some of these people would take it for granted there that no matter what was in the wind, that I was going to use my position there as an editor to sing the

praises of the Republicans and their various candidates, and officials, and that all they had to do was whistle and I'd sing their tune.

I would just have to tell 'em, nope, it just isn't that way, that I'm a Republican editor, and that's it, but not of a Republican newspaper, and to emphasize that the *Gazette* is an independent newspaper with conservative Republican leanings, and I don't intend to have anybody tell me what I'm gem' to say. I'll decide that.

So you can imagine how popular I was! [laughing] I'd get bounced out of the party every now and then. Then about two years later, come another campaign, everything was all right, come on back in, all is forgiven, [laughing] and so on. I just grew to expect that sort of thing.

But also, I was very careful, too, from these various Republican officials, never to accept any favors, ever. And that's a failing that they too often have, is to want to cash in on that thing. Well, I just never believed in that. I knew there was a price tag somewhere, and that if you gave in once, boy, they'd pull that tag, and it had a long string on the thing.

Molly Malone offered me jobs time and again back in Washington. Well, I had no ambition to go to Washington, and no ambition whatsoever for a political job. But as a favor there, he called me up one night, one Saturday night. He said he was going to Russia and said I was going with him. I said, "Now, wait a minute, Molly. Just what's all this about?"

Well, he, as a senator, was going to make a one-man swing in behind the Iron Curtain. He could manage it. He was going to Russia and some of those other countries, and he was going to take me along as a member of his staff, and put me on the payroll, as it were, and connect me up.

I said, "Oh, no, you're not, Molly." [laughing] I'd dearly love to go on a thing

like that, but one thing, no person on earth could keep up with the energetic Malone. He could wear out more people in twenty-four hours than anybody I ever saw 'cause he just never stopped. And furthermore, I was not going to be under obligation for any such a thing as that. It [would've] been a wonderful experience, Lord knows, 'cause Molly went into Russia and several of those other Communist countries, and he went down to some of those big engineering projects in interior Russia, and so on. What a time that would've been! But no thanks.

And Molly couldn't understand why I declined. He just thought I should hop right on the bandwagon. I wanted to be in a position to tell Molly off, if I ever had to. And I think that any newspaperman tries to be that way with any public official. Someday, he's goin' to have to tell him something, or he's goin' to have to print something unfavorable. And in politics, that's certainly true.

One of the lessons my father told me many years ago, he said, "One thing," he said. "You're never going to have too many friends as long as you're in this business 'cause sooner or later, you're goin' to say something or do something that they don't like." And that happened. You might say, though, they survived and proved their real friendship. And there were times there where I just had to take after somebody who was a very close friend of mine, or print something there very damaging to 'em. Friendship couldn't stand in the way. So, like Father said, "You're not goin' to have too many friends."

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A good deal of the credit for that freeport law goes back to our former publisher, Graham Dean. He heard the idea expressed by Ed Bender. Ed had been in the warehouse

business before he was in the government service there. (He was one of those bureaucrats there during the war. He was in the Manpower office, as I remember.) He was the one that thought of this freeport thing, and Graham Dean raised a committee on that thing and put some money in the bank to push the thing along there. Ed finally got the thing enacted there by the legislature, over the opposition, I might say, of just about every county assessor in the whole state. They all began to think they were going to be robbed out of a lot of revenue, which, actually, they weren't, because there wasn't enough of that warehousing and storage to amount to anything up to that time. And so when the freeport law was finally put into force there, why, just almost overnight, its benefits began to be seen, in the warehousing business, and then in some of these storage and assembly plants that had been put up here since that time. All you have to do is just drive around the fringes of the valley right now and just behold all of these warehouses and assembly plants, and just every last one of 'em there all drawn here by that freeport law.

And where it was interpreted there, that they could engage in a certain degree of manufacture and assembly and storage before the goods were moved on to their destination, why, it just added that much more choice and varied industry right here in this area, and certainly, something that we all wanted to see around here. We didn't want to find ourselves tied to one big smoky industry. For example, we didn't want a steel mill out here on the edge of town, but something in the light variety, and one that required a certain amount of skilled labor. And we have attracted a great deal of that sort of thing. I noticed in the last two or three days down there east of Sparks, all of those warehouses and assembly plants that have been put up; and then out there north and east of the Reno airport, that turned

into a tremendously industrial area, light industry, and well kept, too, neat and clean.

Then another thing that went along with the freeport law, one that left a few scars around with the other hand, was “right-to-work.” That was suggested around here, and that was a bloody issue around here. It was enacted over the furious opposition, of course, of the labor people, and then they made every effort to knock the thing down when it was supported by vote after vote of the people. One man that had a very great deal to do with that thing was Jack Myles. And Jack was later called in to work with the national committee on right-to-work legislation. He traveled around the country giving ‘em advice, and so on, and then he died of a heart attack down there in Texas. But a good deal of the right to work law belongs to him.

Our friend Grant Sawyer more or less opposed that thing. He was kinda catering there to the labor elements. Grant got his comeuppance on the thing when the Bigelow carpet people opened up this huge warehouse down there by Sparks. [They] brought out all of the big bugs of the company there to dedicate the thing. They held a regular grand reception and lunch and drink and party, and what not, and everybody was makin’ big speeches. Sawyer made a great and wonderful speech, how wonderful it was these people just couldn’t resist the charms of Nevada. And the president of the company got up and said, “Yes, the freeport law, plus the right-to-work law,” and boy, it brought ‘em out here. [laughing] And poor ol’ Grant went down like that! [palm flat, down]

STRIKE AGAINST RENO NEWSPAPERS

We supported that right-to-work thing all the way through, from the very beginning. It was no surprise to those labor people because we certainly had always been critical

of labor—rather, you might say, of labor and its abuses, big labor, and political labor. In the newspaper and printing business there, why, we were so closely allied to this trade union business, they couldn’t accuse us of being enemies of labor, by any means, but we always had opposed the abuses of big, organized labor, both locally and on a national scale. And for that reason, why, we went right down the line and supported right-to-work, and we used that as one of our strong points about the time we were hit with a strike. In fact, that was our main defense.

They tried to run a whizzer on us, and we weren’t about to have any whizzers run on us. The right-to-work bill forbids compulsory union. And that was a great effort that the Newspaper Guild was putting on us, to try to get a closed shop. And, of course, a closed shop is forbidden by the law. A union shop is one thing, but a closed shop was another. You can’t stand in the way of an effort to create a union shop. If the union people can, you might say, sell their side, why, then, you let in a union shop. Closed shop, no.

But then, they tried a sneaker on us, a what was known as an agency shop, where the people did not have to join a union if they didn’t so desire, but they would have to pay dues, the same dues that union people did. Those dues would not go to the union, but could be turned over to any agency that these people might desire, for instance, the Red Cross, Community Chest. Their argument was that the people who did not want to join a union shouldn’t have a free ride at the expense of the dues-paying people, and that the dues-paying people were being penalized by having to pay their money, and therefore, they wanted to penalize these other people and make them pay. We fought on that one, and that was the issue we took our strike on, which I think was a mistake on the part

of those people because in a town like this, which does have a very strong union element, and always has had, had they called the strike on the so-called economic issues, the wages and hours and benefits and working conditions, they would, without doubt, have got more public sympathy. But that agency shop, that was just a little too rank for anybody to take. And on that thing there, we stood on that right-to-work bill, and won the strike.

The union, the American Newspaper Guild, moved in on us about 1950. It had been in existence since back in the early days of the New Deal. There was good reason that such a union or guild should be organized in those days— that is, the pay of newspaper people, particularly the reporters, and editors, was very low as compared to the pay that the journeyman printer was getting. Some of those pay rates were just plain scandalous, that's all there was to it. And there had always been some effort made to organize, but not until they had the support of such laws as the Wagner law, and the endorsement of open help in the Roosevelt administration, could such a union be formed. It first was called the guild, rather than the tag of a union because these first people said, "Well, now, look. We just can't take these professional people and put 'em in the same rank and file as steal puddlers and bricklayers, and all of that." So they called it a guild. And it was about the same time, too, that some of the more liberal fringe in the law profession organized a lawyers' guild in more or less of a liberal protest against the American Bar Association.

Well, the newspaper guild was first organized among editorial employees, then later became affiliated there with the CIO, an industrial union, vertical union, took in everything. And when they did that, they moved all the way through the newspaper

industry, to where they even took the office boys and the office girls and the elevator operators, and even the janitors. [laughing] Everybody joined that union, or could join, and they made every effort to do it. Well, when they did that, why, then, the thing no longer could be considered a guild, an organization of professional people who said they were dedicated to the improvement of their profession. It became simply just one more heavyweight union, and adopted all of the tactics of a union, including the strike and the lockout [laughing] and the picketing and the blacklisting, and about everything you can mention.

It finally moved in on us there, through the efforts of one or two of our people who had been exposed to the guild down in California. Well, we stood it off as long as we could. Then we had to give in and take it. And at first there, we were able to get along with those people pretty well. Our own people were rather reasonable. And the guild representative that came up here from California to help these people in their bargaining was an old newspaperman himself, a good, understanding one. As a rule, it wound up there with a contract that just about satisfied everybody.

All of that changed when this negotiator died. He was succeeded by a gentleman whose name was Joe Campo, and his background seems to've been that of an organizer and an agitator on the New Jersey docks. Then he wound up down there around the Los Angeles area, and pretty much of a troublemaker and agitator, and certainly, he had no experience or any legitimate connection with the newspaper business. Nonetheless, he was hired there by the guild as their international representative. And up he came here, and from the time he came in, there was blood on the moon. He was the most insulting person I ever saw, and he

opened fire there by accusing us of just about every sin under the sun, cursed us up, down, and sideways, and in language that none of us could match or wanted to match. And the rest of these people just kinda sat back and were more or less fascinated by that fellow.

We put up with him for a couple of years in those negotiations. Then back he came again. And this time, we'd had just about all we could take of him, and all we could take of our people, from the way they had been more or less snowed by him. We did know that sooner or later, we were going to have to have a strike. You could just see it coming. It was inevitable. And the last time, when he came up there, in 1959, we opened the thing up. We had a mediator from the federal government with us, a very fair and able man, too. And he did his best. He tried to play it as fair as he could, right down the middle, and, of course, being tied in with the government labor end of things, he was bound to have some sympathy toward the union side. But he certainly worked as hard as he could to pursue an independent course, and he did his best to avoid the strike.

Finally, we couldn't possibly come to terms, and every offer we made was turned down flat by these people. We insisted we were not going to go in on either a union shop, or a closed shop, or on that agency plan. And finally, after negotiation that went on almost over a twenty-four-hour period, the mediator came in and said this was what he's learned from those people there—they'd strike on that, and would we take a strike on that issue? We said we would.

Well, it was about the end of the week, and we thought, "Well, maybe they'll cool a little bit." About five o'clock Monday morning came the call here at home, "There's pickets out in front of the place." [laughing]

Well, nothin' to do but go down there and go to work, and I'll tell you, it was pretty

hopeless and helpless to walk into an empty room and see nobody there except the ones you knew would be there, the management people. I was battlin' down there about six o'clock and told Myrtle to follow me down as soon as she could. And the rest of the wives, all the way, began to pour in, you might say, to help where they could.

Then they put the pickets out, and the printers wouldn't cross the picket line. And there, we were into some trouble 'cause you do have to have printers to put out a paper. But we did have enough type layin' around loose and some people who could print. [Charles A.] Chick Stout was a printer from way back. He was a linotype operator. And our foreman there, mechanical superintendent, was an operator. Well, with two machines and what type we could scrounge, and what copy we could reproduce as engravings and put in, we got out a paper, but it was the sickest lookin' thing you ever saw!

We tried to tell the printers, "Now, look. There's no picket line clause in your contract." That's common to some contracts, to say if there is a picket line, our people should not have to cross it. But they didn't have such.

They wouldn't come back to work. Well, there was forty-eight jobs tied up in that contract, forty-eight of the highest paid jobs in the city of Reno, you might say. Printers were always more or less the kingpins in organized labor, as far as their working conditions and pay was concerned. The pressmen hesitated in crossing the picket line, and they had no picket line clause.

We called the international offices of both unions. The printers, we got no satisfaction from them, but we called the pressmen. They said, "We'll take care of that." And the following night, one of their international representatives covering the West Coast angle flew down here from Seattle. He called

a meeting of the printers and pressmen, and said, "Meet me up here," in the Bank Club saloon, of all places. You know, on neutral ground; you never meet anywhere around the paper, for example. And he asked us, from the management side, to be present, which was a little unusual.

So we went up there. And this fellow (he was a hardbitten cuss), he told those fellows, he said, "Now, look. We are a union that honors our contract. You have a contract in here, and you're going to keep it. And you're going to work." He said, "Eight o'clock tomorrow morning, I will meet you people at the corner of First and Center Street there, by the city hall. And you're goin' to follow me right through that picket line and go to work." They did.

Well, believe me, that, to our mind, was good trade unionism. They went to work, and they never left after that. Those printers, they simply refused to come back. We brought in some of the damndest group [laughing] you ever saw in your life. They were, if you want to put it bluntly, strikebreakers, teams of 'em that were more or less available. And most of 'em seemed to come out of the deep South or out of the Ozark country. Some of 'em, I'll swear, were hillbillies that had never worn shoes before in their lives. [laughing] But at least they helped us out for a while. In the meantime, we began to look around and hunt for printers who wanted to come to work. We served notice on those who had worked for us, that if they did not come to work, they would be replaced.

We didn't say, "You're fired." You don't do that. You got to stay within what the law says you can do, the labor law. You can say they will be replaced.

Some of 'em came back. Some of the union boys did come back. After all, they began to miss that paycheck coming in every once in

a while, and quite a number of 'em drifted back. Some other printers began to come in from other parts of the country, as the word spread that there were openings here, and they were good printers, some of 'em union men, and some weren't. Nobody ever asked 'em to show a card, seeing as there wasn't any union organization within the paper there.

It took months there, but finally we were able to kinda get ourselves organized again, pickin' up help wherever we could find it, and replacements on our editorial people, our clerical people, our advertising people. We offered those people to come back, "Come on back," you might say, "all is forgiven, or you will be replaced."

Well, they were just going to stand by their cause. Two of 'em came back. And I might say those two have been mighty successful men since that time, one of 'em being one Mr. Rollan Melton, who went on to become the publisher, then the vice president of Speidel Newspapers, Inc., and now Speidel Newspapers, Incorporated president; and the other was Walter McKenzie, who was one of the best of our reporters. He stayed around quite a while, except long enough to be baited away by the power company into a really fancy high paid public relations job, which I couldn't blame him for taking, either. But those were the only ones in the news side that ever came back.

We just had to start, you might say, from scratch, with just two or three of the old hands around, then build up a whole new news organization. Well, it took time, just like it takes quite a while to rebuild a piece of machinery and get all of the gears to click at the same time. I figured at that time it was going to take five or six years to get a staff back to normal, and that was just about what it took. So you see why I don't want to go through that any more. I don't want to

be going down to work at five o'clock in the morning, either, [laughing] any more.

[During the strike] I was goin' down there, and for about the first hours, I'd be a printer. Then the second couple of hours I'd go back in the news room, and I'd be a reporter-rewrite man. Then I'd kinda straighten things out and figure out where all the help was, and I'd be a kind of an all-around copy editor. And then, pretty soon I'd have to sit down and figure out how I'm going to put out an editorial page for tomorrow. So you see, I did a lot of jumping around in those days.

But there was one thing that had certainly paid off there among our people—that is, the executive people, my assistants there, city editors and assistant managing editors, managing editors. I'd always insisted that everybody there had to know what the other fellow's job was and be prepared to do it. That came in right handy and had worked out to good advantage in years when somebody'd show up sick, or maybe two or three people wouldn't be in. You could always slip in, and the work'd flow right out. Well, it certainly paid off in those strike days.

We certainly had community support on that thing, too. This Mr. Campo, as I remarked there, he was a kind of an unsavory sort of a character. And after he lost the strike here, the guild fired him. And the next thing we knew, he showed up as an associate of our friend "Whorehouse Joe," Mr. Conforte. First, he wanted to open up a joint on top of Montgomery Pass—you know, right on the state line there, coming over there from Inyo County. But he was turned down on that by the state gaming board, who'd heard a little bit about the gentleman. So he was. hangin' around here, and then one morning, I got a story from down out of Carson to the effect that one Mr. Campo had gone down to his little trailer in Dayton, where he was living

with some tomato, and said tomato met him at the door with a pistol and shot him [laughing] twice, deader 'n hell.

That was the kind of a thing that certainly reflected no credit upon labor, either, and I think those people afterwards began to realize that they'd been carried away by the snake charmer., But they succeeded in wiping themselves out of some good paying, steady jobs, and all the benefits in the world, and those printers wiped out forty-eight situations. Some of 'em came back, but—.

There's no union down there now, and those printers that work in there are very content with it. For one thing, they have the benefit of not paying dues and strike assessments, and wore important to them is that their overtime is their own. I don't know whether you're familiar with that little trick of the printers' union. If a man is working on overtime, after his allotted number of hours, and in wanders some tramp printer from nowhere, and he's lookin' for some work, and he finds out there's a man workin' overtime, he bumps him. That fellow has to go home, and you put this other bum to work. [laughing]

And then, what was even more profitable to us, we'd do away with what we called "bogus," for reproduction. Now, some of the work that comes into the plant there, like advertisements, is in cut form, and mats, that're just cast up and put in the page and run. But under the union rule— and one that holds in the union to this day [and] has been more or less upheld by some sympathetic courts—you have to pay a printer, probably on overtime, to reproduce that ad that's come to you already prepared, to prepare it in type, set it up, and pull a proof on it, and then throw the metal in the melting pot.

I went down there one Sunday after that strike was under way, and all over that back shop, here was that reproduction, or that

bogus, I think something like a half a ton of metal represented there, work that we'd paid for, never used, and never could be used, and half a ton of metal [laughing] tied up in the thing.

They [the strikers] put out a strike paper there, and it was mainly concerned with just blasting us wicked people on the Reno newspapers there, and particularly Chick Stout. He was their principal victim, of course, being the publisher, and with some reference there to the people in Speidel Newspapers, and then to us two-bit scabs that were all mixed up in it. They went around, and they managed to gather up a little advertising from some merchants around the town, and they put out a few issues, but it fizzled out pretty soon. I still remember who some of those advertisers were in that thing, and I don't patronize them to this day.

But the strike paper, of course, that's rather common. Generally, they try to hang on as long as they can and then hope that maybe somebody'll buy the doggone thing and make the child legitimate. That was where Mr. Greenspun came into the Nevada picture, by buying a union paper that'd been set up down there in Las Vegas by the Typos, by the Typographical Union, which was on strike against the *Review-Journal*. They started a competing paper down there, and Greenspun bought that thing. Then he did the same thing in Colorado Springs. A paper was started there by the Typographical Union to compete with the Colorado Springs *Gazette*, which is one of the so-called "Freedom Newspapers," and about as ultraconservative a paper as you could possibly imagine. You just have to know those kind of people—they're the type of people that insist that the public schools and public libraries are a form of Communism. [laughing] So they started a paper there, and they brought in some rather talented

help to put the thing out, including Mr. E. Palmer Hoyt, Jr., formerly from the Portland Oregonian, and later in connection there with the Denver Post. You might say that's pretty good newspaper talent to have there.

So he bought that thing after it kinda began to hunt for a happy home. To run the doggone thing, Hank hired the husband of that gal who had been a press secretary to Mrs. (Martha) Mitchell (you know, the wife of the attorney general). Remember, she hired herself as a secretary, and her husband was—I think he was in the radio and broadcasting business, and he got fired [laughing] on account of some of Mrs. Mitchell's outbursts. So Hank hired him to be the editor of that paper there in Colorado Springs. And one of the first things he opened up with in such a nice, staid community as Colorado Springs, an ultraconservative community of retired people, and, you might say, retired generals and little old ladies in tennis shoes, he began a campaign for legalized prostitution, [laughing] claiming that was the only way they could take care of all those soldiers that came down from Camp Carson and some of those kids that wandered in, maybe, from the Air Force Academy.

Well, Hank had tried to set him up. as the very model of purity down there in Las Vegas, campaigning constantly against all of the prostitution up and down the Strip, and the hustlers around the town, and one house by the name of "Formyle" at one time. Well, he sure went into a flipflop in that thing.

But that strike paper in Reno, it just finally fizzled. Well, it seems to me like it must be a hundred little, tiny publications that've sprouted up in Reno now and then, and whered they ever go? Nobody knows. I've often wondered what would've happened if they all succeeded. I think my father used to print a few of those things way back when,

from the Reno Printing Company. I know there was one of 'em that came off his press. I never knew what it was, but I've often wondered. It was called the *Nevada Rock Roller*. I never found a copy of it, although I've found quite a few stray things like that among his papers later on. But I often wondered about the Rock Roller. A name like that shouldn't be allowed to be lost. Like Bill Nye's *Boomerang* there in Laramie, Wyoming. It goes on to this day, and they still publish the *Boomerang*. In fact, I think that was where one of our old presses went to after we replaced it with a bigger press. I think it went to Laramie.

[Were there a few of these that really thought they were going to be some kind of competition? Like Bixler, for example?] Well, I never paid much attention to Bixler. He's kind of a fast operator, and not exactly a very good fellow to do business with, and didn't pay his bills, I guess, among other things, from what I gathered.

But the idea that you can start another paper someplace, you might say that's kind of costly, a will o' the wisp. I saw that thing happen back there in Lima, Ohio, several years ago, when the Freedom Newspapers (they're the ones that are based, of all places, in Orange County [California], so that gives you an idea of what stripe they are), they bought the paper in Lima, which is one of these old-time family holdings. It was a real high-class paper. And right off the bat, why, they opened up in true style there in opposing the school bond issue, and what not, and the public library system. [laughing]

They'd been tryin' for years to raise a bond issue to build a new library. The old library was something about like our ancient old little Carnegie Library had been at one time. And those hard-fisted old Dutchmen that lived back around Lima, they said nope, they

weren't about to spend that kind of money, and they kept beating these bond issues down. Then, when the R. C. Hoiles outfit came in, the Freedom Newspapers, they opened up and opposed the bond issue. Then they began to see what they had on their hands. The Toledo Blade, about seventy miles away, began to publish a special Lima edition, and among other things, a front-page editorial commending the bond issue for the library. And the bond issue just carried like wildfire. [laughing] And they built a beautiful library there, one of the best I've seen anywhere.

But then, as they began to get more of a dose of the Hoiles operations, they had a strike on their hands from the printers and the guild, lost most of their help. And a couple of industrialists there in Lima put up a half a million dollars to start a rival paper. They managed to scrounge up enough equipment, picking up secondhand printing equipment, and presses, and what not, and they got some help there from the people who had left the Lima News, and they opened up there with the Lima Citizen, a pretty good paper, all things considered.

But then they were just buckin' the odds, and they managed it for a few years, and then sooner or later, the end came. The merchants began to figure that they were the losers in that thing 'cause they felt they had to advertise in both papers, and they weren't getting their money when they put it into both. In the meantime, the Hoiles outfit weren't about to take that kind of a challenge laying down, and they kept improving their coverage and putting in all of the lurid stories and features and pictures and comics, everything you could think of, to make an attractive package. And pretty soon, the Citizen just wound up and failed. It couldn't make enough money there to pay their help, and they'd had to give some of their help stock in the venture in lieu

of wages. And it finally folded. They picked the thing up, the other boys did, and bought what was left of, you might say, the ruins and the wreckage.

But now, their community's about the size of—pretty close to the size of Reno, fifty, sixty thousand people, a prosperous community, and it just couldn't support two papers. Anybody who figured he might move into Reno the same way, he'd be up against the same thing. He'd get by for a few years, but he's just losin' money all the way around. And unless a fella just wanted to be a great philanthropist and blow eight or ten million bucks, why, [laughing] he just couldn't make a go of it, 'cause newspaper business today is so heavy, and so complex, and so costly. The day's gone by when little fellas could move into a town and start a paper. He might be able to do it out in some little corner of the state, but I don't even know where that'd be. To even put up a reasonable plant today, it would run into a good many thousands of dollars. And you couldn't get by with a hand-set type any more or one beat up ol' linotype machine any more. It's just thousands upon thousands of dollars.

Even the smaller papers of the state today represent a tremendous investment. The very latest of these line casting machines, and so on, that operate from a tape setup, they may run all the way up to thirty-odd thousand dollars. There was a time when you could have a whole newspaper for that much money, but—. And presses begin to run into more money than anybody dreams of, and you can't get by with an old style press any more. You've got to have the very latest. That old flatbed press they don't even make any more, and if you can find one, it's goin' to be junk. I only know of one flatbed that's left anywhere around the West. [They] finally took one out of Ely and put it down in Fallon. It goes ka-whunk, ka-whunk, ka-whunk, (laughing,

gesturing to show press operation] turnin' out papers at the rate of about 2,500 an hour. And that's pretty slow, when you get one of these offsets there that's liable to give you 20,000 in an hour.

A STATE SALES TAX

I'd more or less agitated, written and talked about a sales tax for some years before we came onto the thing, pointing out, there, that we'd just about reached the limit on what we could get from the property tax, particularly, since they managed to throw a halter around that thing with that constitutional amendment that put the limit of five dollars on the combined rate, and sooner or later, why, they perhaps were going to regret that, but nonetheless, it was a good thing to have. The only way they could get around the five-dollar limit was to go over the assessment system and bring it up to a little more of a realistic pattern.

That wasn't any too popular, but if they were going to have to have more money—. And you know, they kept saying, "Well, income tax," and, "Soak the rich." Well, I could see where an income tax wasn't quite the answer at that time. may have to change my thinking on that, from what I've been hearing lately. They're beginning to move in that direction, but the income tax in a state like this, it's goin' to cost more to collect than they'd get out of it. And a sales tax is an immediate money-maker, right now. The minute you put it in, the money begins to flow in.

Of course, the big opposition to that came from two sources: the people out here in the state, you might say the farm people, they'd always managed to have all the tax advantages that they could, and they didn't want to pay any taxes if they could help it, especially a

sales tax, and from the organized labor side of things, “You’re taxing the poor man’s bread,” and the fact, they say, that it is a regressive tax, that it bears more heavily on the poor.

Well, I never did quite accept that. You pay a sales tax on simply what you can afford to spend. And then, as far as the tax on the poor man’s bread is concerned, we’d had excessive sales taxes that never brought any particular protest. I used to point out every once in a while [that] these so-called labor people [who] were spending their money for bread go into the supermarket and they come out there with a bottle of whiskey that had a whappin’ big sales tax on it, and a carton of cigarettes that just had a ghastly sales tax on it, and gave it no thought. They just bounced the price of that bottle of whiskey and carton of cigarettes. And then when they ran up the bill there on a little bit of groceries and so many pennies for the tax, you could hear ’em bellow the length of the block there.

Once the thing [tax] was put in, it just didn’t hurt anybody. You might say almost overnight, they just decided, “Well, we’re just goin’ to have to pay those pennies, no use growling about it.” Arid the big Nevada demand for that money had come from the school people. They insisted on more and more appropriations from both the state and county levels, and it just about reached the limit on what could be raised from the property tax, and, of course, the gambling tax. You can just go so far on ’em. The sales tax was the only answer.

When it was enacted, I remember, I brought out the “second comin’ of Christ” type. Type about that big [gesturing to show about three inches]. It was criticized by some of the other editors around the state as a form of boasting that we had succeeded in fastening the sales tax on the poor, unfortunate people of Nevada. I think,

right now, that they’re pretty well satisfied on that sales tax. And I don’t know about any place in the country you can go any more where you’re not going to find a sales tax. I think Oregon is about the last of the holdout states. And it shouldn’t be, because, after all, it enacted the first sales tax, in the shape of the first gasoline tax, and there never had been such a money-maker devised in all of the world as that gasoline tax.

The effort now, of course, is to keep other sources from raiding that gasoline tax, and there’s a movement, I’m beginning to read, all around the country, there, that there’s too much money bein’ raised by the gasoline tax, and being devoted to highway construction and highways that we don’t need, that we’re goin’ crazy in building interchanges and freeways, and what not, and therefore, they want to get that money into—well, general circulation, as it were, and particularly relief, welfare. And once again, dear old education wants to get its fingers into that gold mine.

EQUALIZATION OF ASSESSMENT

After that sales tax was put in and they began to get some of the benefits, then, finally, the state did have to turn around and do something about the assessment system. That had been carried on by these county assessors, each in his own way, to satisfy his own conscience, if he had any, and take care of his own friends for—I guess ever since the years that we had county assessors.

There’s a very interesting little booklet on the subject of taxation in Nevada published many years ago by Romanzo Adams. I think you may have seen it, up there in the library. Romanzo was a brother of old Dean Maxwell Adams. And he just repeated the same things that were true forty, fifty years later of that assessment system.

But finally, they did nail it down to where property should be assessed at thirty-five percent of its market value. Before that, the law had said, "All property should be assessed at its full cash value." Well, that was ridiculous, and nobody was about to do that. And if they had, why, they would've just about bankrupted every property owner in the state, had he been taxed at the five-dollar rate on the full cash value of his property. And so the thirty-five percent seemed to be about as fair a figure as they could hit on.

Then, the next thing [was] to make sure that the assessors all went around and brought some of that property up, and brought some of it down. You could run through the old assessment lists there, and if you are familiar with the names and could guess at what piece of property it was, why, [laughing] the doggone thing was just ridiculous! One fellow wasn't comin' within a country mile of paying the low, and the next fellow was bein' hit clear to the limit.

Probably the worst offense, I think, was up at Lake Tahoe, on property up there that was selling at prices that made you think of a Florida land boom, and some of that property up there being assessed as unimproved forestland and rangeland, and at pennies on the dollar. You just go up there right now and look at some of the things that've been built up there, and then look at some of the prices that they're talkin' about. But those three Nevada counties up there should just have money just flowing out of their treasury like a fire hose, [laughing] if they collected all of that money. And I guess they are doing it now. That Incline up there certainly ought to be an assessor's gold mine, when I look at some of the prices up there. (I see one condominium there at Crystal Bay being advertised in the *Wall Street Journal* at comparable figures. That's the kind of real

estate that's lookin' for buyers in the *Wall Street Journal*.)

I think, around here, they did pretty well straighten out some of the residential property. Some of it there was badly overassessed, especially in the older parts of town. Some place there, at one time, had been a rather fine neighborhood, and maybe that house was worth 6,000 bucks once. So it was assessed at 6,000 bucks. In the meantime, the thing went to pot. Still, it was 6,000 bucks.

And the way the pattern of the town was moved, from this section and that, what was once the fine residential section, now, some of 'em are gettin' almost into a sort of a stricken area—not a ghetto or slum, but certainly not the most desirable end of town. As an example, there, the old Coffin property up there on Fifth Street was one of the most beautiful old homes fifty years ago, well-kept, there, an old Victorian-style house, painted white, and always well-kept, clean, new paint every year, and now it's got that two-bit brick siding nailed all over it, and it's about as crummy a lookin' place as I—. The grounds have all gone to pot around there. And if you go up and down that whole corner of town there, you'll find the same old story there, of those one-time grand old homes.

And up there a couple of blocks north, you go along Elm Street and Maple Street, and that at one time was a kind of an area where a good many of the University faculty people used to live, along in there. Those old houses have all kinda gone to pot, and some of 'em've been torn down, and parking lots took their place, and the rest of 'em, somebody moved in with a trailer full of beaver board and made boardin' houses out of 'em. And yet, most of that property was rather overassessed until this new assessment system was put into effect. Then those owners were able to point out the injustice of the thing.

Then they came out into this corner of town and began to whack things up a little bit. They certainly had it coming. Like there was a lot across the street over here [near Virginia Lake] that was empty when we came out here, and I kinda had the yen to buy the doggone thing there so I could look at Virginia Lake. I think it was assessed at somewhere around 3,000 bucks, or thereabouts, and it had been sold, I'd heard, for 6,000 bucks. The doggone thing was sold last year for twenty-two thousand dollars! That's a mighty high-priced piece of real estate.

Their assessment system around the town still needs, I think, a going over. If you drive around, I think you'll note how many vacant lots you see, some of 'em with a "For Sale" sign on 'em, some of 'em nothing on 'em. There's enough vacant lots in all parts of this town to take care of all of the needs for space for new homes that you can possibly imagine, and you'll find out that most of those lots are being held for fantastic sums, and they're being assessed for just pennies. Maybe if they're forced to do somethin' with 'em, then they wouldn't be opening up all of these new tracts around the edges of town, which are beginning to run away with us, I think. We can just stand about so many of those, and then, all of a sudden, I think we've just expanded beyond all reasonable limit. If you could just get some use out of all of the empty space that's around the town—I imagine you can find it anywhere around your own neighborhood. I can find it right around here.

I used to harp on those kind of things editorially. In fact, they just kinda got to calling me a sort of a perpetual panic crier [laughing] around the city hall. The old county assessor, he just had no use for me, and his successor didn't think a heck of a lot more of me, and I think that the county

commissioners and city councilmen, they all figured t was trying to run their business for 'em. Well, I wasn't. I think I was merely expressing what I had heard a good many other people say. As an editorial writer, I wasn't trying to be a crusader or reform the world, but I was trying a good many times to express what I thought was the opinion of the people that I'd run into. You take around a luncheon meeting, those people you see there, people at a lodge meeting, people around political gatherings, and you listen to 'em and see what they're saying. Then pretty soon, you begin to find a pattern. They all have certain things in their mind, and I tried to express those things.

I wasn't out, as I say, crusading; that wasn't quite my job. My job, when I wrote an editorial, was, most of the time, to try to explain and interpret and carry out a little further thought on the subject there, and not just be blasting away all the time just for the sake of being different. That's the easiest thing in the world to do. In fact, I used to try to figure out, "Well, I'm goin' to have so many editorials a day. Well, it ought to have one big, heavy one, and then sort of a number two, and then, if possible, get something in there that's a little light and a touch of humor in it." And that's kinda hard to do. You just can't come up with synthetic humor. It just can't be done. You've just got to find something that is humorous and let it express itself there. If a subject has a touch of humor in it, why, you can put it in there, and it'll take care of itself, but you just can't manufacture it. A good humorist, I think, must be born. How many are good ones? I don't consider Jack Benny to be humorous, for example. I think Fred Allen, years ago on the [radio], he was a natural-born humorist and a good clown. And among the authors there, you've got Mark Twain. He was genuinely funny sometimes. I don't think

anybody could write with such a funny touch as Bill Nye. (Well, he wrote the history of the United States, the funniest thing I'd ever read.) And Eugene Field—he's chiefly remembered now for one of the most mawkish and sickening-sweet poems that ever was written, you know, about "Little Boy Blue," and yet, he had the most barbed sense of humor of anybody I've ever ran into. And George Ade, he was another of those humorists, and then in a later day, Will Rogers.

I remember, we ran Will Rogers in the paper, his column, as long as he lived. I haven't forgotten yet the day he died. I was in San Francisco, of all places, and I went up to the Associated Press office to see some friends up there. And if you ever saw a place in a panic, it was the AP office because of the flash that'd just come in there from Point Barrow, Alaska, that Will Rogers and Wiley Post had been killed in that plane crash. They were busy filing everything there on the wire and getting out as many stock pictures as they possibly could into the mails. I never saw as many photo mailers and enlargements, and what not. They had one set up on the floor in the room, and dishpans full of chemicals there, and they were just working those things in there by the hundreds, armfuls. [laughing]

TAXATION FOR PUBLIC EDUCATION

Well, we never had been on the very best of terms, you might say, with the school administration around here from way back when. We'd been critical, there, of their efforts to set themselves up a kind of a little empire, which, certainly they had, and a very costly one, too, and always claiming a larger and larger share of the public revenues. It was the local school system that we were having the most trouble with there. The University, of course, it was going along its own merry

way and spending money all over the place. But the local one, we could feel that because they were taking their money out of our local tax dollar, and the University was getting its money out of state funds. And it was this business of coming around and demanding more, and a larger share of the tax dollar, all in the name of education. That was the hardest thing in the world to say anything about because, there, you're running up against "our dear little children," and, you might say, the flag, or motherhood, and all of the rest.

A long time ago, [when] my father was editor of the paper, he was always critical there of the school administration as it was carried on there under old (B. D.) Ben Billingshurst. He always accused Ben Billingshurst of kinda creating a little super empire of his own.

Billingshurst was succeeded, then, by Otis Vaughn, and there was a person that I always got along with just tops. He's a very reasonable and very fair-minded man, and a fine educator. There was one thing he did not believe in, was a lot of the so-called frills. He believed in sound education, and he'd advocated for a long time the need for vocational training in the high school. He was highly critical of college people that used to come down to the high school about every graduation time and put on the sales pitch of, "You dear little children had better come to college if you're ever going to get anywhere in the world and wear a white collar. Otherwise, you're going to wind up in a blue collar."

Vaughn didn't quite believe in that. He said there's too many people that do not belong in college, and that they should be fitted to go out and make their living with their hands. And he was not afraid of hard work himself. In fact, he was a pretty good carpenter on the side, as I found out. [When] he was the principal of Reno High School, I can remember one time there when he put in

a good shift as the school janitor. Now, I don't think these modern-day principals might do that. But they'd found it necessary to fire the janitor up there in the old Reno High School, and so Mr. Vaughn went out and he gathered up several young fellers, including myself and about four others, and we were the school janitors for six months. We'd go to work about four o'clock in the afternoon and work there for a couple of hours, just kinda giving the place the once over, the sweeping out, and the cleaning up, and then work all day Saturday mopping up and washing up. When we went to work there at four o'clock with our brooms and what not, Mr. Vaughn'd be out there with one more broom, workin' with us. On Saturday, he'd be down there bright and early and he'd help us mop up the place. He believed in work.

But he was never able to put over any degree of vocational training.- He ran into opposition there from the labor union people. He wanted carpentry classes, he wanted sheet metal work, he wanted printing, and about the only thing they could ever get anywhere with was the so-called shop, or manual training, where you make bookends and footstools. Although later, they did succeed in putting in one class in carpentry there. And every year, why, that class built a house. And the fellow that taught that was a man by the name of Gray, who was the father of Guild Gray, later the principal of Reno High School, then later the superintendent down there in Clark County, in Las Vegas.

That class was more or less backed up by a little help from some federal funds, and with the endorsement there of the carpenters union. But that was as close as they ever came—now, they finally realized they do have to have vocational training, and they put in quite a program out here at the Reno High School.

Well, then, with the retirement of Mr. Vaughn, who went down to Oroville to

grow olives, just like every other retired school professor seemed to do (includin' ol' "Peter Bugs" [Frandsen]—I think he's down there)—. And Vaughn used to come back every now and then. He'd always come in to see me there, and he was still pretty critical of the Reno school system.

Then Earl Wooster came into the scene. He'd been principal of Reno High School. You might say we kinda struck fire. [laughing] And part of it stemmed out of the building of that new high school out there. As that thing was launched there, they began to say what a dangerous overcrowding of the Reno High School, the old building up there.

Well, what had happened, they'd pulled some of the grades out of the junior high schools and put 'em in that old high school up there to create that crowd. Then right off the bat, they wanted a bond issue of a million dollars, I think it was. Well, they got the million dollars, all right, and then they went out to buy the land, and they bought some of the most expensive land you could think of, over where that school is located there, and [we] began to say, "Well, now, what do you need all that vast acreage for out there?" Forty-odd acres, I believe it is.

"Well, we have to have a campus."

"Well, now, what the hell do [you] have [to have] a campus for a high school for?"

"Oh, you have to have it. We need so many football fields and baseball fields and parking lots, and what not."

And then, there was some criticism from around the town on the thing. The natural division of the town, we pointed out, is north and south, and they started out by setting up a sort of an east-west axis, there, by saying the next time they built a high school, it would be on the east side of town.

And it was very apparent, right at the beginning, that the location of that school out

there was going to cause a tremendous traffic problem. The access streets to that thing were just a little more than what was left over from some country roads. They said, "Well, that didn't matter. That's not our baby. It's up to the city. The city has to do that."

And we said, "Well, now, look. You're creating this problem."

"Well, this is the best site we can think of."

Finally, I said, "Did you ask anybody else to help you pick a site?"

"No, we picked this one. We like this one." Well, that site cost a lot of money and went through several condemnation suits there.

And then they drew the plans. Then they said, "We haven't got enough money to build this kind of a school. We have to have another bond issue."

Well, I criticized that thing there and was roundly denounced for that as the dear old enemy of education, and blocks in the wheels of progress, and all of the same old expressions I'd heard for so doggone long. I often wondered if they didn't build that to boost somebody's property out in that end of town. Some of the people on the school board, I think, might've had that in their mind, but I can't prove it.

Then once they got launched on the doggone thing there, I forget how much extra money they spent in the planning of that thing to make it earthquake-proof and fireproof, and what not, and the walls built there of solid reinforced concrete [to] stand up under the blast of an atom bomb. And then what'd they do? They put a brick facing all over some of that, to cost some forty-odd thousand dollars extra.

I think that was about the time my brother was on the school board. I cornered him with, "Now, listen, Bill. What in Tunket did you do that for?"

"Well, we don't want the thing to look like Libby, McNeil, and Libby's cannery." [laughing] So they put the fancy bricks all over the thing, and about that time, I accused Bill of being part of a gang of New Dealers. I don't think he ever forgave me for that one, [laughing] either!

But the school system kept insisting on more money, more money, a larger share of the tax money, and getting it. And the way it's set up there now, when you bring out that tax dollar, the state takes the first cut, school takes the second cut, county comes in third, and city comes in last. And then, year after year, the schools have been claiming a greater share, and at the same time, they've been running hog wild on bond issues. Every time you load a big school bond issue on the debt on the county, that is just reducing the county's borrowing power for other purposes there. And it means that a greater amount of money has to be set aside each year for bond interest and redemption. And unless something turns that thing down, it could get to a point where Washoe County and the City of Reno could be in the same shape as Clark County and Las Vegas, where the bonds of those two political subdivisions have got a pretty low rating now on the money market. In other words, they're considered a bad risk. Around here, at least, our bonds hold up well. We have a good credit rating, but Clark County bonds are considered risky. And if you just keep pouring 'em on, like that \$25 million bond issue that was approved [1971] at that city primary election, you can just put so many more of those on, then one of these days, you come to the limit. And that thing barely skinned by. I think if I could've had my hand on an editorial column about that time, I just might've been able to do something on that. 'Cause the temper of the people was made plain there, and then emphasized, when they

knocked down those other proposed bond issues at the final city election, those county bond issues. It might've been a healthy thing to pull the school boys back a little bit.

No one denies that education is important, but it certainly isn't the be-all or end-all of our social and economic system there. And there's nobody on earth says they're entitled to grab every last nickel that may be in the treasury, but they act as though they should. And when it's spent, they don't want to be questioned as to how it's spent, and as I look at some of these schools around here, [laughing] I begin to wonder. When they designed and began to lay out that Reno High School out there at the west end of town, I think they had in their mind what they wanted to establish would be the beginnings of a junior college. I think they had that in their mind. They wanted to have somewhere between a high school and a junior college.

Then they went ahead and finally located another school down here in a location that certainly brought a good deal of public criticism. That was that Wooster school. [They] put it alongside of a busy commercial airport and right tinder the edge of a military airport, and spread the thing all over hell's half-acre, as it were. Just walk around that thing sometime. Then they adopted the same thing, all of those separate buildings, for this last high school they built 'way up on the hill, the Hug High School. And they've got building levels all around [laughing]—you have to be a mountain goat, now, to get around that thing.

And now, they're beginning to say how many more high schools they need, and how many more junior high schools they need, and primary schools. Well, that gets around to the one thing I agitated for a long time, and that was year round use of the school building, pointing out there that no other endeavor or enterprise in the country shuts down its

entire operation there for—well, almost three quarters of the time, or half the time, and just lets things stand idle there. Now, the schools operate by state law only 180 days of the year. That's a school year. And yet, by the time you figure out all of the vacations there, they begin to find that the school plant's idle most of that time. The old long summer vacation for the school system is a hangover from our old agricultural days, there, when they had to turn the kids loose to work on the farm in the summertime [and] in the fall, why, put 'em into school again. I think now, it's beginning to be studied all over the country as how to get the full use out of all of these costly plants, because of all forms of public construction, the schools are the most costly of all. They simply have to be, the very sturdiest, and most modern, up-to-date, and safest type of construction you can have, and then just leave the thing stand around all summer long for little kids to come around and toss bricks through the windows and smash up everything around the edges of 'em. It may be if some of those little vandals had to go to school in the summertime, they wouldn't have time to do that sort of a thing.

The old summer vacation system, while it still applies in the schools, no longer applies to any great extent in business and industry. It used to be—for instance, in our own business, we figured on the vacation period of three summer months, and had it all spaced out. Now, the tendency's to start that vacation year January the first, and get these people to work their vacation out all over the year, and since vacations are longer, to kinda split 'em up. Where one week or two weeks used to be the standard vacation, now, three weeks and four weeks seem to be the norm. And you got a whole staff full of people, and you try to figure out how you're goin' to get 'em all worked out—you just oughta work out one of

those vacation sheets sometime. [laughing] I did it. It drove me half crazy.

If the families are taking their vacations at odd times of the year, why, it seems to me that they would be able to arrange some of their vacations and a school vacation of reasonable duration instead of that three months' thing. Certainly the kids are entitled to some vacation. I don't mean you should put them through school twelve months out of the year (but some of 'em ought to be in the pen twelve months [laughing] out of the year, the way they act!).

The teachers, of course, just howled all over the place at that suggestion 'cause they claimed how they were underpaid, and this and that. That was something I never could quite buy about those underpaid teachers. They were the first, I think, that went in for the short work week long before anybody else did.

Ol' Charlie Chatfield was a Rhodes scholar. He went over to Oxford there, and he was stricken with polio. When he came back, he made quite a recovery from it, and then he went to work down in the Washoe County Library. He'd been a neighbor of ours up there in the north end of town, and we knew ol' Charlie very well. And he remarked there one time that the school system had the original of the five day week and the long vacations. They started that long before anybody ever heard of the New Deal or the NRA, or anything else. And he was also critical of the way the schools tore down all their old buildings about every change of administration and built monuments to themselves all over again. He said when he was at Oxford there, one of their main buildings was being repaired, and the authorities there at Oxford were considerably miffed over the fact that the building hadn't stood up very well. It was only six hundred years old. [laughing]

Now they are talking of replacing some of the older schools around Reno here. And

how old is a school to be too old? I sometimes wonder. Of course, that old Reno High School, it kinda went off there in a burst of glory, in a big fire, but it was not occupied at the time. And some of these old schools, I suppose, would burn if they were given the opportunity there. But you go all around the country, and you find a lot of school buildings a good deal older than these still in use, and some of 'em in use by other agencies. Up in Eugene, Oregon, they have a big downtown building there, an immense, big old brick building there, had been a high school at one time. Now it's a city hall and firehouse. They're gettin' their money's worth out of that one.

The old Northside Junior High School was offered to the city for a city hall and was turned down because the city building inspector said, well, it was dangerous to be used by the city government for offices, and so on. I said, "Why?"

"Well, suppose it caught fire."

And I says, "Yeah, but what do you think about these several hundred kids? Is it too dangerous for them? They're in there every day."

"Oh, that doesn't matter." [laughing]

And that would've made a good city hall. It was a well built building. It wasn't too old. That building was opened up in 1924. Well, that isn't old, as a building goes. So finally, the thing was just peddled off and torn down, and there we've got another parking lot. Then we went on ahead and bought ourselves a real fancy city hall. And yet, when I went through that old Northside school, there, with a committee of businessmen, lookin' the thing over, we thought that it was well adapted to be used as an office building, ideal. But no, the city boys, "We want somethin' new." In other words, that same old story, a monument to our administration. That's what most of these public buildings seem to be, a monument to that particular administration.

That was about the time I was criticizing the school system in all directions, and I was beginning to get quite a backlash on that thing, criticism from around the town, telephone calls from women, and I laid it to the efforts of one Mr. Earl Wooster, who had gone around before all of the various PTAs to get support for his program, and kinda held me up, I guess, as the dirty devil that was opposing this thing. And there one afternoon, in bustled a nice lookin' gal. She just gave me one look there, and without any further ado (didn't even bother to introduce herself; she didn't have to; I knew who she was), she said, "You are an enemy of education!" Now, just like that, see? "And you hate little children!"

I said, "Let's—now, wait a minute, lady. I'm not an enemy of education. I kinda think school's a pretty good thing to have. And I don't think that you can say I hate little children. I've raised a couple of my own, and I kinda like them, too."

She just kinda snorted at me and told me what she thought of me, wfft! and about-face, and out the door she went. [laughing]

But Earl Wooster was right successful in working with the PTA's to get his program going. He's one of the best in the business. I've watched him operate as a lobbyist now over there in Carson City for the benefit of the school people. Boy, he's deadly! But he and I just didn't get along too well. [laughing]

THE OPEN MEETING LAW

That "open meeting" law passed over there in Carson [was] lobbied through mainly by Prof. Higginbotham. That was his baby. The open meeting law was one of the goals of the Sigma Delta Chi fraternity. They had several of these ideal pieces of legislation they were urging all over the country. The open meeting law was one of 'em, and the other was that so-

called Marie Torre act. (She was the gal who refused to divulge her source of information and went to jail, and so the Marie Torre act is one that would give protection to—that you could protect your source of information.) I wasn't in favor of that, although there is such a law now. I figured it'd just give too many opportunities to unprincipled and irresponsible people to say, "Well, I can't tell you who told me that," especially around this state, where rumor can fly, go as wild as anything under the sun.

But the open meeting law was passed, and it had this limitation there: that all public meetings must be open at all times to everyone—the press, the public, and all—with the exception of personnel matters, and then they would close 'em. Well, I wasn't any too sure how well the thing'd work. This business of caucus meetings and secret meetings is just as old, I guess, as public affairs, and any board that's more or less determined to get around it can do it.

I ran into that a good many times when I used to walk into a restaurant and see a whole board having some coffee together. I knew they just weren't in there to talk about how the ball game came out last night. And I ran into, maybe, some board or commission up in Carson having lunch together, or a couple of drinks out there at Enrico's, and— same old story. Or the school board that used to huddle in one or another private office for a few hours. Then they'd go into their public meeting and just more or less ratify what had been settled at those caucus meetings. And our Bud Baker city council, at one time, I found out, had been holding some of its meetings up in a saloon in Virginia City, [laughing] of all places.

But one thing about these closed meetings, hidden meetings, I always maintained that if you're a halfway good reporter, you'd always

find out what happened anyway. Then, to point out that the thing had been done in secret, in camera, just made the story that much more deadly. And any good reporter, he's goin' to find out. If there's three people there, at least one of 'em's goin' to talk. If there's two people there, the "other fella's" goin' to talk.

Governor Sawyer signed the bill, reluctantly, he said. And after that, he was at the meeting of the Nevada State Press Association, and in his remarks there, he stated there that he had signed that open meeting law, and he didn't believe in it, he didn't think it was a good law. Somebody asked him, "Well, why the hell didn't you veto it?" [laughing] Well, he kinda fudged around that for a minute, and easy enough to see why he didn't veto it. He wasn't about to antagonize any members of the press.

So along the thing went, and it had one test. I guess I was the responsible person for that. It grew out of that freeway fight that'd been going on around here for Lord knows how long, you might say since the memory of man knoweth not. And there was a meeting, there, deciding an important part of that freeway designation, and it was being held as a secret meeting 'cause the doors were closed to the press. But who else was inside there? None other than Our good friend, Walter Baring, who had been quite a fire eatin' crusader there for the antifreeway people, plus Tom Macaulay, who was also one of the leaders of the antifreeway fight, and a group of his shock troops. They were at this meeting of the State Highway Commission.

There's three members of that board: the governor, the attorney general, and the state controller. And as we found out, they were in that huddle over there, and our Carson correspondent phoned over as to what was going on. We finally told him, "Well, let's invoke the open meeting law."

Well, there we were, went lookin' for a judge to get a court order. The district judges were not in Carson City, so the only thing we could do was go over before the justice of the peace and swear out a complaint against the three members of the board for violatin' that state law number so-and-so (that made it a criminal offense), naming as the defendants the governor, the attorney general, and the state controller. So, whereupon, here came the force of law and order and descended upon 'em and arrested 'em.

Two of 'em were mighty indignant, the governor and the attorney general. The third one, the state controller there, Keith Lee, didn't take that quite so seriously as the other two did. He was a pretty broad-minded and sensible man in a good many ways. But the governor really reared up, and even more so did the attorney general, Roger Foley. One reason he, you might say, hit the ceiling there, he insisted that by having this criminal charge placed against him, we just all but ruined his chances of being named the United States judge, which he was aiming for, you remember.

Well, there we were, and the governor shootin' off in this direction and the attorney general the other. What the governor said about me was hardly fit to print, and chargin' that if we didn't win that suit, he was just goin' to sue me all the way across the fair land.

Well, we consulted a lawyer very carefully on that thing before we acted, and even during that. So the case was all set to be heard in the justice court over there in Carson City, and when we went over there, it looked like a Roman holiday. I think they turned everybody loose out of every single state office to go over there and crowd in there and listen to this thing and watch the performance. They had the televisions set up, cameras all over the thing. It was like runnin'

through a—well, you might say—a mass battery to get in there, [laughing] and the radio people, and the special correspondents. Well, now, after all, it was kind of a notorious case. How often did anybody ever arrest a governor, for example?

Well, when we got in there, we dropped our second bombshell. [laughing] We moved for dismissal of the charges on the grounds that we had accomplished our principal purpose in filing the suit, we'd broken that meeting open, and that we didn't care to see the thing turned into a political or a personal-issue. And for that reason, we Wanted the charges dismissed, which they were, much to the disappointment of everybody that crowded in there to see the spectacle.

But this open meeting [law]—it's sneakered around about as close as anything can be. Everybody in a public job knows how to get around the doggone thing. They can say all of a sudden, "We're holdin' an open meeting. Well, wait a minute. We've got a personnel matter." Bang! They close the door and say, "Get out of here." [laughing] Or they met for four hours last night and come around the next day to more or less ratify what they did. "Well, what'd you do last night?"

"Oh, nothing at all. That was all personnel matters."

If there's a law, some smart boys s goin' to know how to get around it every doggone time, So I'm not too enthusiastic over havin' those kind of things. I figure I'd rather just find out sooner or later what they did and then nail 'em to the cross for it.

Now I've got that out of my system! [laughing] Yeah, at least I let 'em know what was goin' to happen on that open meeting law there, that we were going to move in and dismiss the thing. Ed Olsen could tell you that. I talked with him on that. Ed was very close to the governor, and the governor depended a

good deal upon Ed Olsen's advice, too. Ed was a good one to have in the background there, a fellow with a world of good sense.

Now, I don't know whether or not we would've won that thing. I suppose we would have. But then there was one aftermath of that thing that rather disturbed me. At the time we'd had these fellows all arrested, the next day, I was down at an editorial meeting of the California Newspaper Publishers Association, down at Stanford, and I was quite the lion of the moment, [laughing] as it were. They wanted me to get up and tell all about this sort of thing, which I did. Then I had promises of, "You're our hero, the champion of freedom of the press," and so on. And the head man came around, the manager, and the president, and what not. "We're right behind you there. We're goin' to furnish you with all of the legal help you may need, everything," and so on. Well, that's as far as that went. And among the newspapers around the state, I don't think a single one supported me on that. Most of 'em were highly critical. "The thing is," they said, "you just don't do that to governors. Now, if you wanted to invoke this law, you should've gone out and picked on the school board, or the city council that's always hiding around here. But gee, don't ever touch the governor." That was their attitude.

Well, [laughing] what're you goin' to do? Had no support whatsoever, even from the press. It taught me one lesson, one that I have always been rather sure of, that everybody has to kill his own snakes. And you just better not depend on any help.

I'd heard so much of this talk of freedom of the press, and how we all stand together in a common cause, at such places as the national conventions of the Sigma Delta Chi, and how they always insisted, "We're going to move right in and help anybody that needs it"; and [at] the Associated Press Managing

Editors Association, I'd heard the same song again; and [at] the American Society of Newspaper Editors, I'd heard it there—I might say ad nauseum sometimes. This freedom of the press thing begins to get monotonous sometimes. Well, there was about as fine an example as you ever saw to gang up together and teach somebody a lesson. Nobody made a move. We were just left strictly on our own. Like I say, I learned my lesson. From there on out, I killed my own snakes. [laughing]

I think Grant Sawyer finally forgave me. Foley never did. [laughing] He kinda held that against me for a long, long while. And that law has never been invoked since that time. I suppose someday, somebody'll trot it out.

In the meantime, they've managed to get several other laws through the legislature, and one of 'em there was more or less that "confidential source" law, that Marie Torre law. As I say, I wouldn't go over there and support that thing there before the legislature because I didn't believe in it. I've had the occasion there where somebody [said], "There'd you learn that?" In case of a judge, you know, he could say, "Well, you've got contempt of court staring you in the face."

Well, all right, go ahead, if you want to. I had one judge tell me that once, but I just said, "I just simply won't tell you." Well, he let it go at that.

It's a heck of a note when you have to be a sort of a halfway lawyer to be a newspaperman and editor these days. I think that's true of 'most any other line of endeavor; everybody's hedged in with a bunch of laws they don't even suspect the existence of.

Walter Wilcox, who's the head of the journalism department at UCLA, came through here one year when he was working on sabbatical. He'd been digging into various newspaper laws, and he found a little cutie in the Nevada laws, which was the more-or-less

right of reply. If somebody didn't like what was in the paper, he had the right to come in and demand that you had to give him equal space right where you had the other story, the same number of words and the same position in the paper, to put in any damn thing he wants.

Well, we started lookin' up on the doggone thing to find out where that law came into existence, and we couldn't find that it had ever been passed, not by the legislature. But it was included in the codification of the statutes in 1912, and apparently had just been slipped into that by somebody who might've had some purpose. He was aimin' at somebody's newspaper, somewhere out here in the state, more than likely somebody like ol' Bill Booth down there in Tonopah, or L. C. Branson down in Goldfield.

And there that thing was, and I didn't know about it. I thought I'd looked up all of the newspaper law I could find. And there it was. Wilcox had found the thing, and we got that thing repealed, finally, in the legislature.

It was invoked on me once by Tom Mechling. He came in—rather, his wife did, with one of her campaign helpers, there. I think that was the year that he ran for governor. I'd written some doggone thing or another that riled up the honorable Mr. Mechling, and in came Mrs. Mechling with this great big mile-long statement, and her helper in to back her up, and insist that I had to run that thing, and said the law said so. I said I didn't give a damn about the law; r didn't know about the law, and I wouldn't do it. "Go on out and have me arrested. Sue me." They didn't. So I guess they weren't too sure on that thing themselves.

* * * * *

There was, all during the 1950's, the big anti-Communist crusade and the John

Birch Society and their activities, not that we paid a great deal of attention to that. That is, we weren't finding Communists under the bed, you might say, at every opportunity. We did have Joe McCarthy here one time. Molly Malone brought him here. We had an interview in the afternoon there with McCarthy, and then he appeared at a public meeting that night. And, of course, he stood up there, said there [were] just so many hundreds of Communists in the State Department, and so on. It was a typical speech by McCarthy.

But earlier that afternoon, talking with McCarthy there in the office (he came in for an interview), he was the most pleasant sort of a cuss to get along with, really a personable man. And it was an enjoyable meeting we had with him. He wasn't going off on these wild tangents so much as he was just talking about affairs of the day, and so on, and he wasn't looking under the desk there or opening any doors to see if any Bolsheviks had come out [laughing] at him. He just spoke something of his other work in the Senate, and was full of praise there for George Malone. Apparently, they were pretty close friends. He wasn't anywhere near the villain that he was supposed to be, when you saw him under circumstances like that. I guess, later on, as his health began to break, he did go off on a lot of wild tangents. But I remember I enjoyed that meeting that day.

And his public speech that night, while he brought up his usual Communist charges, it was a good speech. He was a witty speaker, and he knew just what he had to say, and he made a little fun of George Malone in the process. [laughing] Everybody enjoyed that, too. Finally, he had to pull George down, as it were, and say, "Now, look, George. I'm makin' the speech tonight." [laughing]

But the John Birchers, as they came around here, there weren't really enough of 'em to make any particular stir. One of two

of 'em there, you could depend on for an outburst every once in a while, like the good Dr. De Tar. He'd come around the office and bring in his letters every now and then, to run, and if they were reasonable, we'd run them. I always rather enjoyed having John De Tar come in and sit down and talk for a while, 'cause outside of his one fixation on Communism, and the John Birch principles there, he's a charming gentleman, very intelligent man, and good company. I see him occasionally now, meet him there in the hospital corridor, and we just stop and talk about the affairs of the day. We just don't get off into any wild political tangents anywhere. I kinda think some of the fire's gone out of him. It's been picked up now by this Daniel Hansen from down in Sparks. He used to come up into the office, and he was the type that'd just get so rude in his manner, I finally ran him out two or three times, told him to, "Just get out of here, I'm just not goin' to put up with the likes of you." So after that, he confined his outbursts to typewritten letters. [laughing]

But that thing, it seems to've just kinda fizzled out everywhere. The John Birchers don't seem to be very active anywhere now. I haven't heard of any noise coming out of Orange County in a long while.

Then to about, you might say, kinda balance off the John Birchers, we had some of the wild numbers. We had one up there at the University that turned out to be a pain in the neck for me. He and his wife said they represented the Society of Friends, the Quakers. His name was Erling Skorpen. Maybe you remember him. He could be about as offensive as anybody. And he'd bring around these letters and demand that I run 'em. Well, if they were reasonable in tone, well, then, I would. Sometimes, the doggone things were just not fit to print, and I wouldn't do it,

and he'd get a little huffy, and finally got to the point where he didn't come around any more.

You always had just a few of the extremists on either side there. I don't think any of 'em had any real great effect on the community as a whole. I don't remember anybody goin' out here and holdin' rallies to deport all the Communists, or hang the John Birchers, or anything else. Nobody was postin' any tremendous big billboards around this town that said, "Impeach Earl Warren." If there were, I didn't see 'em. There may have been some small ones. I think there were, one or two little ones on the road from Highway 50 up to Virginia City. I think there were some little signs stuck along there, "Impeach Earl Warren." That's about all I ever saw.

But this wasn't a country, you might say, where the extremists could find any kind of territory to sow their seeds in. Always had a rather reasonable balance around this place, whether it was politics or religion, or what not, and a tolerance there for the views of other people. I think that's been a characteristic of Reno and Nevada since the very beginning. Our broad-minded attitude and tolerance there has been exemplified in a way that the various churches have got along here for years and years, all working toward one common goal, and not chopping each other up to pieces as they do so often in other communities.

[That's] one reason the Ku Klux Klan could never find a hold in there, although it was organized back there in the '20's. They made a lot of noise around here—well, not noise, but put on their displays of parading around the town once or twice in their nightshirts and burning a fiery cross way up on one of the hills up north of town, up there somewhere around on the slope of Peavine. But nobody could take it quite seriously. And the people who were the most active in it were not the people who were held in the most

respect around the town. I knew most of 'em, there, the so-called Kleagles or Wizards, or whatever titles they went by in their mystic operations. But they weren't people there that you cared to follow. And I don't think that Ku Klux Klan lasted for more than a year or two around there, and just dropped out of sight, never to come back again.

It's for that reason, I think, that the John Birchers and the wild-eyed ones on the other side just don't make very much of an impression around here now. Sometimes, their actions're looked upon as bordering upon the ridiculous. There's a good, fine example of that furnished by the Dr. Adamian [case]. I think that little affair up there on the campus, there, bordered on the ridiculous. And certainly Adamian helped himself not one bit by that little performance that was purely adolescent. You know, the little boy or the little girl that sits down on the floor, "I just won't move, Ma!" [laughing] That's just what he did.

* * * * *

We haven't had any rabble-rousing newspapers around this town. Newspapers can be responsible for a lot of disturbances along in those lines there, but the Reno papers have never believed in that sort of thing. Even back into the days, there, when they were under separate ownership, they were always very careful of what directions they went off in. They both had the same end there. They both worked for the betterment of the community under all of their various publishers, over all those years. And while some of them, like—goin' back to the good ol' *Journal*, for example, for many years, why, it was used to further someone's political ambitions. But nonetheless, it was operated as a newspaper, a good newspaper. The *Journal's*

always been a pretty good paper, had good people working for it, some outstanding people. I think that's been pretty true of most of the newspapers over the state. We've had some wild-eyed characters in one or two towns, but somehow or another, they just didn't last. They dropped out of sight, and who remembers 'em now?

[All except one?] You're thinkin' of a certain gentleman down in the southern part of the state [Hank Greenspun]. Well, I don't know what you're goin' to do about him. I refuse to recognize him as a newspaperman. He just isn't. He's a smart opportunist, and I mean smart as hell! God damn, that fellow's intelligent! When you're talking there with him, you've just got the idea that he's about three thoughts ahead of you all of the time.

See, he's not a newspaperman to begin with; he's a lawyer. That's his background. He was a lawyer in New York City, and he was associated in the law office, at one time, of one Vito Marcantonio, who was the closest thing to a communist that we ever had in Congress. Mr. Greenspun has some connections there with some rather unsavory gentlemen in other lines of endeavor, and then he was engaged in some other enterprises out in the West here that did him no good. For example, the dealing there in arms, and what not, to Israel—that brought him into trouble there with the neutrality act. Then when he got into Las Vegas there, why, [he] settled down more or less at first as the public relations man for Bugsy Siegel. And then he acquired that *Las Vegas Sun*, which had been established by the Typographical Union in opposition to the *Review-Journal* in a strike action.

But he's been mighty successful, [laughing] for the love of Mike. He's a tremendously wealthy man by this time. He has all sorts of holdings down there in that area.

Of course, one thing he also had was a very large dislike of one Senator Pat McCarran. And that was something about evened up. McCarran had just about as little use as anybody for Greenspun, and through his position there on the Senate Judiciary Committee, he had the FBI make a very interesting rundown upon the activities and life and times of Mr. Greenspun, which he distributed around where he thought it might do some good. I had a copy of it, too, except I left it down at the office.

And so Pat decided that he was going to fix the upstart Mr. Greenspun. He went down there around Las Vegas and used his influence upon the people in the gambling industry, and the clubs, and so on, to put a boycott on the *Sun*. No advertising. And it was quite effective there for a while. Then Greenspun went out after Pat. He didn't take that one layin' down. He went tearin' off into court on it, and he won. And it seems to me that the clubs down there were penalized something to the extent of around \$100,000—or, Pat was. [laughing] The clubs, or so they said, had to pay the bill. But it certainly was a great victory there for Greenspun, and a mighty kick in the teeth to Pat McCarran. It's not very often that anybody ever got the best of McCarran. But Greenspun did. I don't think anybody's goin' to pull any more boycotts around this end of the woods any more, [laughing] after that.

[Did I ever have any inside information on the *Sun* boycott, some of the things that did not come out in the papers?] No, I didn't. You see, that's so doggone far away from us. Unless you're right on the ground, you just don't know those things unless they're repeated by somebody who drops up there and has the dope straight from the horse's mouth. Well, there's not too many of those people come up five hundred miles to tell those stories.

Right now, my gosh almighty, the money Greenspun's made out of his newspapers, and his shopping centers, and his radio station, and his television, and his other interests down there., land speculation, and what not, [laughing] he's made a tremendous pile of money, a lot more than you just make out of newspapers, [laughing] I think.

[He's not really very widely respected in the newspaper business?] No, nor in the town, for that matter. He's feared. In the community, it's a case of fear. They realize his potentiality there for blackmail—or, not blackmail, but smear. If he takes a dislike to somebody and turns loose on em, he can nail a man pretty badly and maul him around in his newspaper. I know that, not that I've ever done it, but I know all of the, you might say, dirty infighting methods there are, but never happened to use 'em.

I wouldn't say he's very well liked by most of the newspaper people around the state. Some of 'em are perhaps jealous. In fact, their feeling was more or less represented some years ago when one or two of these wise characters in the Press Association that's always tryin' to stir up some trouble, as it were, nominated Mr. Greenspun to be the vice president of the league. Well, he was elected. Those slates always go through like that, you know. Then the next year came along with a meeting to be held out there at Elko, and Mr. Greenspun apparently slated to become the president.

Well, among some of the people around the state, the newspaper people, they just hit the ceiling. They just didn't want the influence of [that] s.o.b., such-and-such, blank-blank-blank. They wouldn't have it. And they threatened there, some of 'em, that if he was elected, why, they were goin' to all move out of the Press Association. One of those that was leadin' that revolt was none other than Joe McDonald. Of course, Joe hated Greenspun

because Greenspun hated McCarran, and McCarran hated Greenspun. [laughing] And so out he went.

Higginbotham and I, we kinda got together on that thing. Higgie said, "Now, look. We just can't have the Press Association wrecked on account of the dislike of some people for Greenspun." I agreed with him. I didn't want to see the doggone thing scuttled, either. And so the night before the meeting there, that Friday night, there—of course, that's a drinkin' night. And I went around among all of those people gathered around the various bars, and this and that, and I don't know how much money I spent on booze that night, makin' the argument, "Well, now, listen. We're just not going to ruin the pretty good league we've got here for the sake of somebody like Hank Greenspun. Put him in there. He won't do a damn thing for a whole year. He isn't going to hurt anybody. In fact, he'll make Ruthe Deskin do all the work. Let's put him in, then get rid of him."

We did. As I say, it cost me a lot of money [laughing] to do it. The next day, they elected him. And the following morning, why, when we were gettin' ready to leave, Hank hunted me up, came around and said, "Thanks." He said, "I heard what you did, and," he says, "I know you don't like me, and I don't like you." So we parted on that basis.

And he didn't do a doggone thing for one whole year. When we held a meeting down there in Las Vegas, he sat up there and acted like he owned the world, and that was all. He was just the president for that one term, and poor Ruthe Deskin had to do all the dirty work. [laughing]

[How about Don Reynolds?] Well, he's of kind of a different stripe, as it were. He's one of these fellows that's out to make a pile of money out of newspapering, and not running what I'd call the very best type of papers. He

came into this state—let's see, I guess that was—I'm tryin' to think when it was he came in. He bought first the *Review-Journal* for quite a fancy price at that time, and then he began to move around the state to pick up one paper after another. He went and bought the papers in Ely, the paper in Carson City, and the two papers down in Fallon. He wanted to buy the *Elko Daily Free Press*, and Sheerin and Steninger absolutely refused to sell to him under any circumstances whatsoever and regardless of what the price might be. Then he went down to Winnemucca and made his pitch there for the *Humboldt Star*, which was owned and published there by Mrs. [Avery] Stitser. She was doin' a pretty good job of it, and she didn't want to sell, and she held out there for a long, long while. Finally, I guess the work got too much for her, and she just—she called up one day and said she had more heat there from Reynolds, and what should she do?

I said, "Well, will he pay you your price?"

She said, "Yes."

I said, "Doggone, Avery, you'd better take it and get out."

She did, got a good, satisfactory price out of the thing. Reynolds got hold of the thing and ran it to the ground. His papers there in Ely are not anywhere near what they used to be, and the one down in Carson City goes through flip-flops every now and then.

But what he wanted the worst of all, he wanted to acquire the Reno papers. He made several offers to buy the Reno papers, and he was turned down all the way, all along the line. He went dealing mainly there with John Ben Snow, the big power of all powers of Speidel Newspapers, Inc., and Snow just told him right out that he had no intention of selling to Mr. Reynolds—or anybody else—and particularly not to anybody of the stripe of Mr. Reynolds.

But Reynolds was so confident that he just couldn't be refused, and he, in effect, offered a blank check for the paper here. He went back to Washington, and he told it all around the Press Club there that he had bought the Reno papers. And just about that time, I went back into Washington there on a vacation trip and ran into Molly Malone. He took me up to the Press Club, and we ran into that story there. I was able to tell them that he didn't buy anybody's papers [laughing] there in Reno. But he'd put the story around. That was his greatest disappointment, that he had never got the Reno papers, but he's been branchin' out ever since in other parts of the country.

And, of course, he's built up a big business in radio and television, now billboards, and his newspaper holdings extend all of the way from Fort Smith, Arkansas, scattered all over the West, and up as far as Alaska, and to Hilo, Hawaii. His main ambition, I think, in Nevada, was he figured that if he had control of all of the big papers, especially Las Vegas and Reno, plus scattering country papers, he could just be a political kingfish. That was what he wanted. That was just what he didn't get.

And as a political force, I don't think he carries very much weight in election times. I don't think that the support of the Reynolds papers has given very much effect. I don't think it'd elect anybody. But on the other hand, if you get the opposition of Greenspun, he's more apt to be able to beat somebody. Greenspun, he's goin' to wait and find out who's goin' to be the winner (I had that experience with him in the campaign there when Charlie Russell was making his pitch for the third term.) On the Saturday morning before election, Greenspun telephoned me from Las Vegas, and he remarked there that he'd made no stand whatsoever upon this governor's election up to that point, and what

did I think the chances were for Russell. I said, "Well, Russell's sunk."

He said, "Well, that's what I wanted to know."

And the following Monday, out he came, boom, boom, boom, with his big bass drum, calling for the election of Grant Sawyer. And Greenspun is more or less a professed Republican, but he's certainly jumped all over the place. Then he called up, I knew what he wanted. [laughing] He just wanted to know where to jump, wanted to be in there on the winning side.

Well, I don't think that you're going to gain very much confidence from your readers if you're going to play that sort of a game. In the good ol' political campaigns, I think I've gone down all guns firing more times [laughing] than—. I've supported more losers, or so it seemed, than I ever picked winners there. But I didn't regret it, as far as that was concerned. I figured if I wanted to go for that man, I believed in him. I was goin' to go right down the line, and if I was beat, it was just too doggone bad. That didn't mean that the best man won. I might write that the next day, that the best man did not win. Well, I was a damn poor loser, [laughing] if you want to know! And I refused to jump all over the lot there.

So many papers all over the country were carried away in the years of the New Deal. So many of 'em, you might say, listened to that master snake charmer of 'em all, Franklin Roosevelt, and they went with him, maybe, once, twice, sometimes three times. I never did. I just refused to jump around like that. I was going to stay Republican, by golly, right down to the very last battle, as it were. I just didn't believe in the New Deal principles, and I didn't believe in Mr. Roosevelt, and said so. And at one time, why, gee, that was just heresy to say that. Why, you were just

supposed to kinda cross yourself before the altar, [laughing] with Roosevelt.

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[We've mentioned Russell's attempt at a third term. Didn't Sawyer turn around and do the same thing?] Yeah, Sawyer jumped all over Russell for trying to make a third term bid, and then he went out and did the same doggone thing. But by that time, it was pretty well established there wasn't about to be any third term governors around here. Vail Pittman more or less anchored that thing down. Of course, it was not really a third elective term for Vail 'cause he succeeded there as lieutenant governor, and then was elected to a full term, then he made the pitch there for a new term. I just don't think they're going to elect any third term governors around here, no matter how good they may seem. I think there's a little element of human nature [that] kinda comes into that thing there, that your public, your electorate, there, begins to get tired of seein' that same ol' face popped into the papers, and that same old name day after day, and year after year. Finally, "Well, let's get somebody else in there. We don't want any lifetime governors around here." I don't think we'll get 'em. [I] figure, well, most governors will make enough mistakes to guarantee they won't make it again. [laughing]

The only smart operator I ever saw, I think, was Paul Laxalt. I think he was very wise to get out of that thing there. He could've been reelected with no trouble whatsoever 'cause he had the machinery, and he'd made a good record there, and I don't know if anybody could've beat him. O'Callaghan couldn't've done it by any means. If Paul wanted to be governor again, all he had to do was say the word. He'd've been in. I can see where he was getting tired, and I think

maybe his family was getting tired. I'd noticed several times when I was up there around the mansion, that while Jackie was just as gracious as ever with all that crowd around there, why, it was very apparent that it was a chore for her, and that she would appreciate a little bit of privacy once in a while. You just live in a sort of a museum over there in that mansion. It's a beautiful place, Lord knows, but it's like livin' in a showcase. And by that time, I think she wanted to get back up to her home there on the Kings Canyon Road. Paul kinda wanted to get out of that big lofty office there in the capitol and get himself a law office and start makin' a little bit of money, maybe, for himself. I doubt very much if he broke even, moneywise, during his term as governor. I don't think anybody does in any public office.

When you add up what it cost 'em to get in there and what it costs 'em to stay in there, I don't think they ever came out even. First place, they've got to pay taxes on what they get, and they've got to begin to figure, "Now, I put so much into my campaigns to get into there, now how am I goin' to balance out?" Well, you got that nice salary, but there's no deductions in that, as far as the tax man's concerned, for certain political expenses, like a handout to everybody that comes around. And that can just about chew up a fellow's salary pretty ferociously. He can't turn down any requests, hardly. He's just got to keep shelling out all of the time. His time is never his own, and you might say, his money isn't, for that matter.

And it must be quite a relief for Paul to know that all that's behind him now. All he has to do is go out and maybe take a pleasant swim in his swimming pool before he goes down to that nice new office of his, and get back in the afternoon and maybe have a little game of tennis out there on his own tennis courts. If he's goin' to live it up, more power

to him. He earned it. 'Cause it's a nerve-racking job to be a governor, and it must be twice as hard on his family. Jackie should be more or less accustomed to that because she kinda descended there from a political minded family. Ol' [John R.] Jack Ross, her father there, was always mixed up in politics, and then, of course, he became a judge. But then, that isn't quite as binding as one of those elective offices that's out in the public forefront all the time, such as the governor.

EDITORIAL PAGE EDITOR

RENO EVENING GAZETTE, 1963-1968

In '63, I had been the editor ever since 1948. And as editor there, I was responsible for the entire news output of the whole paper and the operation of the entire staff, although, of course, I had the work divided up there with my very able assistant, one Mr. Joe Jackson, as the managing editor. He and I had worked together for so doggone many years that, actually, we just almost knew each other's minds there, and I just knew that Joe'd do this, and he knew what I would do. After all, an association that went back to 1931, why, that kinda covered a lot of ground there.

I had been playin' around with the idea that some day or another, I wanted to get out of the newspaper business. I wasn't about to wait until that magic retirement date of sixty-five. I'd just seen too many people work right up 'til they were sixty-five, and move out of a place, and drop dead a couple of days later, Land] have ol' Si Ross call me up and say, "Come be a pallbearer" [laughing].

And so I stepped out, there, as editor, but I took over the job of editor of the editorial page. That was still to be my baby, and that would give me more time there to concentrate on editorial writing. I kinda needed that much time, I figured, to do a really effective job, because coming around there in the morning and beginnin' to line up the staff, see what the daily news was and what we were going to do with it, and get the thing rolling to get anywhere from twenty-four to forty-eight to sixty-four pages out by half past two in the afternoon, and to do a good job of editorial writing, I needed the time to, you might say, sit back and think once in a while and do a little more reading and research. So I backed off, as it were, and took on the new title there, and enjoyed it no end, working it out there where I could more or less make my own time and my own choice there. My editorial subjects were those that I selected, and I more or less determined the editorial page policy (of course, always subject to the final check there of the publisher).

But at that time, see, we had a different publisher; we had Chick Stout. Previously, when Joe McDonald was publisher, it would not have been very well to have him check on my editorial policy, since he was also the editor of the *Journal*. So everything still worked out all right there. A publisher, he's the man who should have the right to determine what an editorial policy should be. And I knew pretty well what the Speidel people expected there, and what their beliefs were, and so we just had no trouble whatsoever. I could go on ahead and work my editorials out, and it might take me all day long, sometimes, to write one. Sometimes I could just feel inspired as all get out and rap off three or four or half a dozen in a day. Then the next one didn't come that easy.

Editorial writing is considerably different than news writing, as I had learned a long time ago. In news writing, you're supposed to be factual and objective, and never mind any wild flights of fancy. Just tell it as it is, and cite your authorities, and so on, but don't go offering any opinions in there. But when you start to write editorials, you just have to change your mental gears. You're beginning to write opinion, and what you say, you've got to regard it very carefully because what you print in there, that is the Voice of the newspaper. It's as impersonal as all get out, not the voice of the editor, but the voice of the paper. That's what it believes in. And the paper is one heck of a lot bigger and more powerful than any individual concerned.

I never, for example, would use that editorial "we." You see that in some papers, "we" say this, and "we" believe that. I never did 'cause I always thought it was slightly presumptuous. I preferred to say, "This newspaper believes this," or, "This newspaper says that." But never did I use that "we." I notice every now and then it crops up again, but I never did it.

An editorial page should be one of the strongest parts of a newspaper. You hear it said now that newspapers do not have the effect they used to have years ago. Maybe they don't. And there may be a reason for it. Maybe they threw away some of their power. But the editorial page, if it's a strong one, is still going to attract readers, and you're in there to change people's opinions, or to, as that— [I'll] use that cliché, "mold public opinion." [laughing] Your editorial there, it should explain, and it should interpret, and maybe preach a little sermon at the same time there. And it's hard to say what you're goin' to put in an editorial.

Sometimes, I think the most effective editorials that I ever wrote weren't any longer than a couple of hundred words, made my point right at the very beginning, and then didn't ramble on, and put a period on it. Some editors go all the way down to the bottom of the column, and Chris Sheerin and I used to talk about that. Chris insisted that I could say less in fewer words than any editor in the state. He always insisted that in order to make his point, he had to have the whole column 'cause he never knew when to quit. Paul Leonard shows that training under Chris Sheerin, if you notice the *Journal* editorials there. They can just fill up the entire column sometimes. Those guys've got a thousand words on something. But I like to make it short and to the point, 'cause the main thing, if you've got somethin', say it, and then quit yammerin' at the fellow. [laughing] Get out of the way a little. Don't beat him to death.

Now, I think the *Gazette*, for a great many years, had been regarded as a paper with a very strong and positive editorial policy. It wasn't one to cater to the public whims, either. It often went against popular feeling. We weren't out tryin' to win a popularity contest; we knew you just can't do that. And that's a

failing, I think, that some newspapers have. They want to be loved by everybody and be all things to all men. But I think a newspaper should have its policy pretty well defined and then stand up to it.

One thing I always insisted, too, was that you never could be right all of the time, and you never should hesitate to stand up and say when you were wrong. If you made a mistake, admit it, and don't wait for somebody else to come around and call that to your attention and say, "We want you to make a correction." Get out there and be to the point. Say, "I was wrong." It's no disgrace to—. I never figured I was hurtin' myself one bit to admit that I made a miscue or said the wrong thing or taken the wrong view of things. A newspaper, after all, does have a human element to it, and it should be human. After all, it's made up of humans putting the thing together all of the way through. It can't very well be just a plain, cold blooded affair. If it is, you haven't got a newspaper. A newspaper gets down, these days, to where it's several hundreds of just plain human beings all working together, trying to get the doggone thing out and onto the street. It's bound to reflect a little bit of the beliefs and the activities of every one of those people, to some degree.

For instance, any editorial opinion that I might have expressed was always affected in some degree by what some of the other people around the office might be thinking. As we discussed some of these things around over a cup of coffee, what was going on in the world, some fellow's bound to drop some little remark that will stick in your mind. Not that we had everybody get together and say, "we're goin' to say this." You can't do that. You can't put together a newspaper editorial by committee. But the beliefs of those people, and their interests, are all going to be reflected in your editorial column someplace, even

the fact that quite a number of your people prefer fishing to hunting, or golfing to skiing, something like that. You're goin' to see a little reference in there sooner or later in the editorial. You might not even know it's there, but it's goin' to be there.

[There were a number of things to be writing editorials about from 1963 to '68—one of the most critical times in the country's history, probably.] Yeah, we were goin' to get ourselves mixed up in a few wars every time you turned around. I thought I'd fought my way through one war in that newspaper there, and then the next thing we knew, we had a Korean war on our hands, a full-fledged war to talk about—even if it was a "police action," according to Mr. Harry Truman. And then, as we looked around, why, we began to bounce into such things, there, as trouble in the Dominican Republic and Cuba. We just never knew what was goin' to—. And Vietnam. First thing we knew, here we were, right in the middle of wars again.

I began to wonder if I was ever going to see a peaceful time in all of my life. I still had some childhood memories of World War I, and then came along World War II. And then, somehow or another, there's never been any peaceful time since then. Now, I don't know what's goin' to happen. Makes me stop and wonder about that eighteen-year-old grandson of mine. Is he goin' to get himself jerked of f into somebody's army someplace, after his father put in about six years in the service? Is that just goin' to go on from now on, generation after generation? [It] disturbs me, and I think that was reflected in some of my editorial writings during those times, too, there. Oh, I wasn't always out there breathing fire and slaughter, and "let's go out," and "death to the enemy," and so on. I kinda had to take a reflective look at those things. What does that mean to each and every one of us

and our families and our future, and what can you count on? It wasn't a very cheerful outlook, and certainly, I've remarked many a time, there, that we'd come to the point where it seemed that our presidents had just set themselves up as almost, you might say, the right of absolute rulers to carry us off into wars, one after another, all through my lifetime.

I could remember, going back to 1916, when I was a ten-year-old kid, and impressionable enough, and with a newspaper in the family, and newspapers all over the house, and the headlines all over of Woodrow Wilson, "Peace With Honor," "He Kept Us Out Of War." As we know now, reading back through some of these so-called, more or less, secret files, had conveyed the word there to Clemenceau in France that this country would come to the rescue of France. And here we were, going through the political campaign, "He Kept Us Out Of War." And within a month after his inauguration in 1917, we were in a war.

Going up for another generation there, we came to the outbreak of the war in Europe in 1939. Immediately, we began to see the tendency of this country to want to meddle in the thing there. And the following year, here we had Roosevelt and his radio broadcasts, "I hate war. And I say it again and again, that your boys will not be sent." Then look what happened. That's 1940.

Colonel McKenzie, who was the commander of Stead Air Base out here in later years, was telling me that he graduated from West Point in 1940. He decided he wanted to become a flier, and he became a flier, and by that fall, he was flying reconnaissance flights out over the sea— based out of Iceland, supposedly watching and spotting the German submarines. And yet, we were not gain' to go into that war.

Well, we got that war out of our system, finally, after long, bitter years; and overnight came, in 1950, the Korean War with, you might say, no announcement whatsoever except the fact that President Truman had committed this country unilaterally, but in the name of the United Nations, in a so-called police action against the north Koreans and on behalf of the south Koreans. Well, that was a full-sized war. As a matter of fact, it isn't over yet. It ended in a shaky truce, but it is broken occasionally. But that war has never been declared officially at an end to this time. And this country still is committed with a large number of its fighting forces in Korea. At the same time, they're splitting the forces trying to fight a war a little farther down the continent there in Indochina. We've got two wars on our hands.

And to barge into this Indochina thing, it always seemed to me to be the height of folly, to get into something we knew nothing of, and apparently to step in where the French had failed. The French had just had the living devil beat out of 'em in that war. They lost that thing. They were just plumb beat. And we moved in, but now why, I never could figure out. If the French, with a fine colonial army, couldn't handle it, how on earth did we expect to do it, fight a so-called limited war? And more or less, too, in conflict with the declaration from Roosevelt and Churchill at the beginning of the war, the so-called "Four Freedoms" and the Atlantic Charter, you remember, with one thing there that there was to be an end to colonialism. That was one thing where Roosevelt was using almost blackmail power against England and France, declaring that if we went in to help 'em, they were going to have to get out of the colonial business. Great humanitarian mind! [laughing] That had to be the end of the old British empire, and particularly, the English had to get out of

India, and the French were going to have to get out of Asia, and they were goin' to have to get out of Africa. And then, here we followed 'em up. [laughing]

Here we are, there, in Indochina now in the most helpless fix I think this country ever found itself in, and one that has divided the country so bitterly, I don't know that it's ever goin' to get back to earth for a while. How you're going to pull 'em back together again? We're liable to have a feeling through the country something like that feeling that existed long, long after the Civil War, that, they're right, and we're right [pointing], and he's wrong [laughing, pointing], and we're wrong. Not a cheerful thought, is it?

It certainly was hard to talk about those things reasonable in an editorial column because I couldn't very well set myself up as a master strategist or a military authority, or anything else. I could just comment on what I could see. I wasn't either a hawk or a dove, as it were. But I was just trying to find some voice of reason in that thing.

Then we began to run into these [some of 'em] spectacular performances like Kennedy's so-called confrontation over the missiles in Cuba, there, suddenly mobilizing half the eastern United States forces down into the south as though we were ready to resist an invasion of the south. And then the Bay of Pigs, that thing was almost inexcusable. It does seem that to take the people's mind off of that fiasco was when Kennedy and his advisers decided to plunge headlong into this war there in Indochina, and turned what had been a rather minor action into a full-scale war. The forces that this country had in there then were in the shape of military advisers, small groups. Then, the next thing you knew, we were just moving in there as though we were about to conquer the world and launching into full warfare, in direct violation

of what every military man had insisted for years upon years. "Don't ever get engaged in a massive land War in Asia, and especially 7,000 miles from your home base." And there we did, to the extent of where we had a half a million men over in there, and ran up the greatest casualty list since World War II, and no end in sight. So you can see, I was a bitter editorial writer [laughing] for a while there.

Then I'd seen how they hooted, for instance, the suggestion made by Senator Goldwater, to carry on a bombing there, and particularly, the defoliation of the jungle, and that was just scoffed at all over the place. And no sooner had they got through with that [election], that's just exactly what President Johnson indulged in. About that time, I was losing my faith in politicians, especially after attending three Republican national conventions. [laughing]

That one there in San Francisco, when Goldwater was nominated, that was one to make you lose your faith in human nature, too. And it also kinda laid the groundwork at that time for some of these accusations that Vice President Agnew has been making against the press, the radio, and the television. There was some first-class examples of deliberately misleading writing and broadcasting that went on at that San Francisco convention. A good many of those correspondents and commentators were from the East, and they were openly opposed to Goldwater, as a Westerner, more than anything else. They were doing their best to knock down Goldwater in his drive for the nomination. And yet they would not acknowledge or admit that Goldwater had done his homework. He had the delegates right then and there. They were in his pocket, and he had that nomination.

Then they went on to broadcast and describe how he had practically blackjacked

the nomination away at the expense of such outstanding Republicans as Nelson Rockefeller and William Scranton. Well, they just didn't have the delegates. They harped upon the way Nelson Rockefeller was mistreated by the audience and by the delegates. Well, no wonder. He asked for it.

I was sitting there in the press section, right against the platform, and when he came in there one time, as he came down that catwalk there, I never saw such a look on a man's face in my life. He just looked like an angry, spitting cat, and he got up there in front of those microphones, and he just blistered into those people. Both the audience and the delegates there, why, he just called 'em everything he possibly could, and denounced 'em. Well, no wonder they hooted him down. He asked for that one.

Scranton had been putting out some publications every morning, distributing 'em around the hotels and around all the delegates' headquarters there, containing some of the most misleading information you ever did see. Finally, he was challenged on some of it there, one particularly offensive piece against Goldwater, and he admitted he'd never seen it. It was done by one of his helpers.

But Scranton, I must say this, was a good loser. And when the nomination went to Goldwater, he got up there, and he made what actually should be considered a keynote speech, calling upon all good Republicans to just go down the line for the cause; a good speech.

But the radio people and these Eastern commentators were writing some of the weirdest tales I ever saw. The Eastern papers would come in by air; they'd be all layin' around press headquarters there, and you could pick 'em up and read 'em. And as I read some of those things, I couldn't quite believe they were talkin' about the sane

convention where I was. I could see there was something different there. They'd focus on some little incident and blow it all, out of proportion. One day there, there was a little bit of a disturbance and uproar down off of one corner there, and all of a sudden, all of these radio people, you know, that run around with those back pack things, and little horns stickin' up out of their head, and the television people, and cameras, and what not, to see what this ruckus was. Well, pretty soon, the word began to spread around they'd denied admission to somebody who wanted to get in. Well, it turned out it was a drunk staggerin' in, tried to go through a gate where he wasn't supposed to go through. [laughing] The guards were just kinda gettin' him out of there, with him squalling all over the place. And yet, that was blown up into quite a big issue there.

And then, again, going back now three years, to Miami Beach [1968], I think again we're coming around to Mr. Agnew. There again, Nixon had the votes. He'd done all his work ahead of time. He'd worked up the delegates. He had it, and there was no question about it. But the fact that he had it was beginning to—these critics of his were just shootin' at him all over the place. He got the nomination, and then, of course, came the question of a vice president.

Well, so many of these commentators and columnists always look upon themselves as king makers. They think they ought to be able to offer advice to the President, and he should follow what they say. And in this speculation as to who was to be the Vice Presidential nomination, they were just all but sayin', "Now, look here, Mr. Nixon. You just ought to play this thing right and pick one of those liberal Republicans, and put him in there to kinda balance off yourself, as the old conservative. What you should do—

now, how about givin' Nelson Rockefeller a chance?" Well, Rocky wouldn't take it, for that matter. "But how about Senator [Charles] Percy? He's a good, liberal boy from back there in Illinois. And how about Scranton. He's still available around the country. And you've got this great white hope up there in Oregon by the name of Mark Hatfield. Now, either of these'd be a fine ornament to the ticket."

Well, Mr. Nixon didn't pay attention to that. He just went on ahead and picked out his own man. And when the word went out that afternoon around the hotels, "It's Agnew. Who in the hell is Agnew?" Nobody ever heard of him. [laughing] And that was the beginning of the firing on him because Nixon hadn't bothered to ask their advice, "Should I select Agnew to be my vice president?" No, he just went on ahead and picked him out himself. And Agnew didn't happen to be anybody that these other boys thought that Nixon should put in there.

And after all of these years, too, Nixon is still the target of the liberal bunch. He's never been forgiven for the campaign he carried on there in California against Jerry Voorhees, when he was first elected to Congress. Voorhees was one of these more or less pink-tinged candidates down there, and then later, that campaign against Helen Gahagan Douglas. That was just plain brass knuckles, good old pure, unadulterated rough-tough Nixon style. He campaigned up and down the state against her and won. He pretty well put the "pink" tag on her, too, and as a result, that crowd has never forgotten him.

As I look at it now, this constant criticism and effort to turn public opinion against Nixon begins to kinda bring back a memory to me, too, of what happened to Herbert Hoover. After Herbert Hoover was elected, the Democrats were determined they were going to fix him but good. And they did. The

national committeeman was John Raskob, and some of his helpers there, in what they called the so-called "Liberty League," they went out and raised the money, and they hired a very able and unprincipled newspaperman to build up a propaganda campaign of smear against Herbert Hoover, almost from the very beginning of the time that Hoover went into office. And it was successful, too. It was a good many years before Herbert Hoover lived that down. The fellow that did that little deed was Charlie Michelson, a very able newspaperman in New York, and completely unprincipled, [laughing] and (we can take credit for him if we want to) came from Nevada, from that old Virginia City family. He was a brother of the [Albert] Michelson that won the Nobel Prize in physics. His sister was Miriam Michelson, who was something of an author in her day, too. One of the things she wrote was—*The Bishop's Carriage*, I believe, was one of her writings.

I began to see some, what I think was more or less of a conspiracy along that line, there, to constantly denigrate Nixon every chance they get. And it's having its effect, too, as I read these public opinion polls, too. They're bound and determined they're going to make a one-term president out of him. But I hope they don't. I don't like that kind of fightin', myself. See, he can't do anything right, according to some of these publicists, and every one of his motives must be suspect. And you can see that in so many of these Eastern columns and in these liberal magazines, particularly. I got a habit of reading some of the most liberal publications there are. Anybody that can stomach the *Saturday Review*, for example, and *Harper's* magazine, which I do—and once in a while I'll go out and buy some of these other magazines around the newsstand just to see what they're talkin' about. They're certainly goin' to shoot him as full of holes as

they possibly can. The campaign is on right now as it was from the very beginning. By the time he was nominated and then inaugurated, he was still “Tricky Dick.”

I never looked upon him as tricky. I always thought he was a pretty good man. Kinda like him, although I’ve been a little critical of some of his things of late. But nonetheless, I think I’ll still go down the line for him. He’s gettin’ an awful pushin’ around from some of these people that think they know more about runnin’ the government than maybe he does.

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That old *Gazette* Building was a downtown landmark. It was built back there along about 1907 or ’08, but it was not designed as a newspaper building by any means, like so many other newspaper buildings of its time. The builder and the architect merely took a set of stock plans for an office building and ran the thing up, and it was up to you to fit a newspaper inside of it, which is about as unsatisfactory a method as I can think of. We’d put up with all the shortcomings of that building for a good many years, even during our Sanford ownership. We built additions to it and made considerable improvements, and along toward the last, there, we realized that that thing just wouldn’t do much longer. That was about the time we decided the next owner’d have that baby to sell.

And so when the Speidel people came in there, in 1939, they spoke first of perhaps a new building, and what might be done with the old one—maybe remodel it and dress it up a little bit for the time being until a new one’d be put up. But pretty soon, along came a war, and that just wiped out any building plans that anyone might’ve had, and gave us time to sit back and think what a building should be.

We began to give serious thought to a new building just about the time the war was over. We’d made one last effort to adapt to that building, and that was when we went into the radio business. We put in a radio, KWRN, with an FM station perched up on top of Peavine mountain, and the studios for the station were put on the fourth floor of that building. In order to carry all of that weight, the entire inside had to be braced up with steel, floor after floor, and we had to work during all the time they were chopping holes in the floor, in the wall, running in pillars and cross beams. When they got through, why, that fourth floor, I think, would’ve served as a railroad trestle. And then it wasn’t long until they were out of the radio business. So there we were, stuck with that doggone thing on top of us.

And then, the next thing was, where would you locate a new building? Here we were, with the old building downtown, as all newspapers had been, since way back when, right down in the middle of town. But then, that’s getting into valuable land, to use for an industrial endeavor, which is all a newspaper is. It’s industrial. It’s a factory, production plant. And in downtown space, you’ve got to go up, and a vertical operation’s about the most costly and inconvenient there is, as we found out, trying to operate the paper there on about three or four different floor levels.

So we began to look for a site. One thing that made us kinda get up and look a little bit faster was those floods of 1950 and 1955. The 1950 flood, that was the one that came, you remember, just before Christmas, and while it didn’t get quite around our building, it got into the building. That downtown area there is all part of an old river channel, and it fills up there with ground water, and while water had not come up around the streets there, it began to come up through the floor

and through the walls. We put pumps down in there in an effort to clean the thing out and keep it clear. Finally, the pump broke down [laughing] at the critical moment, and before you could get the thing going again, we went down there in that basement, and you could see spurts of water comin' up through cracks in the floor, and coming out through the walls, the hydrostatic pressure. And, of course, the very lowest part of the basement was the pit beneath the press. And in just a space of minutes, that thing was just plumb full of water, and the motor pit alongside of it. Well, there you had your great big, four hundred horsepower motor, and you just didn't dare trust to luck you could dry the thing and wipe it off and then throw four hundred volts of power [laughing] into the thing.

In the meantime, that had knocked off the production of the *Gazette* that afternoon. We just didn't want to admit that there was ever going to be a day when the *Gazette* wasn't published. So we took together what type we had there, enough to make a fly sheet, one single page, telling the story of the flood and a paragraph or two of the highlights and the news of the day, and we made up the forms on that thing, and loaded 'em into a truck and took 'em up across the tracks to the old Silver State Press. They printed off one single sheet, and we distributed that around town, so we didn't miss an issue. But then they worked all night long, the electricians and the plumbers and mechanics, and everyone, to get that press in operation, and that big motor dried out, in order that the *Journal* could come out the following morning, which it did.

Then we went on ahead after that, knowing that you can get a flood 'most any time. You can't predict one of those things. We put in a very elaborate drain system and pump system beneath that building there, and connected

it up there with our own standby power plant. We put in a diesel power plant. And it worked, as we found out five years later, when that second flood came down, and that was a bigger flood than the '50 flood. That was the one that came right up Virginia Street, about the middle of the block, and up to the middle of the block there on Center Street, right around our building. And as we saw the thing come up there, why, we'd sandbagged our own building, so we were protected there. Then we started that pump, and not only did it keep our basement dry, but it drained the water out of the basements and kept it clear for the whole block around there. We just served everybody on that thing.

We didn't want to go through that any more. We knew that one more flood could just be fatal, you might say. And then we began to look for the site for a new building. We'd had this new building in mind for ten years or more, but where to put it, that was the problem. We didn't want to stay in the downtown area there and spend a pile of money for high-priced real estate. We began to look somewhere around the fringes of the business district, and whatever real estate we could see would've meant pickin' up a lot of little tiny parcels, this lot and that, and this old house, and that building. And every time you bought one piece, the price of the next one went up. So we just didn't know.

Finally, we were very fortunate to have a piece, you might say, tumble into our hands, that present site up there off of West Second Street where that great big old wood yard, the coal yard, operated by the Lane brothers for many, many years. They had two or three houses of their own in there, and building in there that had housed a machine shop. And as the Lanes died, why, the property suddenly became onto the market. Offhand, you'd say a wood yard isn't where you put a newspaper,

but the thing had this advantage: it was close there to the downtown area, but still not part of it; and it had a spur track running right through it, a railroad track, and then the land in between the spur track and the railroad was, and is, owned by the Southern Pacific company. They were willing to lease that land as they had leased it to the Lanes. So this one out in front gave us all the room in the world, or so we thought. [laughing]

We weren't about to just take some kind of a halfway new plan and fit a newspaper to it. We'd been through that in the Speidel organization before. They built a building, for example, back in Iowa City, and it was a pretty good newspaper plant, but they made more effort to make it look like a public library or a Greek temple than anything else. And then in Chillicothe, Ohio, they built another plant, this time a replica of the first state capitol of Ohio. Then when they moved into Poughkeepsie, New York, they were just going to go first class there, and they did. They built a magnificent multistory building, and they called it the "cathedral of news." [Laughing] And you can imagine what it was! But not quite all the newspaper fitted into all of the corners of that cathedral.

And so this time, we approached it from a different way.. Old Merritt Speidel, he kind of went for the monumental types, and we were going to take a little more of a practical view of things. So instead of consulting first with architects, we went to an engineering firm back in Boston that specialized in designing industrial buildings and newspaper plants. They came out here and went all over this site out there, and then we sat down and talked with them. "Now, what all do you want in a building?" Well, we knew what we wanted, what we have. "All right, you just line up here what all you're going to have to have in there in the way of office space for this, and

departments here, mechanical equipment here, and everything else."

Well, we assembled all of that, and then they pretty well worked out a general layout, the most efficient layout that could be, and then said, "Now get your architect and let him wrap a wall around the thing." And so in that way, we had laid out our thing for a good operation ahead of time, and not to suit the vanity of some architect.

It did pose quite a problem there. So many different things have to work in. The biggest single item that we ran into in the construction of that building was the heating and the air conditioning. For one thing, you're to have one corner down there where all of your metal is handled. You're going to have one great big pot sittin' over there with about three to four tons of molten metal, at about six hundred and fifty degrees. Then you're going to have all of your various machinery, most of it giving off a good deal of heat, and then some of it that must not be heated, and you have to balance up an air conditioning and heating and cooling system to meet that. That was the biggest costly item we had.

Well, it took us a couple of years to build that plant, and in anticipation of the thing, we ordered our press a couple of years ahead of time, and paid for it. Because each time you looked around, the cost kept going up and up on that kind of machinery, goin' up, you might say, in multiples of 50,000 bucks per unit. And just like it is today, why, we could see a steel strike ahead of us. So we got ahold of the steel contractor that we were going to hire, [and] said, "Now, you buy that steel right now, and you get it delivered here, and you store it right here. We want that here the day we start in, not on order and waitin' for somebody's strike.

So we did have all of the structural steel we needed. And sure enough, along

came a steel strike during the period we're building and finishing the building. About the only shortage we encountered there was in the sheet metal for the heating and air conditioning ducts, and so on. We finally wound up with Japanese metal on that.

We did turn out what we now think is an ideal building. we left some room on one end, knowing that we were going to have to provide the room for the headquarters of Speidel Newspapers, Incorporated. And we think we left some room there for improvement and expansion of all departments. As I go around there now, it looks to me like they're just goin' to move right out and take it all up one of these days. We own the lot out in front, and if necessary, we can always build another building on that and then bridge over that little street, or alley, in between there.

Nobody's ever been able to guess yet how big a building you're going to have to have, or how fast your newspaper is going to grow. All of our wildest guesses just never came within a country mile of the mark. Even today, as I go down there and look around, I can see where this department, and that, is just beginning to burst at the seams. The town grows, and the newspaper's goin' to grow with it. And every time you look around, they're opening up more businesses around here that depend on heavy advertising. Gee, if they don't quit one of these days [laughing], I don't know where we'll go—chain store after chain store, and big ones.

So then, we did put an addition on there to house the administrative offices of Speidel Newspapers, Incorporated. They had formerly been located in Colorado Springs. With the retirement there of Harry Bunker, who had been the president of Speidel Newspapers, Incorporated, and the selection there of Chick Stout to become the president of the company, and Chick being a resident of Reno, and based

here, the headquarters of this chain, if you want to call it that (although we do dislike the term of "chain"), was moved here to Reno, and an additional building tied onto our other one there to accommodate the offices and all of the people that came here with it. And that's kind of a big outfit, in its own way, when you consider there's about a dozen newspapers, and all of the work that goes with it.

Speidel Newspapers, Incorporated, it isn't a chain in the sense you think of, for instance, the old Hearst papers, or some of these other ones, where one man sits back and says, "Everything's goin' to go this way." Each one is left up to its own operation. Each paper is autonomous. And Speidel Newspapers, Inc., the corporation, is actually a service organization. The amount of paperwork that is involved in an enterprise like that is simply appalling, the accounting work that has to be carried on, the personnel directory that must be kept, the tax figures that must be assembled. He even had to put in a whole IBM department in there to just handle that kind of stuff. And so they're all concerned with that, and they don't have time to wonder what the *Reno Evening Gazette* or the Poughkeepsie New Yorker's about to be doing, or the Chillicothe Ohioan, or what not.

Speidel Newspapers, incorporated is a closely held corporation, and it's owned by the operating executive of each newspaper. They are the owners of the common stock. No one person, for example, could accumulate more than seven percent of the stock. And so no one fellow can go out and start buyin' enough stock and come in, say, "Look, boys. I'm the boss." The whole operation there belongs to the people who run the paper, those that have the most direct interest of all. And they keep that interest only so long as they're active. When they leave the paper, then they are given an opportunity to convert some of their stock

into nonvoting stock. And then that in turn can be called in by the company so that there'll be stock available for a new generation of executives coming in. Otherwise, you would just have to "water the stock."

Well, that was a magnificent gift, you might say, that was given to us, the opportunity there to buy that stock. That was done through the inspiration of John Ben Snow, who owned most of the stock. He made it possible years ago for each of us to buy so much stock. It was based on our position in there, and our earning power, and so on, and we were given an option, running over a good many years, at the same price, and also the opportunity to borrow money if we wanted to. Well, certainly, everybody took advantage of that thing so that all of your paper there, the control and the ownership, is in the hands of the people who put that paper out. And they're certainly the most directly responsible for the operations. I have never heard of any other newspaper system that ever worked out anything quite so generous as all of that.

That stock, gosh [laughing], it just kept growing. I found that out when mine was finally called in there, at a price that just shook me clear down to my toenails. But you see, the idea was that we made that possible ourselves. We worked for that thing there. We put in all of our efforts to make that stock worthwhile. And the new people coming in there have that same opportunity, to build the thing up. And today, that stock, I guess, just keeps goin' up and up and up. I only wish I had a wheelbarrow full of it. [laughing] But each one of 'em can look around at his own paper and say, "Well, now, I figure out I own a pretty good chunk of this press over here, and maybe I own one of those linotypes back in there. This is mine." And it certainly makes a difference in the way that they work for the operation of those papers and plan its

activities there. Everybody says, "Everything I do's goin' to have one direct effect right on my pocketbook."

They worked out, for a good many years, a sort of a profit-sharing scheme among the executives there, where they were to receive a percentage of the profits of the year, and that began to run up into a rather impressive sum, too. And that's another case. I don't know any newspaper system that has ever done that. I've found in talking with newspaper people down at some of these meetings in national and state levels, there, that the word spread around pretty fast about what sort of an organization is Speidel. And they're jealous, and jealous as all get out of it. One or two may come close to it, but none has ever given quite as much, I guess, as the Speidel papers have.

They make sure that if you stick around long enough, they'll take good care of you. They've set up a most generous pension plan over the years, and I think it's kinda been sweetened up these last few years, as you have to do, particularly with inflation coming along and knocking the pension system down to almost a pittance, in some cases. But they want people to come in and stay forever. They want 'em to join the thing, you might say, and grow up with it, and live to a ripe old age with it. And then their executives, they know, come one day at sixty-five: "Move on, boy, move on," which is a good thing. I don't mean that every person is in shape to retire at sixty-five, or should retire. Some of 'em are—could be able and capable men for a good many years after that. But I've seen some that, long before sixty-five, weren't worth a hoot. And you do have to have one cutoff period in there someplace, and then stick with it. We are given the opportunity, should we choose, we can take an early retirement, as early as fifty-five, for that matter, but, of course, with greatly reduced benefits. Some took advantage

of that, and some of 'em're just waitin' for that last minute there at sixty-five when they have to go out the door [laughing], something like some of your University people up there. You just almost literally have to throw 'em out.

That newspaper organization today is—I don't think very many people understand and appreciate the extent of it, based here in Reno, and with its influence extending, gosh, all the way from New York state out to the Pacific Coast, and all through the Midwest. It's a powerful organization of good newspapers. And it's all handled right here out of Reno by people with Reno interests, too. Chick Stout came here back about 1956, but it didn't take him long, you might say, to get acclimated and naturalized. I don't know how many millions of dollars must be involved in that Speidel Newspapers, Incorporated, but the last paper they bought was the Stockton Record, which is a good sized paper, to the tune of something like thirteen million dollars. Now, maybe you can imagine that much money. I can't. The time was, I think you could've started a pretty good newspaper around here for \$100,000, maybe. It's a far cry from what they paid for the *Reno Evening Gazette*, when it comes right down to it. But when you buy good newspapers, you're going to have to pay a premium price for 'em there.

Before the purchase of the Stockton paper, we had bought a paper up in South Dakota, the largest paper in the state, and the most influential, up there in Sioux Falls, and then in between there, a smaller paper back in Fremont, Nebraska, a prosperous little town not too far out of Omaha. See, we kinda cover all bases, from a small community up to good-sized ones and papers that are approaching the metropolitan stage, as well as those that've just gone up into the more or less big city stage. And we have an assortment of newspaper people to cover all bases there.

When you get 'em all together, that's quite a crowd. You ought to see 'em! [laughing]

THE CIVIL RIGHTS QUESTION IN THE EARLY '50'S

Well, I refuse to get carried away on some of those civil rights things there. In fact, these extremists kinda made me a little bit sore in there, and they do to this day, I think. What is a civil right and equal opportunity, and so on? I've never seen the doggone thing actually spelled out enough to tell there. It all depends on who the person is that's talking. It's like they speak there of equal employment, and so on. You've got so many of the minority this, that, and the other thing, and the way some at 'em make it appear is that for every one job, or if you've got two jobs, you've got to have a white man and a black man. Well, equality isn't on a fifty-fifty basis, not to that extent there.

We had always been, you might say, rather generous and liberal in our own treatment of people down there. We had the doggonedest collection of people working in there, of various nationalities and beliefs, and what not, although I might say this: never in my time did any colored person ever ask me for a job. Never did. I would've considered 'em had they come in, but they never did. But I had others coming in—I had Mexicans and Indians. We even had an Eskimo working out in the print shop at one time. And one thing we never did do in there, we never asked any person his religious beliefs.

One thing we ran into before all of this commotion over civil rights started, especially on the issue of black versus white, the government regulations there on employment, fair employment practices, said that we could not ask a person's religion, nor could somebody apply for a job 'til we asked

them to submit a photograph. Well, now, that came about not from any color or race, but had been more or less fastened into the law there by Jewish influence. That, of course, came out of the New York end of things where the Jewish element is so strong, and a good deal of feeling either for or against 'em there. They were the ones who had managed to put that into the law there. I never bothered to ask anybody what their religion was, and I think I had two or three Jews in there, never asked 'em if they were Jews, didn't care. All I wanted to know was if they could do a good job. If they didn't, I'd fire 'em right fast.

And so when all of this civil rights issue began to build up there, I just kinda went at it a little gingerly in there. I wasn't about to go out and become a professional bleeding heart. I figured some of those things are just goin' to have to work themselves out. And certainly around here, we had a number of people who just tore off to the barricades, as it were. We had one public meeting there at one time that showed to what extreme some people could go. And it was the talk on this business of housing for people, and discrimination in housing. They had a public meeting downtown there of business people, professional people, officials, and so on. One fellow got up in there, a preacher man, and he demanded that the city forthwith pass an ordinance, declaring that at least one house in every single block in the city of Reno had to be made available for sale to a Negro.

[Laughing] Well, I can imagine how that thing went over, of all the impossible things, and impractical, too. And then when that thing was greeted there with a few scoffs and a little discussion, that particular clergyman, he just got mad as all get out, and he called us every kind of a bigot there was—this, that, and the other thing. Well, flow, imagine sayin' it's got to be one house in this block in here

available for some Negro. Well, you've got to find a Negro that happens to have a lot of money before he could even move in here, or even think of it. Really, you can't give it to him, although I suppose that Holy Joe thought we should give it to him. He was that type. He was about as wild an Elmer Gantry type as I knew around here. [laughing]

We never did go too strongly on agitating for civil rights. I think r tried to say that this thing must be approached cautiously and with study, and it isn't something that there's a universal remedy for. We've just got to work the thing out. It's been centuries in building up to this, and it's maybe go in' to take centuries to work our way out of it, which it will, I think. 'Cause if you don't—and some of these fire-eaters, they're just about ready to bring on "comes the revolution," as it were.

One thing I didn't have the chance to talk about when I was an editor (I wish I was in there now), and that has been the way some of these civil rights people have tortured the courts. Like this Bobby Seale case back there, and the Soledad brothers, and then some of those—well, it comes into the field of civil rights, there, when you get into the Chicago Seven, and the way those people are carrying on, and the actions of the Manson family in Los Angeles there, and now the Angela Davis case there. The least criticism of that brings up the charge of racism.

Well, I don't think it's a case of racism one bit. If they want equal rights, they've got to get in there and prove their right to equality. You just can't declare that by law, and say you're equal. You've got to prove that you are equal, and that you can meet the responsibility of equality. I think that was one point I used to try to make there in my editorials on the subject of civil rights, that you must earn those rights, and that there's a difference between rights and privileges, and some of you people

are confusing which is a right and which is a privilege, and that you want privilege instead of rights.

Well, it wasn't too popular [laughing] in some quarters as a result of that. I think around here, in this community, why, tolerance has been almost a mark of Nevada and the West since their very earliest days there. They never did have too much clash around here of any trouble between the Negroes or the Indians or the Jews, or any other element you may mention. They all managed to live together pretty peacefully, and work toward the common good.

A pretty good example of that goes 'way back, oh, sixty-odd years ago, when the old St. Thomas church down here was badly damaged by fire. Before the ashes were barely cool there and any work started, why, the parish continued to hold its services, and where? In the Masonic Temple [laughing], of all places. There's always been that kind of a feeling between different people there.

It was only a couple of years ago that I attended a service down at the Episcopal church here, which was attended by all the branches of Masonry, plus all of the organizations of the Catholic church, including the Knights of Columbus. We all went in there together to these services, and somehow or another, nobody drew a knife. In fact, all of 'em are pretty good friends of mine, one side or the other. Where you have that kind of a feeling in the community, or in the state, why, you're not going to have very much of a conflict over so-called civil rights, unless somebody stirs them up.

It was unfortunate here just a few weeks ago when the wild-eyed elements burst into Las Vegas down there and made the big scene, including a national television broadcast of these organizations of the "relief mamas" [Welfare Rights Organizations]. You

remember that one, when they had cut so many people off the relief here, and apparently on good, solid ground, that there was evidence there of fraud. And then here came these—well, I call 'em professional agitators out of New York, where they had succeeded in organizing these people on relief into a union, and in good union style, were demanding their rights, and insisting they were goin' to have to have so much money, and that it was their God-given right to get it, and if they didn't get it, they were goin' to tear the house down. And some of 'em wound up down there in Las Vegas, and some of 'em did come up and made some noise around the legislature; but the legislature, glory be, wasn't too impressed. It was not a very good spectacle, to see those fellows sounding off there on a Sunday night broadcast on the television. Certainly, I couldn't get very sympathetic about the time this fellow says that we're goin' to have to pay everybody a living wage of at least \$4,800 a year, and preferably \$6,000 a year. I thought that was goin' out a little far. I'd kinda like to have some of that myself. I just still can't get worked up over civil rights. As I say, you've got to earn 'em, show that you're entitled to 'em, and that you know what to do with 'em.

[Another one of the editorial topics was political assassinations, which kind of ties in with the civil rights.] Well, yeah. of course, the first assassination there was that of John Kennedy. When that happened there, it just sort of, you might say, thunderstruck the town, and the state, and the whole nation, for that matter. But for some reason, it didn't affect me in that way. Assassination of a president is a constant threat, and John Kennedy himself realized that, because he had been quoted as saying that anybody could kill the president, if he wanted to, if he had a rifle with a telescope sight and willing to lay his life on the line.

There've been attempts at one time or another, you might say, on the life of nearly every president. Some of 'em have maybe never been advertised. Some of 'em just went off quick and easy. They came pretty close to getting Franklin Roosevelt before he ever reached the White House, down there in Florida. A fellow by the name of [Joseph] Zangara shot at him, and he missed Roosevelt and he hit Mayor [Anton] Cermak of Chicago. Then there was that shooting scrape outside of Blair House when Harry Truman was the president there. Some wild Puerto Ricans had attempted to shoot their way into the house, and they were shot down in time and in turn. But assassination is something that always just kinda lurks. There were some people, you remember, who fired away wildly into the House of Representatives at one time.

And don't forget Huey Long. I always thought on that Huey Long thing, and compared it in a way with the assassination of Robert Kennedy. There was a very strange parallel, to a certain extent. Huey Long was not exactly an admirable sort of a citizen, but he was an exceedingly cagey sort of a cuss, and able as all get out. He had determined that he was going to be president himself some day. That was his ambition. He said so. And he was a violent opponent of most of the things that Franklin Roosevelt was doing, and carrying on a regular Hatfield and McCoy type of feud there with Roosevelt. But then, some of his other habits there as a politician and as a person, they hadn't endeared [him] to a great many people. And when he was shot down there in the state capital, there at Baton Rouge, by that little doctor or little dentist there, the expressions all around the country were, "Well, it was a good thing. He had it coming."

Well, then, coming years and years later was the Robert Kennedy thing. There

was another man, another senator, bound and determined he was about to become a president. He was violently opposed to the president in office, and fighting him at every turn. And yet, when he was shot down there, certainly, they didn't say, "Well, it was a good thing." Why, again, there was just a wild wave of emotionalism.

And, of course, the events that followed there in the John Kennedy case—God, the country just went into hysterics, as it were, expressed in the way where they wanted to change the name of everybody's town and everybody's street and everything else to Kennedy. They even wanted to change one little mining camp down there in southern Nevada to Kennedy. I think I remarked something on that, too. As far as that goes, why, way back in the early days, there was a camp Kennedy in Nevada. And after—someday, somebody's just goin' to forget, "Who was Kennedy?" How many people ever stopped to remember where all of the McKinley Parks and McKinley this, that, and so on, came from? Time takes care of a lot of things like that.

Political assassination is a constant threat at all times, and I kinda wonder if that isn't something that might make one Edward Kennedy wake up in a cold sweat in the middle of the night sometimes, because he might say, "Now, look. One, two, three." [laughing] And certainly there's enough dislike of Richard Nixon that he must stop and wonder every once in a while, "Who's the fellow that's got my number?" For any president, that must be a constant danger. And all of the Secret Servicemen and all the protection in the world just isn't going to stop some determined person.

And then, you get Martin Luther King into the act there, and there again he was a man who, you might say, to a certain degree,

expected that. He had said many times that he was just born to be a martyr and was going to be a martyr. And sure enough, he was. He had stirred up enough animosity in his time, there, that some misguided person was bound to take after him, whether they were goin' to come up there with a knife, or close range with a pistol or a bomb, or at several hundred yards' distance with a rifle. In his case, I think it was inevitable because he had gone around preaching this nonresistance, nonviolence, and so on. He preached it openly, but wherever he'd been, he just left a trail of fire behind him. He'd pranced through Chicago there, leading a demonstration, all peaceful, and no sooner he'd left the town than violence broke out everywhere. so he lit some kind of a fuse. There's no question about that.

And then, to declare him the great martyr, well, that kinda goes against my grain. I just can't make a martyr out of that man. No doubt he was a sincere and dedicated man, but nonetheless, why, his methods certainly led to a lot of disaster wherever he went. He preached nonviolence there, only to have it flare up right behind him, all of the time. So I don't know what kind of spontaneous combustion you'd call that. [laughing]

Of course, assassination goes on all over the world, always has, as long as history goes back. Had a pretty good example last week there, when these wild-eyed Moroccans did their best to do in their King Hasan there. And I don't know how many times they attempted to get King Hussein there, in Jordan. The Orient, why, it specializes in that; in fact, that's where the gentle art of political assassination came from, as I've read the story, back to that old bandit chief there that—what the dickens was his name? With that fortress up there in that desolate country east of the Dead Sea there? And his band of assassins,

as they became called, where supposedly he had them all well-stoked with hashish so that he could send 'em out there all over the world to dispose of his political enemies. There isn't a country but what has experienced political assassination to some degree or another. senators didn't have quite the power that they formerly had in there. Alan Bible and Cannon couldn't very well go in and tell the Attorney General where to get off at. But that was one thing that old Pat McCarran could do 'cause he wielded it like a blackjack, as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, with authority directly over the Department of Justice. And for years before, he had been able to head off some of these crusading attempts of the federal government to muscle into the Nevada gambling picture. And Kennedy apparently was going to take full advantage of his position and make himself a great hero.

Well, finally, somebody called off the dogs, but it didn't help the Kennedy image any in this state. As he began to move there as a potential candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination, it was pretty evident that he was not goin' to get any support from this end of the state. He wasn't going to be quite the hero that his brother had been.

John Kennedy really, you might say, overwhelmed 'em when he came to Nevada in 1960. Early that year, why, first came Joe Kennedy, the father. Joe McDonald brought Joe Kennedy in to meet me, introduced him there, and what a charming ol' gentleman there, with a real determined look about him. You could tell that by just lookin' at the man.

I talked with him a minute, and I said, "What the hell are you doin' out here?"

He said, "I'll tell you what I'm doin'. I'm going to make that boy of mine president."

I said, "The hell you are!"

He said, "You watch and see."

Then later, John Kennedy came out here that year, and Governor Sawyer held a reception for him over there in the mansion. Then later, there was a public meeting downtown there for everybody to come in and meet him. I went to the reception, went in and talked with him there, (was] introduced to him. He was a great, big fellow. The size of that man kinda made me stop for a minute. He was over six feet tall, great, broad shoulders, that big head, you know, a most impressive-looking man.

I talked with him there for a few minutes, and then decided he was not for me because during our conversation, he never looked at me. His eyes went this way [pointing away), and went off to the side, and went over my head. That's always a little disconcerting to me, when somebody doesn't look at you when he's speaking. So I just decided I didn't like John Kennedy. [laughing] But nonetheless, he certainly made a good impression around this state. And like old Joe Kennedy said, "You just wait and see—watch and see." [laughing] He made him president.

I can just see old Joe Kennedy there, with that kind of a smile and those bright, snappy eyes of his. He [was a] man to impress you, right then and there, as you talked to him. I liked the old fellow instantly. Some people, you know, can radiate personality and charm. I guess Franklin Roosevelt did it, to some extent, and certainly his wife did. I certainly was never any admirer or friend of Eleanor Roosevelt, and highly critical of her dabbling in affairs that didn't concern her. She came here on a speaking tour one time, brought in here by the University of Nevada. The students brought her in here. So she held a little press conference that afternoon down in the old Riverside Hotel down there. And she came through the door there, and I took one look at her, and I thought, "That is the

homeliest, most ugly woman I think I ever laid eyes on," great, big, awkward sort of a person with a face there that would stop the city hall clock, I thought. [laughing] And within a moment or two, as she began to speak, you forgot all about that. She was the most charming person to talk with there. You just forgot all about how she looked—you might say overwhelmed and fascinated. That must be the biggest political asset anybody can ever have, and both she and her husband had it.

I think, now, they use the term there that I don't like to see used, that "charisma." I don't like these new-fangled terms bein' thrown around so doggone loose. Everybody gets carried away by 'em, then doesn't know when to stop using em. But that seems to be the one they use now for that personality that just reaches right out and takes you in almost hypnotically.

I certainly had a good example of that with Eleanor Roosevelt and Joe Kennedy. It didn't work that way with John Kennedy, [laughing] and Robert Kennedy was a man I just couldn't stomach at all. [Robert Kennedy's] idea of good, clean fun, for instance, was runnin' around and pushin' people in his swimming pool. [Laughing] Well, anybody with that kind of a mind I have no use for.

But I don't know. That Kennedy family, it just kind of offends me, the way they act. And yet, that effort there to, you might say, raise 'em all up to a sort of a sanctified level there—. When Rose Kennedy there was criticized for the money the family was spending down there on Robert Kennedy's campaign in California before he got shot, she was the one that said, "It's our money, and we can do what we want with it." In other words, she'd just go out and buy a presidency, and that was certainly what they were doing, at least I thought so.

That's kind of insulting to me, and then try to make martyrs out of the whole outfit. [Laughing] I don't think they were martyrs. I think that when history finally strikes a balance there upon that term in office of John Kennedy, it's going to not show anything very remarkable. I think he was a feeble man. He was not a strong man, and then built up there with all of this belief of "Here was Camelot," and all of those beautiful people there.

Well, some of those people weren't beautiful to me. We had Frank Sinatra and his rat pack from Hollywood with free entrance to the White House. You can't call those kind of people beautiful to me. And the gorgeous Jackie [laughing], although I kinda think she's in more or less eclipse the day she went and married the fat boy from Greece with all the money. Why, whew! Her star set pretty rapidly, although she's good copy now for these sensational magazine writers, and so on. But she still isn't the gal she thought she was, [laughing] and that they try to make her out as.

But the idea that we can create a royal family around here—the Roosevelts tried it, and certainly they did not succeed, and I just don't think the Kennedys're goin' to make it, either.

It was bad enough in those years of the Roosevelt family. They were just, you might say, a royal family, and the queen mother [laughing], and this crown princess, and some of their various and sundry didos there. Most of those Roosevelts had always struck me as being a rather common sort of people. Elliott was the first one who came to Nevada for a divorce, and he was just a nice, pleasant young chap, not a doggone thing remarkable about him, not a thing. And Anna, Anna Eleanor, when she came here for a divorce, why, she was hanging around, most of the time, around some of those nightclubs around Rena, not

very good grade of nightclubs, either. And Jimmy Roosevelt was certainly about as [laughing] unlovely a character as anybody could think of. And then, when along came the war, the next thing you know, why, just like they did in royal families, each of the princes became the high ranking officer in some of the services there.

Well, about the time they began to draft people around here, I remember the buttons that were available around that said, "I want to be a captain, too." That was about the time that Elliott went in as a captain, and came out a brigadier general. And Jimmy, he started in, you might say, at the very beginning, started in as a colonel in the Marine Corps, and the others became naval officers. And a lot of other poor devils just went into the service there as just plain buck private.

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[Wasn't there always a thread through the issues of the late '40's, into the '50's and '60's, of the north-south division in Nevada?] Well, you might say it was something we began to see coming, and didn't know just how it was going to come about and what it was going to do to us. But it was pretty evident, there, that the political power was going to have to shift in the state some day or another, which wasn't anything brand new, for that matter. That had been more or less the pattern of Nevada politics since the very beginning. In the first days there, why, Storey County dominated the political scene, and the mining people were the most powerful political people. And then, as the Comstock mines began to decline, the balance of power began to shift and moved out into the state then, where the cattle people and the big ranchers became the political leaders and the power in the state. Like ol' John Sparks, for example, they were the

beginnings of what later became well-known as the “bull bloc.” And then the rise there of the central Nevada mines, there, Tonopah and Goldfield, again the political control of the state shifted. It looked like everybody, to get elected, had to come from Tonopah or Goldfield, and mainly be a Democrat, damn it. [laughing]

And that was a time marked there by the “Colorado crowd,” as they called them then. With some of the decline in the Colorado mines there, plus the labor wars that went on, there was quite a migration of Colorado people into Nevada, people attracted by the mines of Tonopah and Goldfield, and then, a little bit later, Rawhide and some of the later camps. Most of ’em were Democrats, and they took ahold of the things around the state, and my Lord, how they ran things for years and years! It was pretty hard for anybody else to get a look in, as it were.

Well, George Thatcher was a good example of that. He was one of that Colorado bunch. Ol’ John Sanders, of the Supreme Court, he was one of those people. A few Republicans did manage to get in, like the Crumleys. They came out of Colorado, but they were good Republicans, glory be! And how about old Sam Belford. Now, he was a colorful character in his own right, a very able man, good politician and a Democrat, and he came into here with the nickname of the “red rooster of the Rockies.” And they had a mighty influence there over state politics for years and years.

And then as the Tonopah and Goldfield mines fizzled down, why, then the control in politics began to move up more to this end of the country. Reno began to step in there when the Wingfield organization began to acquire some of its power. And it pretty well dominated the state scene there in the legislature in the state capital. But later on, there began to be some stirrings from down

there around Clark County, that some of those people were bound and determined that, as small as they were, they were going to be a voice in Nevada affairs. And it didn’t take very long for ’em to prove their ability along that line. Ol’ Harley [A.] Harmon was a good example of that. He was determined to up and go places. He made several real good runs for a state office in there.

And then, of course, what tipped the thing over was Boulder Dam. When they began the construction of Boulder Dam, why, in came that great wave of workers, and there again, that migration was just almost solidly Democratic. They came in there from Oklahoma and Arkansas and Texas and Arizona, and some of ’em from southern California. You just almost needed an interpreter around there when you got around some of those Ozark people [laughing] there, to understand what they were saying.

It brought in some able politicians along with the work on the dam. Cliff Jones was one of those people. He worked for a while there as a high scaler down there in the canyon. He went in for politics in a big way, and he sure went to town.

Then you began to get more and more people down in there, and as that registration began to roll up, there was the handwriting on the wall. They were just goin’ to have more people in southern Nevada than we’d had in the north. The wartime movement into those war industries in Vegas and around Las Vegas, the military and the industrial, began to show. And then, as soon as the war was over, there began that second boom of the Las Vegas tourist and entertainment industry.

Then it was just a question of time until they just overwhelmed the north. And they certainly have done it now. [laughing] We know it. You speak kinda lightly when you go down there now. And I don’t know

whether they— so far, I don't think that they have used their power wisely. They were determined, among other things—they want everything, and they've just about got the power to demand it and get it and to elect it, too. Well, now, whether they've picked out the best people to represent themselves, I don't know. I don't think they did that time when Ernest Brown ran for the Supreme Court, as respected a man as there was in the whole state of Nevada, and was able to win a majority in sixteen counties, and was swamped in the seventeenth county of Clark by one Frank McNamee. And certainly, you couldn't compare McNamee with Brown. [laughing]

I asked a fellow (down there one time) I knew pretty well; I said, "Why in the hell did you all go for McNamee?"

He said, "I'll tell you why. We didn't want the s. o. b. down here in Vegas. We wanted him up there in the north." [laughing] I can't say that's any sign of political maturity.

But now you've got that heavy registration down there, and particularly heavy with Democrats. From here on out, they're going to just about do as they doggone well please, and I don't know what we're goin' to do up here about it. I don't think there's any chance that we're goin' to get as many people up here as Las Vegas has. If they do, I'm goin' to leave town. I don't want that many people up here.

And then this reapportionment thing came along there. That just put us completely at the mercy of those people there. That goes back to what I think is the biggest sin ever committed there by that Supreme Court, when they ordered that "one man, one vote" thing there in the Earl Warren court. Well, Earl Warren, in previous years, when he was governor of California, had taken an entirely different view of things, and to declare that there must be representation there for the

country as well as for the people. Then later on, he went on to say that you shouldn't have representation for trees and rocks. And that one man, one vote thing, of course, it just upset the political structure of the whole country in legislature after legislature, cause it's more or less been based upon the old federal system there. And they just turned you loose at the mercy of the mob. It's goin' to keep gettin' worse until—unless—I hope we get a Supreme Court in there some day with a little glimmer of sense.

But from here on out, southern Nevada is going to be the power, and there's just no gettin' away from it. You can see what they've been able to do there. They've got their governor, they've got one senator there, and they'll get another one, if they take a notion to. They might even tumble Walter Baring out some day. They've got a good hold there on the Supreme Court now, and most of these other state offices. There's not much you can do except like it and lump it. [laughing]

But the old system, before that one man, one vote thing came around, I think it gave this state a rather well-balanced state government there, where the cow counties, so-called, out there were able to act as a sort of a flywheel. That old state senate, while it might've been referred to as the "gas house," was a very effective thing to have in there, and it acted as a very good governor or balance wheel to the legislature. That attitude had been built up over years there, a sort of a policy established for that senate, as it were, and one that they lived up to, goin' way back into, I think, back into the 1920's and the early '30's, the days of the "bull bloc," so called because there were a number of those influential senators were cattlemen and ranchers. Ol' Tracy Fairchild was a good example of that, from up there in Elko County, ol' Bill Dressler, from down there out of Carson Valley, and some of those

from out in the state that were more or less sympathetic with that bunch. Ol' Andy Haight from Churchill county, he was a lawyer, of course, but he was more or less part of that group in there, and ol' Dick Cowles from way up here in Limbo [laughing], old Johnny Miller from down there in Mina.

They put the state on a pretty good, sound foundation there. They demonstrated that the time the treasury got looted by Malley and Cole. They overhauled the state finances there and wiped out that shortage there. And the only way it could be done, the costly and painful way, was just taxing us to pay for it. Well, it had to be done. And then when the state finances were again badly crippled there, with the crash of the Wingfield banks tying up a good deal of the public monies in there, they were able to put the state on a good, sound, pay-as-you-go businesslike basis there, and even managed once or twice during some of those critical years in the 1930's to even reduce the state tax a little bit, which brought an observation from an editor over here in Portola. He asked the question, he said, "What in hell is Nevada trying to do, secede from the Union?" [laughing] The idea of cuttin' taxes in those days I That bein' about the time when everybody else was following the old Roosevelt-Harry Hopkins theory of tax and tax, spend and spend, and elect and elect.

But Nevada, to this day, is on a good, sound, financial basis. They've never gone in for any wild borrowings. They're, I think, probably, borrowing more money now than I like to see, spending on bonds that we all have to pay off some day or another. But basically, they still try to operate on more or less of a cash and carry basis. And if money has to be raised, well, the best thing to do is just tax people right now, and pay for it. Don't build up these debts that your grandchildren are goin' to have to pay for.

Unfortunately, that theory doesn't extend down the line to some of these minor government units, the cities, and the counties, and the school districts. They are kinda running hog wild these days on bonds. They all have to be paid off some day. Interest has to be paid over all of those years, and a bond issue can just about cost twice the face value before the thing's ever settled, sometimes, more than that, as Jimmy Hulse pointed out in that Lincoln County courthouse deal [laughing] down there.

And bonds are—they're necessary sometimes. But it's just too easy a way to just keep things a-going, you might say, [to] charge it. I don't know whether I like a credit card type of government business [laughing] or not. But some of these things just have to be done. That's all there is to it.

In fact, that first highway between Reno and Carson City was built with Washoe County bonds, \$300,000 worth. But they paid it off. And I guess we're still paying for Boca Dam. See, that was where we borrowed the money from the government, forty years with no interest. So that wasn't quite a bad bargain, either.

RETIREMENT

[Retirement] came about three years ago. We might as well get that story laid down for once and all. That was probably the most sudden retirement that ever came about, decided in the space of about ten minutes, not that the thought of early retirement hadn't been flickerin' around in my head for quite a while. I just didn't want to keep going until that "Magic 65" came along. I thought I'd kinda like to get out and maybe do a few of the things that I'd never been able to do before, where time didn't permit.

So I was beginning to get just a little bit dissatisfied and unhappy, you might say, with the way things were going along there. Perhaps it was the fact that I was having to give way to younger men. Well, that's kinda hard for an ol' gaffer to take sometimes, to have some of these younger fellows feel that they had to come around and tell me how to carry on an editorial page and determine editorial policy, and so on. I thought that was my bailiwick, and I'd stick with that.

Well, you can see I was not in a very happy frame of mind as that came along. I still had

in my mind, "Well, maybe I can dog it out a little while longer, and then one of these days, I'll pick up my marbles and go home." But I didn't know how soon that was going to be.

The big event came—it was the morning after the assassination there of Martin Luther King. The managing editor came in with a cartoon drawn by one of our staff members. He handed this thing to me and said, "Run this thing and write an editorial to fit it."

Well, I looked at the cartoon, and it left me aghast. It had Martin Luther King more or less superimposed against a crucified Christ. I said, "I just won't do it." I said, "This thing is not only completely distasteful to me and to anybody else, I think it's blasphemous, and I simply won't run it. kid I certainly will not write an editorial on that theme."

Well, the managing editor went snortin' out of there. After all, managing editors aren't supposed to come around and tell editorial editors what to do. [laughing] So he went snortin' down to see the publisher.

Well, the publisher came up. Now, of course, see, that's the man you're supposed

to listen to. He came up and said, "You won't run this?"

I said, "No, I won't run it."

He said, "Well, why?" I told him. Well, he thought it was a pretty good cartoon nonetheless, and he said the managing editor thought it was a good cartoon.

I said, "It's a matter of opinion. But I won't run it."

Well, there we were. [laughing] That was the head-on collision, as it were.

He said, "We have to have an editorial."

I said, "I know that, and I'm prepared to write one." I said, "All right, I'll write this editorial, but with this understanding. This is the last editorial I ever write for this newspaper."

"Well—," he said. "But you—. Damn you—." Shook his—. "Well, maybe you'd better start thinkin' about your retirement."

I said, "I've already thought about it. I told you when it is." I said, "I'll write this editorial, submit it to you." And I did, and I thought it was a rather well balanced thing. I took it down and handed it to him. He accepted it word for word, made no changes in it whatsoever. He sent it back upstairs, and I had it set in type, and I went out and made up the page myself, you might say, and went back in, took off my apron and closed up my desk and came home. [laughing] Told Myrtle, I said, "Take a look at an ex-editor."

She said, "Well, I wondered how long it was going to be."

So, as I say, that was the doggonedest fast retirement that ever took place anywhere. But maybe I was gettin' kinda crotchety and old and cranky, and what not, and challenging things I shouldn't challenge. But if that was the case, it was about time I did get out of there. So I was kinda happy to kinda just leave all of that and come on home.

I left my own library down there, which is pretty extensive, and told 'em, "I think this'd be very valuable to the paper. I spent years in accumulating this thing." I gave 'em a good, even price on the thing. The assistant publishers, and the editor of the *Journal*, and the managing editor of the *Gazette* both recommended that they buy it. They waited for somethin' like four months, and I finally asked 'em one day what they wanted to do. "Well, we just don't want to spend that money on that." [laughing]

Well, all right, I just went and brought it all back home. I sold one or two pieces out of it for just about the total price I'd asked 'em for the whole thing. 'Cause, as I say, some of those things—I had part of the library my father started on the newspaper, sixty-odd years before, and I'd built the thing up. They didn't want it. [laughing] They didn't see any need for reference works, particularly Nevada works.

I'd tried for years around there, as these new people came in, reporters and writers, and in the various editorial positions, to try to tell them, "The first thing you should do is acquire an extensive knowledge of the state of Nevada, and its background, and its people, so that you know just exactly what you're talking about, and writing about all of the time." But I just couldn't seem to put that thought over. I couldn't get anybody there to take any interest whatsoever in building up that kind of, you might say, background. I think it's absolutely necessary, even if you're just a reporter or a copy editor.

I was going on the experience that my father had set down. He told me when he first came to Nevada there in 1904, kind of an ambitious young Hoosier fellow, he never even heard of the state of Nevada. He said the first thing he did, he went out and he bought all of the Nevada books and histories that were

available. And at that time, that took in, of course, a couple of them there, the good old reliable Thompson and West, and [he] picked up a Bancroft or two, and then, in later years, along came Sam Davis's history, and then Thomas Wren's. He bought them all and read them, studied them. And he said he used to take all of the state papers and read 'em every day so that he had a sort of a mental picture of each town, and the names in there of the people who were important.

Well, if you don't do that, you're not goin' to be a very good newspaperman. I did it for years, but I just couldn't seem to pass the thought on. And I don't think there's very many people down on those papers any more who have a very extensive knowledge of the state, not the ones they should have. Some of 'em 've just picked up a little through their own experience, but they've made no effort to study it. And r have 'em call me up, even, at home now, to ask me about [laughing] some old events, and to check up things for 'em. And I told 'em, "Some day you ought to buy a couple of these books."

One fellow keeps callin' me up at home all the time, wanting to trace down a quotation. Well, I'll do it for him. But I told him, I said, "I think the paper ought to buy a Bartlett's Quotations one for you some day, and teach you how to use it." You can't keep house without Bartlett's Quotations and Cruden's Concordance of the Bible. Then not only a concordance, but you better have a Bible handy around there, too. I finally had to go out and buy one of my own to keep in my own office down there. There had been a battered one around. It just vanished one day. Well, I went out and bought another one.

I didn't leave it there this time; I brought it all home. You can see some of 'em over there now (pointing) that're like those battered old Jimmy Scrugham's histories. The binding is

just about shot in there, and the pages are loose, but I saved it. I've been usin' it for so doggone long. One thing, it's got so many marginal notes in there. Some day, I'm goin' to have to have some of those things rebound if I can find a good bookbinder that's willin' to work at it. But he's got to be a good one.

* * * * *

Well, you feel kinda lost the first day or two, you might say, when you're not up at the crack of dawn and tryin' to get your mind workin' on things. I'd kinda worked up a little habit of gettin' up about sunup and gettin' a cup of coffee and sittin' up there in that front window and watching the sun come up over Virginia Lake. That was my time to sit down, to kinda start my motor, let my mind begin to turn over, and more or less decide what I was about to do that day. And strangely enough, by the time I got to work, I had my mind pretty well ironed out there, and I knew about what I was goin' to do. Real pleasant time of morning, nary a sound around, and that coffee tasted so doggone good, and that cigarette so good. [laughing] I kept it up a while, and then—finally, what's the use? [laughing] I'm not getting anywhere.

There were a lot of little odds I wanted to do around the house, and I'd managed to get some of 'em done, and tossed in a couple of trips here and there that I hadn't quite accomplished before, tried to get around to see those kids every season or so, and try to get some of them to come down hare. That's what we got such a big house for, to turn 'em loose in. [laughing] And there's a lot of these books that I want to read over again. NOW, what I'm doin' it for, I don't know.

Everybody comes around and tells me, "Well, now, you ought to write a book." I've got an answer to that: I know that every

newspaperman is going to write the great American novel some day, but not this one. And writing a book isn't just a case of getting a thought and sitting down at a typewriter, as you well know. It's a whale of a job, I well understand. And I'm just not about to do it. I figure I did enough writing there for—I wrote, probably, a thousand editorials a year for twenty years. That's about all the writing I think anybody ought to do. I just ran out of words. Now I'd kinda like to get out and move around the country a little bit, see some of the things I haven't seen, check up a little more carefully on those wild kids of mine as they take in a few more political conventions.

Politics is hard to get rid of. You know, that generation of kids that grew up around Gordon Avenue, in that neighborhood there, the people of that age were the doggonedest politically-minded people I ever did see. Look at 'em. Well, there was Charlie Springer, up around the corner there, Harry Swanson, and Harry McKissick, he was around in that corner of the woods there, and Drake Delanoy. 'Course, he's quite a political boy down in Las Vegas now. And Ed Reed didn't do quite so bad. Roger Bissett and Paul Richards— in politics all over the place.

And then look at my Betty. I don't know how many years she put in there as the Republican state chairwoman of the state of Idaho. And boy, is she a wild-eyed Republican—I mean the fightin' kind! [laughing] I've taken her to a couple of political conventions, the national convention. That's a sight to just watch that gal charge loose! [laughing] I suppose [she'll] probably do it again next year, although she's retired now as the chairwoman. After all, she's got a full time teaching job, among other things, and five kids to look out for, and a husband to take care of [laughing], so she just kinda has to let politics take care of itself for a while up there.

And she figures the Idaho Republicans didn't do so damn well after all. They lost most of their big offices there the last year, lost the governor, and they got a senator up there that isn't worth a hoot, according to Betty, in that liberal boy, Church. She's a strong supporter of ol' Len Jordan. He's quite an old fellow, a good man in his own right. He's a good, old, sound, conservative Republican, if there ever was. I met him and like the ol' fellow immensely. But there'll be somebody out after his scalp.

But as I say, what there was in the atmosphere around that corner of town that bred politics, [laughing] I don't know. You know 'em. Just look what they've done.

I think everybody more or less has his star set in some direction. Maybe he doesn't know it. Mine pointed toward newspapers. I had my mind more or less set on that for a long, long while. My father told me, "Don't do it." [laughing] He thought that I should follow some other line of endeavor there, probably a business or profession of some kind or another. He said, "In the newspaper business, you'll never get rich."

Well, I didn't have to stop to think of that. I figured you could always get by in the thing. (It did turn out to be a rather prosperous thing for me.) I still was determined I wanted to go into newspapering. I did. And I'd do it all over again. I wouldn't try any other line of business. I wouldn't know what to do in any other line of endeavor. I'd just feel lost. And I don't know of anything that's been any more satisfying, any more enlightening, and, you might say, educational, than to've been in a newspaper career in a town like Reno, and a state like Nevada, and on a paper like the *Reno Evening Gazette*.

I always thought, too, that I'd like to take a little bit of credit for helping to build that *Gazette* up for what it turned out to be in these

last years, a great newspaper. I think I had a little hand in it, but I also had a lot of able help from other good people on there. And to this day, I still think in terms of the *Gazette* as “my paper,” and I suppose I always will.

They always said, “Well, a newspaperman meets so many interesting people.” As a corollary to that, “Yes, other newspapermen.” [laughing] It’s not so. I don’t know any other business where you do meet so many other people in so many varied fields as you do in the newspaper. And over a period of forty-odd years, just look at the people I’ve known—good people, bad ones, scoundrels, what not. All of ’em, though—each contributed something in his own way. And where else can you go where you can say, “I knew how many governors, how many senators, how many congressmen by their first name”? That’s something that kinda shakes up the people who come in here from out of the state. When Graham Dean came here, the first summer he was here, and I was, of course, city editor there, all about my business there one day, really quiet and peaceful that Monday, and about one o’clock, Graham came bursting in, panting all over the place. He says, “Did you get the story?”

I said, “What story?”

“The governor!”

“What about him?”

“The governor’s in town. The governor came to town.” He said, “He went to the Rotary meeting.”

I said, “So what?” I said, “Ted Carville comes to town every now and then, generally drops in to say ‘hello.’”

“But back in Iowa, when the governor comes to town, it’s a big story. We put it on page one, and we put a picture in the paper.”

And I said, “God, we can’t do that every time Ted Carville drives over from Carson City.”

And suddenly, it finally dawned on him that Iowa and Nevada were two different places.

And one of our publishers who came here from Poughkeepsie, New York, he marveled a little bit at that, at that free and easy treatment of a public official. I asked him one day, I said, “Now, when you’re in New York,” I said, “do you ever see, or did you ever meet Governor Rockefeller?”

“No. Saw him at a meeting one time, heard him make a speech.”

Said, “Did you ever have a chance to meet him?”

“No

“Did you ever know the senators from New York?”

“No. Knew a congressman. That’s about it.”

And look around here. If you meet ’em on the street, you can just call ’em by their first name, too. Where else can you do that? No, I just wouldn’t trade that newspaper life for anything you could possibly mention, or all the millions of dollars that might be acquired somewhere else.

When Graham Dean made me the editor back there in 1948, I think it was, he made the remark there, he says, “Your brother would give everything he owns to have your job.” [laughing] Well, I suppose he would. But nonetheless, why, Bill has been a highly successful lawyer, probably made more money than I’ll ever see, but I wouldn’t trade places. I don’t think anything has been so satisfying.

Now, I’ve got no plans whatsoever, [laughing] where I go now on plans for retirement. Right at the moment, I’m not in any shape to do any planning. I’ve got to get myself back into business again, and I just hope to be a little more active. I’d like to tour this state a little more. Strangely

enough, there're very few places in this state I have seen. Been to Vegas a few times, and Tonopah once or twice. I've never been in Lincoln County, out in Ely occasionally, and the northern part. But after all, anybody living around here, when vacation comes, he's not apt to want to spend it out here in this state. He wants to get down to California, or the coast, or someplace. But I'd kinda like to get out around some of the—you might say, the backwoods around here.

I still want to carry out my photography that I've been indulging in for forty-odd years, and I'd just like to get a little bit better in it. Nobody's ever perfect in that. Got a couple of pretty good cameras layin' loose around here, and there's places around this state, if you don't get the pictures, they just won't be there. There's a couple of 'em over there. (pointing) Now, if you've been out at Pyramid lately, and seen the old squaw and her basket? Well, the old squaw and her basket's at least a quarter of a mile away from the water now. And Lake Tahoe doesn't look the same as it did when I took a couple of those pictures up in there now. One of 'em's got a great big house right in the middle of the thing. [laughing] And the other one, the lower one there, that shows a pile of rocks, there's a big fancy pavilion and bridge built out to the rock pile there. And that tree that's at the righthand, it has been chopped off, so it isn't much more than a stub any more. [laughing] But if you don't get around and get a few of these pictures now, you'll drive out there some day, it won't be there. The state's falling apart, you might say, and people're beginning to pack away too many of those old things there.

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I hope, one of these days, somebody writes a good, complete, comprehensive

history of the state of Nevada. I think you must agree that has never been done. I don't know whether anyone is working at it or not. Somebody told me that some of the people in the history department are. But so much of it has never been done, and there's been so many of these pseudo historians takin' a stab at it there. They all bog down in the glory of the big bonanza, or the V and T, and such as that, and that was only such a very brief period in the history of the state. As I kinda look back over the history of the state, I think the most interesting part of it would be its political control, as it shifted from this group and those special interests, one to the other. That's been the history of the state. And the people who were involved in it, they were some of the most marvelous characters that ever were. That's why I want to see the history done, done the way it actually happened, and not like Effie Mack did. Effie wrote so much of it the way she wished it had happened, or thought it should have happened. But I just can't put too much faith in what I read in Effie, remembering her too well, what a violent character she was. But I think it would be a fine accomplishment to see a good history brought finally up' to date. It's going to be a tremendous job because the material is so scattered.

I asked the Fleischmann Foundation a couple of times if they wouldn't consider putting up something for that, and I didn't get a very satisfactory answer on the thing. But whoever does it, you would have to go back to the very beginning in original records that are scattered—well, halfway around the world, you might say, into the old records of the churches, the old county records, and the handwritten records, if they still exist, the Library of Congress, the Huntington Libraries, and just--Lord knows where all you would have to look. It would take a team of

professional historian researchers to do that, and years to accumulate all of that material before anyone ever sat down and wrote the opening paragraph. But it'd be a fascinating story to read.

* * * * *

As examples of some papers that no longer exist, there was a paper published down at Mina. Gee, there isn't enough of Mina any more to support anything. But it was quite a prominent paper in the west, the *Western Nevada Miner*, published by--what the dickens was that fellow's name? I had

it almost there, [laughing] and it got away from me. Should remember him because among other things, he was versatile there with a typewriter and a .38 caliber pistol, and came into Nevada, I guess, with something of a bad reputation. U. Holman Buck (1906-1928).]

Then there were these little papers that had a habit of springing up here and there. A couple of 'em that came up in Reno there, the *Reno Voice*—. I think that was the one that was put out by the—one of 'em put out by the church group, the Prohibition group, and the other was put out by the Society Against the Prohibition Amendment. They both kept poppin' out all of the time, every week or so. The fellow that put out the anti-Prohibition one, that did most of the work, was a fellow by the name of Dick Ritchie.

Dick was quite a character in his own right around here. I think he came from up around Winnemucca, in the first place, and at one time there, he'd been one of the rough riders in one of the Wild West shows that toured the whole country, and, I think, went to England, so he told me. Then he got to dabbling into mining. He was kind of a promoter, and a writer of sorts. And his face

was badly disfigured at one time. He was driving a team, and it ran away. The pole broke, and he was still holding onto the reins, and it pulled him down, just wiped his nose clear off his face there. Well, that was the days, I guess, before plastic surgery was anywhere near perfected, and he had experimented around with all sorts of tin noses, and things like that, held on with glasses. And as he remarked one time, one of these tin nose things, maybe he'd get a drink or two and get in a fight and somebody'd hit him, and the nose'd fly off. [laughing]

But finally, somewhere, he encountered somebody who had worked out a system to mold up these noses of a kind of a rubber compound. They gave him the mold there, and all of the materials there, and he'd just sit down and make himself a whole crop of fresh noses. And they weren't—it wasn't too inconspicuous, at that. Dick continued there as a mining writer. For many years, he wrote the mining section for the *Journal* and later for the *Gazette*. I forget now how long ago that was—he finally died there, I think, during the war years. But Dick was a real genuine character in his own right, a good writer, good sport, too.

Then, of course, there were a lot of those little papers scattered over the state that—gosh, you might say economics just finally took care of them, as mining camps disappeared and folded up. Usually, if you had a paper in a county seat, you could almost depend on that for a living, the county advertising, public advertising, and maybe trade some advertising with this grocery man there for beans and bacon. But when you got into such a county, for example, as Esmeralda, where Goldfield just folded up into nothing at all, why, then the paper just vanished. All that was left was the name. And the old *Goldfield Tribune* name still exists, and

it's owned now there by the Central Nevada Newspapers, [Ira] Jacobsen's organization, down in Tonopah.

Jacobsen has managed to save, you might say, some of those good old traditional names there, and publish these little papers through the Central plant down there in Tonopah, and done a good thing, too. You just hate to see those names disappear, the *Goldfield Tribune*, and the *Reese River Reveille*, and the *Eureka Sentinel*, and the old Tonopah papers, the *Times* and the *Bonanza*. He does a good job of it, too. They're interesting little papers, well written, well edited by one Jerry Roberts, one of the University of Nevada journalism men, a Tonopah boy to begin with. He just went back to Tonopah. there, and he's the mainstay of Central Nevada Newspapers, very fine man, too,

But some of these other ones, like we were speaking of, that *Jumbo Miner*, it just disappeared with Junta. A couple of years ago, I asked Merv Gallagher, the state mine inspector, if there was anything left of Jumbo. He said no, you might possibly get up that canyon there with a four-wheel drive, but there was nothing left to show of Jumbo. I can still remember when there was a mine there in that big mine building, the main shaft building, and what looked to be a mill and a couple of stores. That'd be fifty-odd years ago, though. I suppose you could take off up that road there, in Washoe Valley, up Jumbo Canyon, and then, that'd lead you up to American Flat. I haven't been over that road in many, many years.

But every mining camp, it had to have a newspaper. Period. [laughing] You've heard that old song about "the miner came in '49," and so on. Well, right along with the miner and the girls and the saloonkeeper, there came the printer with his little hand press and a shirttail full of type, as the saying went. And

he might set himself up in just a tent. Pretty soon, he had a newspaper there. It might not have been much more than a single sheet, but the people in that camp, they wanted the news. They didn't care how old it was, or how he got it, or if he'd stolen it from other papers (which, probably, he did). And then there was a flowery column or two about the "golden future of this camp.

You think of a newspaper today as a rather big and heavy operation, but surprisingly enough, you could just about move a newspaper or a printing plant in those days in one wagon. A few cases of type, and a few bundles of paper, and a little hand press, particularly the type they called an "Army press," wouldn't've been much bigger than the top of that desk there, [three feet by four feet, pointing] with a crank on it, and a couple of ink rollers, and you were in business. And, of course, the printer is also in there to make some money. The miners, the prospectors, they wanted location notices, and what not, and the fellow that had just moved in and set up a tent store, and so on, he wanted a few handbills. Well, maybe that camp might not last six weeks. The fellow, he loaded his wagon up, and off he went.

Some years ago, a lady who lived down here in one of these senior citizens colonies called me up one time. She said she was the mother of George Franklin, the district attorney and political figure down in Vegas. She said her father was one of those roving newspapermen and printers, and that he had at one time, one season there, he'd started newspapers in six different camps. And the camps went this way, (pointing sharply downward] and so he just loaded up and went to the next one. I told our women's writer at the time to get ahold of the old lady and get a story out of her, but she didn't do it. [laughing] I don't know whether she's still down there or

not, but it'd be quite a tale to tell. In you went to the camp, and it looked so doggone good, and two weeks later, there it went. Load up the wagon again, off you went to the next one there, picked out a real fancy name for the paper so it'd sound promising and hoped that the camp lived up to it. Generally, it didn't.

There's been, I think, more than four hundred, almost five hundred, papers started in this state in a hundred years. And then you look at the list today, you can almost use your fingers and toes to count all of the papers in this state, weeklies and dailies, all put together.

Daily papers are pretty scarce in Nevada now. You've got two in Reno, of course; Elko has one, Ely has one, Las Vegas has two, Carson City has one, and where do you go from there? Winnemucca used to have a good daily paper. Carson City had two of 'em, the *News* and the *Appeal*. Tonopah had two dailies, the *Times* and the *Bonanza*.

And some of the towns that had a couple of good, lively weeklies, now, they're just down to one weekly now. Fallon, for example, it had two of the best weeklies in the whole state, the *Eagle* and the *Standard*. Well, they combined into one operation, run by Mr. Don Reynolds again. Yerington had two weeklies, the *Yerington Times* and the *Mason Valley News*, and they've been put together. There were two weeklies down in Hawthorne. Now you have just one, but it's a good one. And in the case of Yerington and Hawthorne there, why, it was all for the good, I think, to combine the two into one good operation. Jack McCloskey down there in Hawthorne does a top job. And Bob Sanford and Walter Cox in Yerington certainly are top operators in their field, too. But some of these towns—oh, they're just out of luck now. And some of 'em depend on getting the Reno paper in there, or a Las Vegas paper in there, or a Salt Lake paper.

The Salt Lake papers have got pretty good circulation in the eastern part of the state and the northern part. And around here in Reno, the California papers come in pretty strong, not that we consider 'em very serious competitors, for that matter. But we know they're here all the time. And, of course, they make their big play for the rather large sports sections, and their financial sections.

The *Walt Street Journal* has an amazing circulation here in Reno. For one thing, it's a top-notch paper. It probably has the biggest or second largest circulation of any paper in the country. And it doesn't confine itself to financial news; it has a good cross section of the important news of the day. It has some of the best feature writing I've run into anywhere, some of the best book reviews and play reviews. I still take it to this day. I sit down when the mailman comes and enjoy going from cover to cover in it.

But I just don't think that the newspaper business is ever going to expand to any great extent in the state any more. These little papers, they just can't exist. It's a matter of economics. You can't afford to set up a plant. You can't afford to hire the printer to run it. And the days have gone by when the fellow that came in there was an all-around man—a printer, pressman, editor, reporter, and what not. No, I haven't seen anybody like that for a long while.

In a lot of these smaller communities, too, they depend on the outside papers coming in, and upon the radio and the television broadcasts. They want their news, but there's just no use in expecting anybody to publish a paper for their benefit. It just can't be done. You can just hope that the existing papers manage to dog it out, but I'm afraid every once in a while you're goin' to look around and there's one more gone.

PROFESSIONAL AND CIVIC ACTIVITIES

The Nevada State Press Association is quite an organization. It's just kinda held together with a little bit of string and a little bit of glue here and there. And once upon a time, why, it might have had a constitution and rules and bylaws, but we never could find 'em. And as a result, the thing just kinda went along on its own momentum there, and the enthusiasm of its members, and held together, certainly, by the spirit of Al Higginbotham. That was his baby for many, many years. And we all took a part in the doggone thing. You just couldn't help it, not with Al Higginbotham around. You had no choice.

I think just about every newspaperman in the state was quite proud of his membership in that, and worked to make it a little bit better in there. Most of 'em I can think of around the state held office in it. In fact, they're goin' to have a heck of a time findin' new presidents one of these days, 'cause they've just about run out of material. They'll have to depend on some of these newcomers to the state. Most of the old-timer newspapermen around Nevada have all been president of that State Press Association. When you get 'em all together, why, Mr. past-president this, that, and the other thing, we could hold a convention all our own.

It has brought together the newspapermen in a bond of common interest there. And then once in a while, why, the thing tends to break loose, and the organization is bound to get it, depending on a couple of wild members popping up now and then. And we've had that happen in the Press Association.

Some years ago, there was a kind of a revolt on the part of these little weekly owners out there. All felt that the Press Association was being dominated by the two big daily towns, Reno and Las Vegas. And that wasn't

bad enough, they began to insist they were being dominated by a bunch of carpetbaggers, outsiders. And so they organized among themselves a small Home Owned Newspapers Association, made up of little weekly papers like the *Elko Independent*, and the *Lovelock Review-Miner*, and the Central Nevada Newspapers. All of 'em didn't want to pull out of the State Press Association, although some of the hotheads tried to get 'em to do that. They were going to set up a brand new rival organization. But some calmer heads prevailed in there, and so they have their little group within the State Press Association. They meet once in a while and talk about their mutual problems, and damn the "big boys." [laughing]

But then, there's a place for a thing like that because you simply can't compare the problems of a small country paper, with a circulation that figures only in hundreds, against the great big plants that are in existence now in Reno and Las Vegas, with a circulation running up into the many thousands, and a small plant there, with a total investment of only a few thousand dollars, up against a million-dollar plant, such as you do have now in Reno and Las Vegas. It's rather remarkable, I think, that the big boys and the little boys do get along. When we have a convention there, we're all on a sort of common ground and get along pretty well together.

We get visitors in here from other states, there, that rather marvel at the way we put this thing together, especially the California people. California has two separate press organizations, the CNPA, the California Newspaper Publishers Association, and then the CPA, the California Press Association. Well, the CPA, it's made up very largely of the small town and small daily and weekly publications, while the CNPA takes in larger daily newspapers, as a rule, and just a very

few of the weekly ones, and even up to the metropolitan papers. And you don't always get 'em all together, either. I've been around the CNPA ones quite often, but I've never been to the CPA ones. I don't know whether they would speak to us [laughing] or not.

The Nevada State Press Association has been a rather effective organization in dealing with problems that come up in the newspaper and publishing and printing business. About legislative time, why, we get two or three of our people over there around Carson City, and they do a pretty good lobbying job, and a watchdog job (watch out for these efforts there of legislators to harpoon us). There're always some of those boys on the job to push for beneficial legislation at hand.

A couple of our most effective lobbyists have been Walter Cox and Jack McCloskey. They're a kind of a palsywalsy pair that've stuck together for years and years, and put on an Abbott and Costello act for our benefit every once in a while. But they're very effective around Carson City. They watch every bill, study it very closely, Walter Cox, in particular. See, he was a state senator for a good many years, and he knows the ins and outs. He's been a good lobbyist, on the other hand, for the Anaconda Copper people, and both he and McCloskey have also done a little lobbying on the side, mainly for the Harolds Club's interests. With a connection like that, they're able to do a little bit of log rolling here and there among the other lobbyists.

[Will I tell about holding office in the State Press Association, what it entails?] Well, not much of anything, as I found out. I wound up as the president, myself, there one year, and I knew it wouldn't amount to very much, not with oil Al Higginbotham on deck, because he just about ran that thing to suit himself. He knew what he wanted in there. I could just say what I thought I might want, and he

says, "I want this. We've had that." [laughing] It really wasn't very much except, you might say, an honorary position. But when the convention comes, of course, you're sittin' up there at the head of the table and feelin' mighty doggone important. I did manage to have a hand in arranging the program there for the convention we held that time, and put over a few of my own ideas. They didn't always agree with what Higgie liked, but—.

[It's] kind of a lot of fun to get into somethin' like that, not too much work entailed, although it did give me some pretty good experience for what was to come up a little bit later there. When Higginbotham had bad spells of health there some years ago, you might recall, I found myself in the position of kinda taking over his job. I enjoyed that, too. I didn't have to do too much work because Al had a good secretary up there, and I could pass most of the routine stuff off onto her. I acted as the secretary, there, of several of the meetings for Higgie's benefit, and then I wrote the records the way I wanted 'em. And I bet minutes were never written in such a style before [laughing].

And then when Higginbotham started off—after his retirement, you remember, he started a trip around the world. He came down and asked me to take over the job, secretary manager. Well, I took it on, 'cause I always figured that we owed Higgie something. He'd done a great deal for our papers. [It] certainly gave him the boost, and [I] didn't realize, nor did Higgie, for that matter, that he was on his last legs there, that he was going to come back from that trip, cut short there, and that was just about his end. So it just kinda left me carrying on in that thing there for another year. But I had enough help from all of the people in the organization to keep it sort of held together, there, until we could select ourselves a new secretary-manager and put

the thing back on its feet. We thought, too, that we still had to keep that thing within the University. There was the best place to keep that secretary-manager 'cause he would always be there. If you elected somebody from your own group, well, he'd just hit it now and then, and half the time he wouldn't do it.

They'd had experience in years long ago, of electing one of the members to be the secretary. Well, you had good ones, and you had bad ones. Sometimes you didn't have any at all. And so we finally nailed the thing down on Higgle by making the position of secretary-manager not an elective one, but appointive, and to serve until the pleasure of the board. And where formerly they used to give the secretary an honorarium of fifty dollars a year (well, that didn't even pay for his gasoline and his postage), we paid the secretary-manager fifty dollars a month. Well, that was a little bit better, and had in mind, there, that sooner or later, we were just goin' to have to maybe give him a hundred dollars a month. And if necessary, we'd just raise the dues.

Well, now, we've got the thing in pretty good shape there. Ted Conover is a good, hard-working man in that field, and he understands newspapers as well as being a good teacher. Ted had formerly owned several small papers of his own back there in the state of Ohio, so he knows what all the problems are of small papers. Then he'd worked around the big ones, too, and he's able to keep peace and quiet among the little boys and the big boys, and at the same time, make sure that the State Press Association never forgets the journalism department of the University.

Now, I don't think they ever should; in fact, I think they should pay a little more attention to it and toss it a little bit of money once in a while. They need it. It's surprising what they can do with just a few hundred

dollars. I found that out one time when we won that community service award one year on the *Gazette*. One rather colorful lady around the town by the name of Eugenia Claire Smith, with the bright orange hair—and when I said colorful, it's just what I meant—well, for several years she gave the winners of community service a check for five hundred dollars, for the daily papers and the weekly papers. One year that we won it, why, she gave me the check for five hundred dollars, and I figured that belonged to the editorial department of the paper, nobody else. We won it for editorial effort.

So I got back to the office to kinda whistle the staff together and said, "I want to spring this idea on. Let's turn this over to Biggie to do as he doggone well pleases with. If he wants to go out and spend it on a good time or whatever—or however he wants to use it."

They all agreed to it. So we did, gave the five hundred dollars to the journalism department. And Biggie held onto that thing. You'd just've thought it was his own money, the way he'd finally take a little bit out of it to give him money to take in some of these outside meetings in other states, which I always thought he should do. He should attend meetings in Utah and Oregon and California, but unfortunately, he never had quite enough money to do that. But later on, he managed to find some way around that.

I used to take him down to the summer editorial meetings at Stanford. Well, that was no effort for me. I'd just drive up there on University Terrace and honk the horn, and he'd jump in the car, and away we went. But he later began to get around the country a little bit, and the last time I attended the convention of the ASNE, the American Society of Newspaper Editors, in Washington, by golly, Higgle was there. So we had quite a reunion, as it were, and a good time altogether.

Higginbotham achieved a national reputation. His work was well-known among journalism educators and among newspaper publishers all over this country. I found that out at some of these national conventions. People would come up and speak of Higginbotham. And he was known all up and down the state of California, and held in the very highest esteem. We were just fortunate we had him around here because he put all of his interest in the Nevada newspapers, the State Press Association, and the welfare of its individual members, as well. Higgie would go clear out of his way to help anybody—kindly, generous, always willing to jump in.

When the end of the school year came, Higgie would begin to get requests from all over around the country, and especially out of California, “How many graduates have you got this year?” “Who can you send down here?” And they scattered all over this whole doggone country. Some of ’em got into politics, as well, and public jobs. In fact, two of his real good boys right now are the press secretaries to the two senators back there, to Bible and Cannon, both. They were both graduates. One was Dwight Dyer. He’s with Alan Bible. And Jim Joyce is with Cannon. Both [are] top men.

Dyer formerly worked with the Associated Press, and I did my best to try to get him out of that and onto the *Gazette*, but I didn’t succeed. Joyce did work for me as a reporter, and a good one, too. And then he got baited away there by the promise of a political job, and more money. And strangely enough, that’s where most of the able people are going today, into these political jobs and public relations. Well, there’s the case of money, ’cause some of those jobs can pay more than we can possibly afford to pay a reporter.

I had one fellow working for me that was a top reporter. I think we were paying well over

the top scale, around a hundred and eighty bucks a week, and I thought that was good money. Next thing I knew, he wound up with one of the utilities, 14,000 bucks a year, and an automobile, and an expense account, and a pretty blonde secretary. I couldn’t match that! [laughing] I never had a blonde secretary in all my life.

Another thing that Higgie did was he brought to Reno and the University of Nevada that Sigma Delta Chi. It’s not a fraternity, even though it has the Greek letters to it. It started that way, as one more little local fraternity back on the campus of De Pau University, in Indiana, in 1909. I think there was something like six fellows put the thing together with a little bit of help from a seventh one, who never was listed as a founder. But that seventh one was ol’ Jock Taylor of the *Reese River Reveille* and other points. And that thing spread all over the country. They call it, now, a *Journalistic* society, and it has its two branches, the campus group, and the professional group. And I would say that, in influence, it probably ranks now along with the American Society of Newspaper Editors and the American Newspaper Publishers Association and the Associated Press Managing Editors Association. It lists among its members there, and especially in the professional field, some of the outstanding editors and publishers in newspaper, magazine, and radio, television—just nearly every medium you can think of [is] represented there. Their national conventions command national attention now. I’ve attended a couple of ’em. We invited ’em here one year, [laughing] and they accepted.

But then I found out what convention business means. They came in and told me what they wanted. We’d have to guarantee so much in the way of housing, and so much money, and so much this, so much entertainment, and also, give ’em some money

to help bring in some of their student delegates from way all over, and I finally had to say, "Well, sorry. You're goin' to just have to take that convention somewhere else," 'cause I wasn't about to go out and try to raise anywhere from twenty- to twenty-five thousand dollars in the town. Where would I get it? I suppose maybe Harolds Club'd give you some. But I wasn't about to do it. It would've been something to have that convention here, but—. Then again, I say I wouldn't—just wouldn't quite take that sort of a lickin'.

It would've cost us there on the newspaper several thousand dollars, too. In my experience at other national conventions, we'd have to get up there and give 'em two or three parties and put on two or three shows for 'em. And about that time, I'd begin to hear from some of the officials and stockholders of our newspaper. But it's a good league to belong to, nonetheless. I enjoy it.

A lot of these professional societies there, some of 'em you just kinda join as a matter of course. There was one that I sort of got myself talked into for no apparent reason, and that was that National Conference of Editorial Writers. About all I ever got out of that was a monthly magazine and a letter once a year for dues, and didn't really mean very much.

But then the American Society of Newspaper Editors, it is the outstanding organization in the editorial field in the country. It has, I think, some seven hundred members—six hundred or seven hundred members. And believe me, it's just like tryin' to rob the bank to get into the thing. They've got their membership classified by the size of your paper, circulation of so many thousand, hundreds of thousands. So then if you're just a little feller with a circulation of less than 20,000, they only take in seven members a year in that classification. I found that out 'cause one year, I served on their membership

committee. We had several there in that under 20,000 class, (and] did a lot of debating to let about two or three of 'em in there.

Like so many of these big organizations, it is dominated by the big publishers, the big metropolitan people— New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other such places as that. It's for the big boys, and us little fellers, [laughing] we just kinda go and enjoy the show. I hope to get around to a couple of their conventions again. Last year, they met in San Francisco. But for four years in a row, they'll meet in Washington, and then they'll pick an outside place.

Of course, they want to meet in Washington that often because when the ASNE is in session, everybody from the White House on down through the capital and every department begins to look and watch 'em. They're a tremendous, influential group because they represent the biggest newspapers, the most powerful newspapers, and the most wealthy newspapers of the whole country. And as a rule, why, they expect the president to come around to give 'em a speech.

One year there when I went back there, Lyndon Johnson got mad at 'em. He wouldn't come to give 'em a speech, so he sent Hubert Humphrey, of all things. And I'll tell you, that's an experience I didn't want to have to go through again 'cause I'm not an admirer of Hubert. He came in as a luncheon speaker there, and I was sitting right at a table near the front row, so I couldn't get up and sneak. I knew what was comin'. He got up there, and without a note in front of him, he just opened that big mouth of his, and he talked for an hour and three quarters without cease. And he just promised a more abundant life and more blessings than I could think of. [laughing] And I sat there between a couple of editors, one from Philadelphia and one from St. Louis, and I finally remarked, I said, "All I can say

is there's the ghost of Huey Long!" And both these fellows agreed with me.

Lyndon Johnson found out afterwards it was a mistake he made, by not coming around, and he tried to make up for it later, but they never forgot. After all, what the heck is a President to these people? They're mighty men, themselves, in their own right. You figure the power that's behind the *New York Times*, the Washington Post, the Washington Star, the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, the Miami *Herald*, the *Los Angeles Times*, the Chicago *Tribune*, the Chicago Today, for example. Just think of the force and the influence that's involved in those big papers there, the very biggest in the country. And for, you might say, us little fellas, it's an education to be around those people and hear what they talk about. Sometimes they've got just as many problems as we have, and the same problems.

I have hopes to get there next year. Now, Paul Leonard down there of the *Journal* has been accepted as a member. What held him up before was he had to wait until the circulation of the *Journal* went over the 20,000 mark. I got in when we were well over 20,000 on the *Gazette*. But the figures're closing in pretty fast between those two Reno papers now, as circulation goes. They're goin' to be just about evened up one of these days.

[It] took a long time for the *Journal* to make it. That circulation war's been goin' on for—God, back, I guess, [to] about 1926. It started out when Jimmy Scrugham stepped in on the *Journal*. Jimmy was kind of a bombastic character, and right off the bat, why, he no sooner was running the thing than he ran a great big story across his front page, and what not, that the *Journal* was the biggest newspaper in the state, by golly, that it had a circulation of something like 7,500, which it didn't acquire for a good many years to come.

He just said the wrong thing at the wrong time. We didn't quite argue that thing, or take it laying down. We ran a big front page box across the *Gazette*, challenged the statement there, and furthermore, "We will post \$2,500 that statement number one is not true. We'll post \$2,500 statement number two is false," and so on, statement number three, and then challenge one Mr. Scrugham to put up the same amount of money and submit his paper to audit by the Audit Bureau of Circulation, and any money that was lost because of a forfeit, we would turn our share over to any reputable charity. Never heard any more about that! [laughing] That was the end of that!

But it took a long time, because the *Journal* kept losing the confidence of its readers and its advertisers through its various changes in ownership and various political activities, and what not, until when the Speidels bought it. Actually, they bought the paper for its nuisance value. They wanted the field, and they didn't want someone else taking on the *Journal* and then setting up a competition [that would] be pretty hard to beat. But it was a dog. Joe McDonald was put in charge of it there, and Joe was a tough customer, too. He said he was goin' to make that *Journal* respectable again, if it took years and years, which it did. And he certainly improved it in every which way, its news coverage and editorial policy, and worked hard on its advertising and its circulation, the result being the circulation has gone up and up and up, and now, it's within a very few thousand. At one time there, there was ten, fifteen thousand difference. Now it's about evened up. And I made a promise to Paul Leonard that if he ever equaled the circulation of the *Gazette*, I was goin' to punch him in the nose, and then I'd buy him lunch. [laughing]

Advisory Council of Journalism School Administrators: well, that was something that

Higginbotham put me onto. He was, I believe, the president of that group there, and he had me designated as the state representative, which didn't mean a doggone thing, just a kind of an honorary title, and that was all. I never did one doggone thing to help it one way or the other, didn't even know what to do, nor did they ever tell me [laughing] anything to do. So that doesn't contribute anything.

And the [Reno] Press Club is something that we finally saw established around here. There'd been efforts to establish a press club for years, but it didn't have very much enthusiastic support from the newspapers. Press clubs are common in a good many cities, large and small, but it just happens that the ordinary working press doesn't have any time or enough money to hang around a press club. You'll find the membership of press clubs, whether it be in Reno or Las Vegas or San Francisco or Washington, made up of political figures, advertising people, radio salesmen, public relations men, and some just the kind of people that kinda like to hang around and, you might say, claim a little bit of association and glory with newspaper people.

Well, I finally joined the Reno Press Club after I retired because I didn't want to lose connections with some of those people; And there's enough of 'em left there that I can drop in once in a while and, you might say, talk the language and enjoy it. I don't want to break all the ties at once.

Well, I never was what you would call a joiner, not to any extent at all. I particularly didn't have too much use for such things as the Chamber of Commerce, and they didn't have any use at all for me. The Chamber of Commerce is too apt to be carried away in a lot of wild directions every now and then by some of these more ardent type of people, you might say the "boom-boom" type. And while some of their efforts are good, every once in

a while, you kinda have to sit back and say, "Now, wait a minute. Let's take another look at this thing. Aren't you being carried away there?"

Now, some of our people in the paper thought the Chamber of Commerce was just about as important as God Almighty. [laughing] We had several of our executives there who were directors, and at one time Joe McDonald was the vice president. He kinda wanted to be the president, but—. I was a member, but that was all. We took out so many memberships from the paper and then assigned 'em to—gave them to various executives. That's how I happened to get in there, but I wasn't about to have the Chamber of Commerce, you might say, ever try to set themselves up as a judge of editorial or news policy.

They would be real critical every now and then of something that appeared in the paper, and of some editorial stand we took. And they certainly could not take criticism, I found out. They were carried away some years ago, when they wanted, insisted, we had to have some kind of an auditorium or cow palace, or what not. And they worked out some kind of a deal with the National Guard, which was putting up an armory out here at the racetrack. They thought the city and county, and so on, should all join in in the armory and make this thing what they called sort of a junior cow palace, a "calf palace."

The Chamber just endorsed that thing a hundred percent. And as I looked at it, it just was no good at all. And the *Journal* went down the line all guns firing. Joe McDonald, as the vice president, came out with all sorts of fiery statements to endorse the thing, and his papers just pointing out all of the wonderful benefits of the thing. I just took the other side of the thing. And along with that other side, I took more abuse from those Chamber of

Commerce people who'd come in and try to give me the "sell" on the thing. They could get real insulting at times, too.

And I ran into a clash with 'em there again not long after we moved out into this house out here, when some of these downtown merchant people, and what not, decided to put on a power boat show down here in Virginia Lake. Well, I just didn't want a bunch of power boats rompin' up and down that lake, with that oily exhaust spreading all over everything, and that side wash that's comin' halfway up the bank, not to speak of the noise. I finally threatened to go to court on the thing, and the city council took me seriously on that thing, too. They said, well, if I took 'em to court, they might lose, and I said, "I think you will." [laughing]

The Chamber of commerce started getting on me on that one, and its president called me up. He was just plain insulting, all over the place. He just cursed me up and down, all around, that I was certainly the barnacle on the ship of progress and all that sort of thing. But they finally managed to reach the publisher down there, and he called me in, and he said he'd heard that I'd made these threats of a court action. I said, "You heard correctly, and I'm prepared to do it. I've got a lawyer all lined up."

Well, when he put some pressure on, I kinda had to sit back and listen a little bit. So I let the thing up, and that was a mistake 'cause that was the doggonedest mess I ever saw and heard in all my life around here. This whole end of town was just—on the following Monday there—was just ready to go down and burn the city hall down and throw the Chamber of Commerce members into the fiery ashes. [laughing]

But a Chamber of Commerce, it has to be made up, I suppose, of those kind of high pressure people that're always thinkin' of

bright ideas to sell things. I just was not about to be carried away by some of those things. I figured I could look at some of these things myself and pretty well decide whether they're good or bad. I don't need them to tell me it's good. And the fact they say it's good doesn't make it a blessing, by any means.

There's another thing that I got into there, the Kiwanis Club. Well, it more or less seems to be an established practice around the paper that each of its executives should belong to one or another of these service clubs. The publishers always seemed to gravitate there to the Rotary club, the "old men's league," as it were, [laughing] the oldest and best established in the town, of course. Without a doubt, the Rotary has more prestige than all of the rest of 'em put together, I think. It sure has here in Reno, of course. The people who've been in it for so doggone long, they are the top people. Well, I joined the Kiwanis, which wasn't quite so bad, and stayed with it there for a long, long while. Then I got into trouble with 'em again, you might say, [laughing] me and my habit, to get on a collision course with the thing. But that had nothing to do with policy, as it were.

The one fetish of all of these service clubs is perfect attendance. You're just supposed to be at every meeting, or have a doggone good excuse for it. And if you miss a meeting, you're supposed to go off to somebody else's club and make it up. Well, I found that was considerable of a hardship for me, when my principal job was to get the newspaper out and closed up by, say, one o'clock, or one thirty. That meant that if I went off to a luncheon there that went on to somewhere around one-thirty or two o'clock, I was goin' to be really hung up. I worked it out as best I could. And then came that year of our strike. There I was, going to work every day at about five-thirty or six o'clock in the morning, working right

through without any breaks, except where I could sneak out and get a fast sandwich. And I certainly had no time to take in an hour and a half or two hours of good fellowship and cheer with the Kiwanis. Then I began to get the letters from the secretary, I had missed so many meetings, and my membership was jeopardized,

Well, I just had to file those in the basket. Pretty soon, I got the "Dear John" letter. I'd been thrown out. Well, it just didn't, for some reason or another, hurt my feelings one bit. I'd told 'em I thought I had a good, legitimate excuse, the best in the world, that we were just working there to save our paper and save our necks in that strike. No, that ran afoul of their sacred attendance rule. Out I went. I didn't care, [laughing] and I have no desire to go back, although they came around afterwards and made all sorts of overtures to have me come back again, that all is forgiven, and so on. But I just wasn't inclined to do that, and then later some offers there to come and be a member of the Rotary Club.

Well, their attendance requirements are even more strict than the Kiwanis, and I thought, "Hm mm, I've had it." [laughing] So I just didn't go near the thing. Once a year, I go to a Rotary meeting now, not here. But when we go up to Kellogg, why, there my son-in-law's a good Rotarian, and was the president of their little club, so he just gets me by the neck and takes me to the Rotary meetings. And I get along pretty well with 'em up there. And I figure that I've done my duty in the "Babbitt" department. [laughing]

As I said, I never was much of a joiner for these various clubs. But kind of following family tradition, as it were, I was taking a great deal of interest and taking part in things Masonic. That goes back, you might say, to my grandfathers, and my father, and my uncles. Masonry has always been a rather strong

factor in their lives. And I've tried to follow it out, although I was never one to go into a lodge and want to see how long it took me to be the head man. I enjoy sittin' in the back row and watchin' things, let somebody else go ahead and be the "Grand Poo-bah." The Scottish Rite has been my favorite. I've taken quite a bit of a part there in their reunions and in their ritualistic work at their annual reunion every year. And I might say I've been highly honored by the Scottish Rite there. They gave me their very highest honors. I'm just proud-all-Lucifer of those two things. I became a thirty-third degree, which was a source of pleasure and pride. That made [me] number two in my family; Leigh Sanford, my uncle, was a very active member of the Scottish Rite, and he, too, was a thirty-third degree member. Then a few years ago, in came number three, my brother, Bill. That set something of a record, I believe, to have three people in one family to receive the very highest award that the lodge can give us.

While my brother Bill never took the active part I did in the work of the lodge, a good deal of his work was done, you might say, behind the scenes. He acted as their lawyer there on an unpaid basis for the Masonic Temple Association, for the Scottish Rite, and for the Shrine, of just about every department you can think of there. The Cemetery Association, why—they just had a doggone good lawyer come around. All they had to do was whistle at him. There he was. So that was his reward.

As far as fraternal affairs goes, why, I'm just more or less of a passive member of the Elks, and that's about all. I go out there occasionally and enjoy their fellowship and their facility. And that's about the extent of me and Elksdom.

Now, I think any awards I ever received were mainly through my efforts in the Nevada

State Press Association contests there—won a good many of those awards for community service and editorial writing. And down there in the *Gazette* office, we've got one wall just covered with awards that we received, the paper did, and sometimes individual members did, in these state contests there, the merit badges, I call 'em. But we worked for 'em.

And about any other recognition I received, I think that most of those came after I left the paper. The two of 'em there on the wall are just about all I have to show for it, the award there from the governor there, the "Distinguished Nevadan" award, and then the "Silver Quill" award there from the Reno Press Club. I think probably the most satisfying recognition I had was—on my retirement—the letters I began to get from people all over the state, and all over the country. They just all made me feel kinda good after—. I figured it was all worthwhile, and I still see some of those people every once in a while. I haven't lost connections with them. I still go to the California meetings whenever I can, and the Nevada meetings, and I hope to go back to Washington maybe next year on the ASNE.

* * * * *

Around the political conventions, I find plenty of people there I know, would like to dabble around with. Well, maybe it'll be San Diego next year. Who knows? I don't think I belong at a Democratic convention, don't think they'll let me in. [laughing] That Republican convention's liable to be a good one next year. And if there's goin' to be any rocks thrown, I want to be around when they throw 'em, to see who throws 'em, and who gets hit. If there's goin' to be a revolution, I want to see it go on, although I don't think there is. I think most of it's talk about this time. I can't take this Mr. [Paul] McClosky

too seriously, although he thinks he's the little bad boy of the league. But I just kinda think he may fizzle out over the years. I remember one boy wonder that certainly did that, and that was one Mr. Harold Stassen. He was the great and coming white hope, the young pride and the youngest governor, I think, in the land, and so on. And he decided he wanted to be a president. He made the pitch, and he just never could get off the ground there. After all, this glamour boy stuff doesn't wear very well, and they don't hold up very well.

Then I remember Stassen made a great deal of noise at the Republican convention in San Francisco. That was the one where Eisenhower received his second nomination. Stassen declared that one thing he was goin' to do, lie just couldn't stand the sight and bear the thought of Richard Nixon. You could hear him all over the place. And he was goin' to fix Nixon's little red wagon, if it was the last thing on earth he did. He kept makin' noise like that.

Then finally came the nomination for vice president; I don't remember who made the nominating speech, and who got up and made the seconding speech for Nixon, but Stassen. Then three years ago, here came Stassen again, down there in Miami Beach. He came in there at a meeting of several state delegations out at our hotel. We were way out, clear out of the whole area, as it were. We were twelve miles from downtown. But at this nice hotel up there, with the— I think, Oklahoma and Arkansas, and Nevada. They had a pretty good delegation, all put together. And Ron Reagan came out, and a couple of others came out, and here came Stassen. As I say, the glamour boy, he just didn't look the part any more there. You remember. You've seen the pictures of him, bald as an egg. Then, of all things, he was wearing a wig, [laughing] He had some false teeth that didn't fit very well, and didn't look too doggone good. [laughing] And he

tried to make the pitch that he was a serious contender for the nomination for president, although all they could do was just kinda look at him and turn away. Kind of a pathetic sight, in a way, to see the boy wonder at one time just kind of old and decrepit.

Well, I'm goin' to go—I hope, next year, go down and see what happens to some of those kind of boys in San Diego. Probably have to take little Betty down there with me. Have to have somebody be my shotgun guard. [laughing]

* * * * *

Well, there's not much to say about the family, except I have one. [laughing] They seem like pretty outstanding people, to me. We managed to hold the family together for forty-odd years, which is quite a record in these here parts. And it's just hard to say whatever brought Myrtle and I together. I guess it's something like that small town idea where you wind up marrying the girl next door, although it wasn't quite next door; it was the other side of town. We'd known each other for a good many years, and the families had known each other, and we just kinda fell together, and that's the way it worked out. About the time we began romancing around, why, she was a legal secretary, and I was kind of a brash and fresh and green young reporter there on the *Gazette*. And lo and behold, we up and got married back there in the year of 1927.

There wasn't anything very remarkable in the way of character sketches or anecdotes or achievements to take it beyond there, I don't think, outside of a couple of kids comin' along, two daughters, by golly, Gertrude, the oldest, born in 1928, and Betty, Elizabeth, born in 1930. They're a couple of lively youngsters, the All-American girl type. They certainly

wouldn't fit into today's picture. I can't imagine them ever goin' around with long, stringy hair, and fightin' the demonstrations anywhere along the line. They're just pretty well-behaved kids, come to think of it, normal for the times.

They took their active part there in school affairs, and in the Rainbow Girls, and as they began to grow up, I convinced 'em of one thing: I wanted to see 'em go to college, just said, "Now, just don't do like the old man did." [laughing]

They agreed, then came to a choice. "What do you want to do? Want to go away to school?"

Betty says, "Yes. I want to go away."

"How about you, Gertie?"

"I want to stay here."

"Well, all right. That's the way it'll work."

So Betty, at the tender age of sixteen, left home and went up to the University of Oregon. She did very well up there, too, hooked herself a boyfriend and a prospective husband in the process. Gertie went up here to the University of Nevada and did the same thing. And Betty went on. After she graduated there from Oregon, why, she married her campus boyfriend, and then began a second career, as it were.

He was determined to become a minister. That meant go to the divinity school or seminary down here in Berkeley. Well, about that time, the family'd have to have something on, so Betty went on and took some extra work there at Nevada, and down at San Jose, and became a schoolteacher down there in the East Bay schools. She taught a school there in Albany, just about an all-black school, while Lauren [McReynolds] went on down there to the Episcopal seminary there and completed his religious training. They managed to start raisin' a family in between [laughing]. Then when Lauren completed his work, why, they

went back to Oregon again, up there first to the little town of Myrtle Creek, not far from Roseburg.

I guess Lauren must've been a pretty good preacher in his own right, and a lively sort of a cuss, and energetic as all get out, because in his first year there, he built a new church. Well, then he went from there—let's see, what the dickens? Cottage Grove, I think, was the next town. Preachers get bounced around, you know. They've got to go uphill and downhill and all around.

Then he went off into Idaho. He was up in Gooding, Idaho, and then he was called up there to Kellogg. One thing that attracted the people in Kellogg was the rather remarkable work that Lauren had done with the Demolay boys and other youth work there in Gooding. They wanted someone to take on that line of work in Kellogg. So he did. He made the same achievement there in Kellogg that he had down there in Gooding.

And oddly enough, when he went into Kellogg, why, he wrote a note back to me; he said his senior warden up there was a Scotchman with the unbelievable name of Angus Bethune. Well, I had to reply to that note. I said, "There just can't be more than one Angus Bethune that I ever heard of. You just ask Angus if he was the chap that came to the University of Nevada in 1924 and enrolled in the Mackay School of Mines, took quite an active part in Demolay work in Reno for four years, and among other things, was one of Charlie Haseman's songbirds in the old University of Nevada glee club."

Back came the reply, "Same Angus."

And so we went up there to Kellogg, went over to meet Angus. I didn't quite recognize him—he was quite portly. He was the head metallurgist of the Bunker Hill mines. As I say, you can always find a Nevada connection somewhere, wherever you go.

They are still up there in Kellogg, and we get up there occasionally. To some extent, it's like being in Nevada when you get up there. Mining camps seem to be all about alike. Kellogg makes me think of Ely, built up a couple of canyons, the mine over here, and the smelter over there, and the smelter smoke all over the town, the main street all saloons. That's a mining camp. And the people up there, they talk that language of a mining camp. I can understand what they're talkin' about.

They'll say, "Do you know so and so, worked for Anaconda?" Somebody who was back there in Ely, "Ever hear of so and so out in some other mine?"

"Yup, we know 'em all." It's kinda like old home week up there.

Betty's got her hands full up there now, with a fulltime teaching job, and five youngsters on her hands, and her husband, Lauren there, planning to go oft soon, I guess, for a term there as a chaplain on that mercy ship Rope. As a result of all of that, Betty kinda had to give up some of her political activities. For a number of years, she was the Republican state chairwoman of Idaho, pretty well regarded, because when she said she was going to have to quit the job, they offered her the position of national committeewoman. But that was just, you might say, beyond her reach, because to be a committeewoman means you're goin' to have to devote nearly all of the time, and among other things, money. You've got to have some money on that job, and the party expects you to be real generous in donations, among other things. That's why most of these committeemen and committeewomen are of the well-to-do people, like Nevada's national committeeman is Laub of the Southwest Gas, and the committeewoman is Lucy Humphrey. Well, Betty just isn't in that class, [laughing] so she just had to say, "No thanks."

Now we'll get around to Gertie. Gertie just plugged on ahead there. She took home economics up [at the University] there, was quite active in that work there. And the last year up there, she had a sort of a part-time job in the home economics department. I don't know just what all it entailed. And one year there, why, she set herself up there to come out on top of that "Made It with Wool" contest, achieved a trip back to Salt Lake for her efforts in that line. She certainly had a talent in the field of dressmaking and design. In fact, that's her sideline back there now—dressmaking and alteration. That's enough to keep her busy—all she can handle—back there in Ohio.

She was married there before she finished school, married [Kenneth] Ken Rice. He was rather typical of those serious-minded GI students that came back after the war. Ken had enlisted in the Marine Corps when he graduated from high school here in 1942. He spent about three or four years out in the Marine Corps in the Pacific, in all corners and islands, I guess, there were. Then he came back here, and he was just determined that he wanted himself an education. He enrolled in the University, in the engineering department up there. And at the same time, why, he and quite a number of his classmates enrolled in the ROTC. And as they told me, and Ken often expressed it, there's goin' to be another war some day, and when the next one comes along, I want to be out there wearin' shoulder bars.

And sure enough there, before he could finish up there, along came Korea, in 1950. He just barely had finished most of his last year there, and off he went there, called into service there, and sent over as an engineering officer in the Air Force base over in Utah, leavin' Gertie behind here to look after things, which she did a pretty good job of. And then the following year, why, they both were graduated,

although Ken wasn't here. He was still in the Air Force, on duty, but he got his diploma. In fact, Malcolm Love gave both diplomas to Gertie up there. [laughing]

They spent a couple of years there in Utah, and then it had been Ken's desire to join the Westinghouse electrical company. They had made him an offer before he was jerked up for duty there with the Air Force. Well, the Westinghouse people held that open for him. And when he left the service there, why, they took Ken and Gertie back there to Pittsburgh and put them through sort of a preliminary training course, as it were, and then dispatched 'em over to Lima, Ohio, where Westinghouse has an immense plant, small motor division, they call it. Ken's been in their engineering and design staff ever since, and by this time, he rates pretty high, from what I hear. His work there is to help design and build the machines that build machines. When he shows me all the things around, it leaves me cold. I can't understand it. But apparently, he's a top officer there.

And they're determined. I guess they'll spend most of their time now in Lima, although they dearly love to get back where they can see a mountain. That is the flattest country you ever did see. You can't even see a skyline. There's no horizon. Everything just hazes off into the smoke, and what not. The biggest hill around there is one about thirty miles down that's just about the size of Ralston hill. They like to get back [here] once in a while and look at the mountains and find the highest ones they can, and drive over 'em. [laughing]

There they are. Now, each one of those gals has got five children. Betty's oldest is now a student at University of Idaho, studying art. He's already shown considerable promise in that field. Gertie's oldest daughter is now married and living up in the northern part

of the state, and with one in the oven, why, that gives promise of a great-grandchild come about November time. That's goin' to make me feel like the old patriarch of the flock, indeed! [laughing]

* * * * *

Plans for the future—at this stage, you just don't make too many plans, just kinda sit back to see what happens tomorrow, and maybe get out and see a little bit of country one of these days, travel around and keep a close check on those kids, and enjoy all of the benefits we certainly have received over all of the years. There's books here yet to be read, read over again. Maybe you can tell me where I'm goin' to put any more of 'em. I'm stuck for space.

Some things I treasure and enjoy, and I think getting to be more and more valuable, are the American Indian things that we've accumulated. For a long time, I don't think anyone paid much attention to those things. And my father, he took an eye to those things when he came out here. He thought that the Indian basketry was something to be treasured. He could see the beauty in that. And he got to be a friend of old Abe Cohn, over in Carson City. Abe, you know, was—you might say—the godfather of ol' Dat-so-la-lee. And Abe sold Father a good many baskets. One of 'em, I think, is supposed to be a Dat-so-la-lee, although I'm not sure which one. But they were all the very finest of Washo basket work. And we've got about a couple dozen of 'em—maybe not that many, eighteen or twenty, maybe. And then I began picking up a little Indian pottery here and there, down in the Southwest, and Navaho rugs. In fact, you might say this is a regular red Indian teepee around here.

My father, he had a touch and a taste for art. There was one thing that appealed to

him, too, which maybe might be a natural to somebody from way back there in that Ohio Valley country. When he first came out here, he began to see Oriental art work, something never seen back in that Midwestern country there. And a little piece at a time, he began to pick up that work before anyone around here ever seemed to appreciate it—Japanese, Chinese, jade work, ivory carvings, and such things as that, some of their bronze work. There was a good deal of that available, oh, forty-odd years ago. San Francisco, of course, was the place to get it. And then when the war came along, why, it just vanished. And after the war, there just was nothing that ever came back again, outside of a very few pieces. But he had been able to pick up some very fine work from the Gump's and one or two of those places up in Chinatown, notably Sing Fat. It's long gone now. Sing Fat was considered the greatest of those Chinese art collectors and merchants. He made his fortune, oh, must've been nearly forty years ago, went back to China.

We've been able to save quite a number of those fine pieces of Oriental art work. There's very little of it on the market any more, and if you do find it, why, they just want mint prices for it there. Every time I go to San Francisco, I like to go up there and look at the collection in Gump's again, and look at 'em there, and just drool with desire. But I just don't have Fort Knox. It just costs a young fortune to even look at those things any more. But we were just fortunate in getting those things, and having 'em there now. I can just sit back and get a lot of pleasure by gloatin' over those things. [laughing]

If I get a big chance, I'll pick up a piece now and then. And if I can find a good piece of Indian work, I'll pick that up. When it comes to books, I'm just—Lord, I'm like a sailor that hit port. [laughing] Unfortunately, why, Reno

does not have very good book stores. Then I get loose in San Francisco, or particularly, down there at Stanford, boy, I really shoot the wad! That Stanford, now, has one of the best bookstores I've seen anywhere, in that student union building. I get in there, and it's liable to just take all the money right out of my pocket there. [laughing] But you just can't live without books. I don't have any particular field that I fall into; I just take 'em all. Outside of works on Nevada and the West—of course, I grab all of those I can, and I've got a pretty good cross section of those things now.

I think I'm just about drained out. After all, this has been goin' on for how long now? Since June the twenty-second—and you just figure out how many hours this has been! [laughing]

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